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THE IDEAL TEACHER

BY GEORGE HERBERT PALMER

In America, a land of idealism, the profession of teaching has become one of the greatest of human employments. The latest statistics are those for 1903–04. During that year half a million teachers were in charge of sixteen million pupils. Stating the same facts differently, we may say that a fifth of our entire population is constantly at school; and that wherever one hundred and sixty men, women, and children are gathered, a teacher is sure to be among them.

But figures fail to express the importance of the work. If each year an equal number of persons should come in contact with as many lawyers, no such social consequences would follow. The touch of the teacher, like that of no other person, is formative. Our young people are for long periods associated with those who are expected to fashion them into men and women of an approved type. A charge so influential is committed to nobody else in the community, not even to the ministers; for though these have a more searching aim, they are directly occupied with it but one day instead of six, but one hour instead of five. Accordingly, as the tract of knowledge has widened, and the creative opportunities involved in conducting a young person over it have correspondingly become apparent, the profession of teaching has risen to a notable height of dignity and attractiveness. It has moved from a subordinate to a central place in social influence, and now undertakes much of the work which formerly fell to the church. Each year divinity schools attract fewer students, graduate and normal schools more. On school and college instruction the community now bestows its choicest minds, its highest hopes, and the largest sums. During the year 1903–04 the United States spent for teaching not less than $350,000,000.

Such weighty work is ill adapted for amateurs. Those who take it up for brief times and to make money usually find it unsatisfactory. Success is rare; the hours are fixed and long; there is repetition and monotony, and the teacher passes his days among inferiors. Nor are the pecuniary gains considerable. There are few prizes, and neither in school nor in college will a teacher's ordinary income carry him much above want. College teaching is therefore falling more and more into the hands of men of independent means. The poor can hardly afford to engage in it. Private schools, it is true, often show large incomes; but they are earned by the proprietors, not the teachers. On the whole, teaching as a trade is poor and disappointing business.

When, however, it is entered as a profession, as a serious and difficult fine art, there are few employments more satisfying. All over the country thousands of men and women are following it with a passionate devotion which takes little account of the income received. A trade aims primarily at personal gain; a profession at the exercise of powers beneficial to mankind. This prime aim of the one, it is true, often properly becomes a subordinate aim of the other. Professional men may even be said to offer wares of their own — cures, conversions, court victories, learning — much as

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traders do, and to receive in return a kind of reward. But the business of the lawyer, doctor, preacher, and teacher never squares itself by equivalent exchange. These men do not give so much for so much. They give in lump and they get in lump, without precise balance. The whole notion of bargain is inapplicable in a sphere where the gains of him who serves and him who is served coincide; and that is largely the case with the professions. Each of them furnishes its special opportunity for the use of powers which the possessor takes delight in exercising. Harvard College pays me for doing what I would gladly pay it for allowing me to do. No professional man, then, thinks of giving according to measure. Once engaged, he gives his best, gives his personal interest, himself. His heart is in his work, and for this no equivalent is possible; what is accepted is in the nature of a fee, gratuity, or consideration, which enables him who receives it to maintain a certain expected mode of life. The real payment is the work itself, this and the chance to join with other members of the profession in guiding and enlarging the sphere of its activities.

The idea, sometimes advanced, that the professions can be ennobled by paying them powerfully, is fantastic. Their great attraction is their removal from sordid aims. More money should certainly be spent on several of them. Their members should be better protected against want, anxiety, neglect, and bad conditions of labor. To do his best work one needs not merely to live, but to live well. Yet in that increase of salaries which is urgently needed, care should be used not to allow the attention of the professional man to be diverted from what is important, — the outgo of his work, — and become fixed on what is merely incidental, — his income. When a professor in one of our large universities, angered by the refusal of the president to raise his salary on his being called elsewhere, impatiently exclaimed, "Mr. President, you are banking on the devotion of us teachers, knowing that we do not willingly leave this place," the president properly answered, "Certainly, and no college can be managed on any other principle." Professional men are not so silly as to despise money; but after all, it is interest in their work, and not the thought of salary, which predominantly holds them.

Accordingly in this paper I address those only who are drawn to teaching by the love of it, who regard it as the most vital of the Fine Arts, who intend to give their lives to mastering its subtleties, and who are ready to meet some hardships and to put up with moderate fare if they may win its rich opportunities.

But supposing such a temper, what special qualifications will the work require? The question asked thus broadly admits no precise answer; for in reality there is no human excellence which is not useful for us teachers. No good quality can be thought of which we can afford to drop. Some day we shall discover a disturbing vacuum in the spot which it left. But I propose a more limited problem: what are those characteristics of the teacher without which he must fail, and what those which, once his, will almost certainly insure him success? Are there any such essentials, and how many? On this matter I have pondered long; for, teaching thirty-seven years in Harvard College, I have each year found out a little more fully my own incompetence. I have thus been forced to ask myself the double question, through what lacks do I fail, and in what direction lie the roots of my small successes? Of late years I think I have hit on these roots of success and have come to believe that there are four of them, — four characteristics which every teacher must possess. Of course he may possess as many more as he likes; indeed, the more the better. But these four appear fundamental. I will briefly name them.

First, a teacher must have an aptitude for vicariousness; and second, an already accumulated wealth; and third, an ability to invigorate life through knowledge;

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and fourth, a readiness to be forgotten. Having these, any teacher is secure. Lacking them, lacking even one, he is liable to serious failure. But as here stated they have a curiously cabalistic sound and appear to have little relation to the needs of any profession. They have been stated with too much condensation, and have become unintelligible through being too exact. Let me repair the error by successively expanding them.

The teacher's art takes its rise in what I call an aptitude for vicariousness. As year by year my college boys prepare to go forth into life, some laggard is sure to come to me and say, "I want a little advice. Most of my classmates have their minds made up about what they are going to do. I am still uncertain. I rather incline to be a teacher, because I am fond of books and suspect that in any other profession I can give them but little time. Business men do not read. Lawyers only consult books. And I am by no means sure that ministers have read all the books they quote. On the whole it seems safest to choose a profession in which books will be my daily companions. So I turn toward teaching. But before settling the matter I thought I would ask how you regard the profession." "A noble profession," I answer, "but quite unfit for you. I would advise you to become a lawyer, a car conductor, or something else equally harmless. Do not turn to anything so perilous. You would ruin both it and yourself; for you are looking in exactly the wrong direction."

Such an inquirer is under a common misconception. The teacher's task is not primarily the acquisition of knowledge, but the impartation of it, — an entirely different thing. We teachers are forever taking thoughts out of our minds and putting them elsewhere. So long as we are content to keep them in our possession, we are not teachers at all. One who is interested in laying hold on wisdom is likely to become a scholar. And while no doubt it is well for a teacher to be a fair scholar, — I have known several such, — that is not the main thing. What constitutes the teacher is the passion to make scholars; and again and again it happens that the great scholar has no such passion whatever.

But even that passion is useless without aid from imagination. At every instant of the teacher's life he must be controlled by this mighty power. Most human beings are contented with living one life and delighted if they can pass that agreeably. But this is far from enough for us teachers. We incessantly go outside ourselves and enter into the many lives about us, — lives dull, dark, and unintelligible to any but an eye like ours. And this is imagination, the sympathetic creation in ourselves of conditions which belong to others. Our profession is therefore a double-ended one. We inspect truth as it rises fresh and interesting before our eager sight. But that is only the beginning of our task. Swiftly we then seize the lines of least intellectual resistance in alien minds, and, with perpetual reference to these, follow our truth till it is safely lodged beyond ourselves. Each mind has its peculiar set of frictions. Those of our pupils can never be the same as ours. We have passed far on and know all about our subject. For us it wears an altogether different look from that which it has for beginners. It is their perplexities which we must reproduce, and — as if a rose should shut and be a bud again — must reassume in our developed and accustomed souls something of the innocence of childhood. Such is the exquisite business of the teacher, to carry himself back with all his wealth of knowledge and understand how his subject should appear to the meagre mind of one glancing at it for the first time.

And what absurd blunders we make in the process. Becoming immersed in our own side of the affair, we blind ourselves and readily attribute to our pupils modes of thought which are not in the least theirs. I remember a lesson I had on this point, I who had been teaching ethics half a lifetime. My nephew, five years

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old, was fond of stories from the Odyssey. He would creep into bed with me in the morning and beg for them. One Sunday, after I had given him a pretty stiff bit of adventure, it occurred to me that it was an appropriate day for a moral. "Ulysses was a very brave man," I remarked. "Yes," he said, "and I am very brave." I saw my opportunity and seized it. "That is true," said I. "You have been gaining courage lately. You used to cry easily, but you don't do that nowadays. When you want to cry now, you think how like a baby it would be to cry, or how you would disturb mother and upset the house; and so you conclude not to cry." The little fellow seemed hopelessly puzzled. He lay silent a minute or two and then said, "Well no, Uncle, I don't do that. I just go sh-sh-sh, and I don't." There the moral crisis is stated in its simplicity; and I had been putting off on that holy little nature sophistications borrowed from my own battered life.

But while I am explaining the blunders caused by self-engrossment and lack of imagination, let me show what slight adjustments will sometimes carry us past depressing difficulties. One year when I was lecturing on some intricate problems of obligation, I began to doubt whether my class was following me, and I determined that I would make them talk. So the next day I constructed an ingenious ethical case and, after stating it to the class, I said, "Supposing now the state of affairs were thus and thus, and the interests of the persons involved were such and such, how would you decide the question of right,—Mr. Jones."

Poor Jones rose in great confusion. "You mean," he said, "if the case were as you have stated it? Well, hm, hm, hm, —yes,—I don't think I know, sir." And he sat down. I called on one and another with the same result. A panic was upon them, and all their minds were alike empty. I went home disgusted, wondering whether they had comprehended anything I had said during the previous fortnight, and hoping I might never have such a stupid lot of students again. Suddenly it flashed upon me that it was I who was stupid. That is usually the case when a class fails; it is the teacher's fault. The next day I went back prepared to begin at the right end. I began, "Oh, Mr. Jones." He rose, and I proceeded to state the situation as before. By the time I paused he had collected his wits, had worked off his superfluous flurry, and was ready to give me an admirable answer. Indeed in a few minutes the whole class was engaged in an eager discussion. My previous error had been in not remembering that they, I, and everybody, when suddenly attacked with a big question, are not in the best condition for answering. Occupied as I was with my end of the story, the questioning end, I had not worked in that double-ended fashion which alone can bring the teacher success; in short, I was deficient in vicariousness, — in swiftly putting myself in the weak one's place and bearing his burden.

Now it is in this chief business of the artistic teacher, to labor imaginatively himself in order to diminish the labors of his slender pupil, that most of our failures occur. Instead of lamenting the imperviousness of our pupils, we had better ask ourselves more frequently whether we have neatly adjusted our teachings to the conditions of their minds. We have no right to tumble out in a mass whatever comes into our heads, leaving to that feeble folk the work of finding in it what order they may. Ours it should be to see that every beginning, middle, and end of what we say is helpfully shaped for readiest access to those less intelligent and interested than we. But this is vicariousness. *Noblesse oblige.* In this profession any one who will be great must be a nimble servant, his head full of others' needs.

Some discouraged teacher, glad to discover that his past failures have been due to the absence of sympathetic imagination, may resolve that he will not commit that blunder again. On going to his class to-morrow he will look out upon his

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subject with his pupils' eyes, not with his own. Let him attempt it, and his pupils will surely say to one another, "What is the matter to-day with teacher?" They will get nothing from that exercise. No, what is wanted is not a resolve, but an aptitude. The time for using vicariousness is not the time for acquiring it. Rather it is the time for dismissing all thoughts of it from the mind. On entering the classroom we should leave every consideration of method outside the door, and talk simply as interested men and women in whatever way comes most natural to us. But into that nature vicariousness should long before have been wrought. It should be already on hand. Fortunate we if our great-grandmother supplied us with it long before we were born. There are persons who, with all good will, can never be teachers. They are not made in that way. Their business it is to pry into knowledge, to engage in action, to make money, or to pursue whatever other aim their powers dictate; but they do not readily think in terms of the other person. They should not then be teachers.

The teacher's habit is well summed in the Apostle's rule, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also" — it is double — "on the things of others." And this habit should become as nearly as possible an instinct. Until it is rendered instinctive and passes beyond conscious direction, it will be of little worth. Let us then, as we go into society, as we walk the streets, as we sit at the table, practice altruistic limberness and learn to escape from ourselves. A true teacher is always meditating his work, disciplining himself for his profession, probing the problems of his glorious art, and seeing illustration of them everywhere. In only one place is he freed from such criticism, and that is in his classroom. Here in the moment of action he lets himself go, unhampered by theory, using the nature acquired elsewhere, and uttering as simply as possible the fullness of his mind and heart. Direct human intercourse requires instinctive aptitudes. Till altruistic vicariousness has become our second nature, we shall not deeply influence anybody.

But sympathetic imagination is not all a teacher needs. Exclusive altruism is absurd. On this point too I once got excellent instruction from the mouth of babes and sucklings. The children of a friend of mine, children of six and four, had just gone to bed. Their mother overheard them talking when they should have been asleep. Wondering what they might need, she stepped into the entry and listened. They were discussing what they were here in the world for. That is about the size of problems commonly found in infant minds. The little girl suggested that we are probably in the world to help others. "Why no indeed, Mabel," said her big brother, "for then what would others be here for?" Precisely. If anything is only fit to give away, it is not fit for that. We must know and prize its goodness in ourselves before generosity is even possible.

Plainly then, beside his aptitude for vicariousness, our ideal teacher will need the second qualification of an already accumulated wealth. These hungry pupils are drawing all their nourishment from us, and have we got it to give? They will be poor, if we are poor; rich if we are wealthy. We are their source of supply. Every time we cut ourselves off from nutrition, we enfeeble them. And how frequently devoted teachers make this mistake! dedicating themselves so to the immediate needs of those about them that they themselves grow thinner each year. We all know the "teacher's face." It is meagre, worn, sacrificial, anxious, powerless. That is exactly the opposite of what it should be. The teacher should be the big bounteous being of the community. Other people may get along tolerably by holding whatever small knowledge comes their way. A moderate stock will pretty well serve their private turn. But that is not our case. Supplying a multitude, we need wealth sufficient for a

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multitude. We should then be clutching at knowledge on every side. Nothing must escape us. It is a mistake to reject a bit of truth because it lies outside our province. Some day we shall need it. All knowledge is our province.

In preparing a lecture I find I always have to work hardest on the things I do not say. The things I am sure to say I can easily get up. They are obvious and generally accessible. But they, I find, are not enough. I must have a broad background of knowledge which does not appear in speech. I have to go over my entire subject and see how the things I am to say look in their various relations, tracing out connections which I shall not present to my class. One might ask what is the use of this? Why prepare more matter than can be used? Every successful teacher knows. I cannot teach right up to the edge of my knowledge without a fear of falling off. My pupils discover this fear and my words are ineffective. They feel the influence of what I do not say. One cannot precisely explain it; but when I move freely across my subject as if it mattered little on what part of it I rest, they get a sense of assured power which is compulsive and fructifying. The subject acquires consequence, their minds swell, and they are eager to enter regions of which they had not previously thought.

Even, then, to teach a small thing well we must be large. I asked a teacher what her subject was and she answered, "Arithmetic in the third grade." But where is the third grade found? In knowledge, or in the schools? Unhappily it is in the schools. But if one would be a teacher of arithmetic, it must be arithmetic she teaches and not third grade at all. We cannot accept these artificial bounds without damage. Instead of accumulated wealth they will bring us accumulated poverty, and increase it every day. Years ago at Harvard we began to discuss the establishment of a Graduate School; and I, a young instructor, steadily voted against it. My thought was this: Harvard College, in spite of what the public imagines, is a place of slender resources. Our means are inadequate for teaching undergraduates. But graduate instruction is vastly more expensive; courses composed of half a dozen men take the time of the ablest professors. I thought we could not afford this. Why not leave graduate instruction to a university which gives itself entirely to that task? Would it not be wiser to spend ourselves on the lower ranges of learning, covering these adequately, than to try to spread ourselves over the entire field?

Doubting so, I for some time opposed the coming of a Graduate School. But a luminous remark of our great President showed me the error of my ways. In the course of the debate he said one evening, "It is not primarily for the graduates that I care for this school; it is for the undergraduates. We shall never get good teaching here so long as our instructors set a limit to their subjects. When they are called on to follow these throughout, tracing them far off toward the unknown, they may become good teachers; but not before."

I went home meditating this. I saw that the President was right, and that I was myself in danger of the stagnation he deprecated. I changed my vote, as did others. The Graduate School was established; and of all the influences which have contributed to raise the standard of scholarship at Harvard, both for teachers and taught, that graduate work seems to me the greatest. Every professor now must be the master of a field of knowledge, and not of a few paths running through it.

But the ideal teacher will accumulate wealth, not merely for his pupils' sake, but for his own. To be a great teacher one must be a great personality, and without ardent and individual tastes the roots of our being are not fed. For developing personal power it is well, therefore, for each teacher to cultivate interests unconnected with his official work. Let the mathematician turn to the Eng-

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lish poets, the teacher of classics to the study of birds and flowers, and each will gain a lightness, a freedom from exhaustion, a mental hospitality, which can only be acquired in some disinterested pursuit. Such a private subject becomes doubly dear because it is just our own. We pursue it as we will; we let it call out our irresponsible thoughts; and from it we ordinarily carry off a note of distinction lacking in those whose lives are too tightly organized.

To this second qualification of the teacher, however, I have been obliged to prefix a condition similar to that which was added to the first. We need not merely wealth, but an already accumulated wealth. At the moment when wealth is wanted it cannot be acquired. It should have been gathered and stored before the occasion arose. What is more pitiable than when a person who desires to be a benefactor looks in his chest and finds it empty? Special knowledge is wanted, or trained insight, or professional skill, or sound practical judgment; and the teacher who is called on has gone through no such discipline as assures these results. I am inclined to think that women are more liable to this sort of bankruptcy than men. Their sex is more sympathetic than ours and they spend more hastily. They will drop what they are doing and run if a baby cries. Excellence requires a certain hardihood of heart; so that quick responsiveness is destructive of the larger giving. He who would be greatly generous must train himself long and tenaciously, without much attention to momentary calls. The plan of the Great Teacher, by which he took thirty years for acquisition and three for bestowal, is not unwise, provided that we too can say, "For their sakes I sanctify myself."

But the two qualifications of the teacher already named will not alone suffice. I have known persons who were sympathetically imaginative, and who could not be denied to possess large intellectual wealth, who still failed as teachers. One needs a third something, the power to invigorate life through learning. We do not always notice how knowledge naturally buffets. It is offensive stuff, and makes young and wholesome minds rebel. And well it may; for when we learn anything, we are obliged to break up the world, inspect it piecemeal, and let our minds seize it bit by bit. Now about a fragment there is always something repulsive. Any one who is normally constituted must draw back in horror, feeling that what is brought him has little to do with the beautiful world he has known. Where was there ever a healthy child who did not hate the multiplication table? A boy who did not detest such abstractions as seven times eight would hardly be worth educating. By no ingenuity can we relieve knowledge of this unfortunate peculiarity. It must be taken in disjointed portions. That is the way attention is made. In consequence each of us must be to some extent a specialist, devoting himself to certain sides of the world and neglecting others quite as important. These are the conditions under which we imperfect creatures work. Our sight is not world-wide. When we give our attention to one object, by that very act we withdraw it from others. In this way our children must learn and have their expansive natures subdued to pedagogic exigencies.

Because this belittlement through the method of approach is inevitable, it is all-important that the teacher should possess a supplemental dignity, replacing the oppressive sense of pettiness with stimulating intimations of high things in store. Partly on this account a book is an imperfect instructor. Truth there, being impersonal, seems untrue, abstract, and insignificant. It needs to shine through a human being before it can exert its vital force on a young student. Quite as much for vital transmission as for intellectual elucidation, is a teacher employed. His consolidated character exhibits the gains which come from study. He need not point them out. If he is a scholar, there will appear in him an

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augustness, accuracy, fullness of knowledge, a buoyant enthusiasm even in drudgery, and an unshakable confidence that others must soon see and enjoy what has enriched himself; and all this will quickly convey itself to his students and create attention in his classroom. Such kindling of interest is the great function of the teacher. People sometimes say, "I should like to teach if only pupils cared to learn." But then there would be little need of teaching. Boys who have made up their minds that knowledge is worth while are pretty sure to get it, without regard to teachers. Our chief concern is with those who are unawakened. In the Sistine Chapel Michael Angelo has depicted the Almighty moving in clouds over the rugged earth where lies the newly created Adam, hardly aware of himself. The tips of the fingers touch, the Lord's and Adam's, and the huge frame loses its inertness and rears itself into action. Such may be the electrifying touch of the teacher.

But it must be confessed that not infrequently, instead of invigorating life through knowledge, we teachers reduce our classes to complete passivity. The blunder is not altogether ours, but is suggested by certain characteristics of knowledge itself: for how can a learner begin without submitting his mind, accepting facts, listening to authority, in short, becoming obedient? He is called on to put aside his own notions and take what truth dictates. I have said that knowledge buffets, forcing us into an almost slavish attitude, and that this is resented by vigorous natures. In almost every school some of the most original, aggressive, and independent boys stand low in their classes, while at the top stand "grinds," — objects of horror to all healthy souls.

Now it is the teacher's business to see that the onslaught of knowledge does not enfeeble. Between the two sides of knowledge, information and intelligence, he is to keep the balance true. While a boy is taking in facts, facts not allowed to be twisted by any fancy or carelessness, he is all the time to be made to feel that these facts offer him a field for critical and constructive action. If they leave him inactive, docile, and plodding, there is something wrong with the teaching. Facts are pernicious when they subjugate and do not quicken the mind that grasps them. Education should unfold us and truth together; and to enable it to do so the learner must never be allowed to sink into a mere recipient. He should be called on to think, to observe, to form his own judgments, even at the risk of error and crudity. Temporary one-sidedness and extravagance is not too high a price to pay for originality. And this development of personal vigor, emphasized in our day by the elective system and independent research, is the great aim of education. It should affect the lower ranges of study as truly as the higher. The mere contemplation of truth is always a deadening affair. Many a dull class in school and college would come to life if simply given something to do. Until the mind reacts for itself on what it receives, its education is hardly begun.

The teacher who leads it so to react may be truly called "productive," productive of human beings. The noble word has recently become Germanized and corrupted, and is now hardly more than a piece of educational slang. According to the judgments of to-day a teacher may be unimaginative, pedantic, dull, and may make his students no less so; he will still deserve a crown of wild olive as a "productive" man if he neglects his classroom for the printing press. But this is to put first things second and second things first. He who is original and fecund, and knows how to beget a similar spirit in his students, will naturally wish to express himself beyond his classroom. By snatching the fragments of time which his arduous work allows, he may accomplish much worthy writing and probably increase too his worth for his college, his students, and himself. But the business of book-making is, after

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all, collateral with us teachers. Not for this are we employed, desirable though it is for showing the kind of mind we bear. Many of my most productive colleagues have printed little or nothing, though they have left a deep mark on the life and science of our time. I would encourage publication. It keeps the solitary student healthy, enables him to find his place among his fellows, and more distinctly to estimate the contributions he is making to his subject. But let him never neglect his proper work for that which must always have in it an element of advertising.

Too long I have delayed the fourth, the disagreeable, section of my paper. Briefly it is this: a teacher must have a readiness to be forgotten. And what is harder? We may be excellent persons, may be daily doing kindnesses, and yet not be quite willing to have those kindnesses overlooked. Many a man is ready to be generous, if by it he can win praise. The love of praise, — it is almost our last infirmity; but there is no more baffling infirmity for the teacher. If praise and recognition are dear to him, he may as well stop work. Dear to him perhaps they must be, as a human being; but as a teacher, he is called on to rise above ordinary human conditions. Whoever has followed me thus far will perceive the reason. I have shown that a teacher does not live for himself, but for his pupil and for the truth which he imparts. His aim is to be a colorless medium through which that truth may shine on an opening mind. How can he be this if he is continually interposing himself and saying, "Instead of looking at the truth, my children, look at me and see how skillfully I do my work. I thought I taught you admirably to-day. I hope you thought so too." No, the teacher must keep himself entirely out of the way, fixing young attention on the proffered knowledge and not on anything so small as the one who brings it. Only so can he be vicarious, whole-hearted in invigorating the lives committed to his charge.

Moreover, any other course is futile. We cannot tell whether those whom we are teaching have taken our best points or not. Those best points, what are they? We shall count them one thing, our pupils another. We gather what seems to us of consequence and pour it out upon our classes. But if their minds are not fitted to receive it, the little creatures have excellent protective arrangements which they draw down, and all we pour is simply shed as if nothing had fallen; while again we say something so slight that we hardly notice it, but happening to be just the nutritive element which that small life then needed, it is caught up and turned into human fibre. We cannot tell. We work in the dark. Out upon the waters our bread is cast, and if we are wise we do not attempt to trace its return.

On this point I received capital instruction from one of my pupils. In teaching a course on English Empiricism I undertook a line of exposition which I knew was abstruse. Indeed, I doubted if many of the class could follow; but there on the front seat sat one whose bright eyes were ever upon me. It seemed worth while to teach my three or four best men, that man in particular. By the end of the term there were many grumblings. My class did not get much out of me that year. They graduated, and a couple of years later this young fellow appeared at my door to say that he could not pass through Cambridge without thanking me for his work on Locke, Berkeley, and Hume. Pleased to be assured that my questionable methods were justified, and unwilling to drop a subject so agreeable, I asked if he could tell precisely where the value of the course lay. "Certainly," he answered. "It all centred in a single remark of Locke's. Locke said we ought to have clear and distinct ideas. I don't think I got anything else out of the course."

Well, at first I was inclined to think the fellow foolish, so to mistake a bit of commonplace for gospel truth. Why did

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he not listen to some of the profound things I was saying? But on reflection I saw that he was right and I wrong. That trivial saying had come to him at a critical moment as a word of power; while the deep matters which interested me, and which I had been offering him so confidently day by day, being unsuited to him, had passed him by. He had not heard them.

To such proper unthankfulness we teachers must accustom ourselves. We cannot tell what are our good deeds, and shall only plague ourselves and hinder our classes if we try to find out. Let us display our subjects as lucidly as possible, allow our pupils considerable license in apprehension, and be content ourselves to escape observation. But though what we do remains unknown, its results often awake deep affection. Few in the community receive love more abundantly than we. Wherever we go, we meet a smiling face. Throughout the world, by some good fortune, the period of learning is the period of romance. In those halcyon days of our boys and girls we have a share, and the golden lights which flood the opening years are reflected on us. Though our pupils cannot follow our efforts in their behalf, and indeed ought not, — it being our art to conceal our art, — yet they perceive that in the years when their happy expansion occurred, we were their guides. To us, therefore, their blind affections cling as to few beside their parents. It is better to be loved than to be understood.

Perhaps some readers of this paper will begin to suspect that it is impossible to be a good teacher. Certainly it is. Each of the four qualifications I have named is endless. Not one of them can be fully attained. We can always be more imaginative, wealthy, stimulating, disinterested. Each year we creep a little nearer to our goal, only to find that a finished teacher is a contradiction in terms. Our reach will forever exceed our grasp. Yet what a delight in approximation! Even in our failures there is comfort, when we see that they are generally due not to technical but to personal defects. We have been putting ourselves forward, or have taught in mechanical rather than vital fashion, or have not undertaken betimes the labor of preparation, or have declined the trouble of vicariousness.

Evidently, then, as we become better teachers we also become in some sort better persons. Our beautiful art, being so largely personal, will at last be seen to connect itself with many other employments. Every mother is a teacher. Every minister. The lawyer teaches the jury, the doctor his patient. The clever salesman might almost be said to use teaching in dealing with his customer, and all of us to be teachers of one another in daily intercourse. As teaching is the most universal of the professions, those are fortunate who are able to devote their lives to its enriching study.

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THE NEW TARIFF ERA

BY RAYMOND L. BRIDGMAN

UNDER the Dingley tariff the customs duties of the United States have been raised to the highest point ever reached in the history of the country. From the tiny beginning of five per cent in revolutionary days, the protected interests have gradually been able to raise the barrier against imports from other countries until the average is more than ten times as high as was thought satisfactory by the early legislators for the protection of infant industries.

This wall seems now to be as high as it can possibly reach. Already it seems toppling from top-heaviness, and it is a fair question whether it would not be stronger if some of the top courses were removed. Popular opinion has sustained it thus far, judging from the election returns; but popular opinion is gathering tremendous strength against enormous aggregations of wealth, and it seems quite probable that this opinion will be directed against the tariff within a few years. No observer, however, can question today the complete success of the high protective policy, judged by what it has been able to put upon the statute book. There the law is, all free trade argument to the contrary notwithstanding.

Simultaneously with this crowning victory of the highest tariff known to our history must be recorded the lowest depth of defeat for the school of political economy which has opposed it. No weight in the popular mind seems to attach to the doctrines which were taught, a generation ago, by the colleges and universities as the solid foundations of truth in the economic world. *Laissez-faire*, which was the shibboleth then, is now practically discarded. If it was a sound and successful doctrine for an era of free competition of producers in the markets of the world, yet its propounders had no conception of the present conditions, when competition has run its legitimate course and ended in monopoly so absolute that it holds nations in its grip and strangles every one who struggles to set himself free.

In those days that was held to be the best government which governed least. It was taught that the function of government was to give fair play to competition and to keep its hands off the competitors. Laissez-faire was fitted for days of competition; and when competition was stifled by monopoly the people instinctively felt that to say "laissez-faire" to monopoly meant commercial and industrial slavery to them, as it surely did. Hence it was inevitable that the old school of free trade should cease to convince the thoughtful, and it was equally inevitable that it should be rejected by the average voter of the country when he came to vote for a policy to be put in operation by the government.

A staggering blow was delivered to the old school by the panic which followed the presidential election of 1892. Democratic victory, meaning a reduction of the tariff, in November of that year, followed by the inauguration of President Cleveland for the second time on March 4, 1893, and the commercial crash of May, 1893, a precursor of hard times which did not end for a long period, — hard times attended by city soup kitchens in many places and by clamorous armies of the unemployed, — fixed indelibly in the minds of many thousands who voted the Democratic ticket the belief that the Democratic victory was the cause of the hard times. Though well-informed men know that the same catastrophe would have occurred if President Harrison had

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been reëlected; though Republican leaders doubtless know that their party would have suffered equally if it had been successful; yet some of those leaders have never since then failed to assert that the hard times were a direct consequence of Democratic victory, and to this day there is no stronger argument against tariff reform in many minds than mention of the panic of 1893. Since then, among the mass of voters, free trade as a political policy has been beyond mention. That election marked the end of the era of the laissez-faire theory as a force to be reckoned with in politics.

Since then, there has been no logical coherence in the campaign argument against high protection, except the self-interest of those who think they see opportunity to make more money by lowering the tariff. As a party of opposition, the Democrats have opposed the high-tariff Republicans, but the tariff was not heard of as a genuine issue in the presidential campaigns of 1896 and 1900. Every muscle was strained over the currency, — the question whether Bryan and silver should win. Theoretical free trade was no more concerned than the theory of the northwest passage. The old force was dead, and it is impossible for it to revive.

Revival of the old theory is impossible, further, because the men who held it entertained the same inadequate idea of the functions of government which is to-day entertained by the business men who control the high-tariff wing of the Republican party and dominate the legislation of the country. Old-time free traders held that government should be reduced to the lowest possible terms. To-day the high protectionists want the government to keep hands off and let them alone, after they have secured the highest tariff the country has ever known. Business men generally dislike interference with business conditions on the part of the people. They desire strongly that Congress and the state legislatures should meet as infrequently as possible. and do as little as possible. They fail as utterly as the laissez-faire men failed in their time to comprehend the function of the government as a means of service of the people by the people; they cannot understand that it is far more and far higher than a police force to preserve order, in the sunlight of which the business men are to accumulate their fortunes in peace and to exercise their full faculties for the exploitation of their fellow men. These two classes are at one in their desire that the government keep its hands off the business community, and henceforth it is hopeless to look for a revival of the old theory of free trade.

But opposition to protection is rising powerfully, and it is evident that a new era in the contest has opened. The nation has learned the lesson, even if the laissez-faire men have not. This is not because the nation is the more intelligent; but inevitably the very force of circumstances has compelled favorable action upon measures of the highest importance to the welfare of the nation. Without apparent intelligent action upon the true proposition regarding the nature of the government, as contrasted with the hands-off theory, the necessary steps have been taken. Popular demands for governmental control, for restraint in one direction, for supervision in another, for the use of the taxing power for the benefit of localities, and so on in a thousand ways, have made it clear that that is not the best government which governs least, which keeps its hands off and permits the people to become the victims of sharpers or take the consequences, but that which watches for the welfare of the people. Former objectors, some of whom survive to the present, use the term "paternalism" in describing this function of the government. But epithets do not scare a nation which knows what it wants.

In truth, this action of the government is not paternalism at all, in the opprobrious sense. Rather, it is self-service of the people. It is the line along which all modern governments are developing. It

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seems to be established already as the true and necessary line of advance, whether the government be representative, democratic, or monarchical, that there shall be an equipment of the political body with organs which were not needed and were not known in the days when the laissez-faire school was strong, and when its opponents were young. In modern times there has been developed the system of national and state boards and commissions for the control of public-service activities of the body politic and for the service of the people, which establish to the observing mind the truth that government is certain to become a far more highly complex organism than at present; that these organs are legitimate for the proper service of the people, and that justice and prosperity are to be secured only as they are found in active operation, when modern conditions are present as they exist in the most advanced countries.

Again, in recent years there has been a phenomenal development in the popular mind of the doctrine of governmental ownership, or, at least, governmental regulation of natural monopolies and of public-service corporations. The business community does not accept this theory. The laissez-faire school is opposed to it on principle. But, whether or not the theory is sound, the country is practicing it and is evidently determined to practice it far more extensively. To-day ideas are deemed conservative in this field which were radical ten years ago. The President of the United States is apparently leading the entire mass of the people, with the exception of the business men whose personal interests make them oppose him, in a movement for governmental regulation of the railroads. Corporations must come under the control of the government. In many ways the idea is making advances from point to point. Having a secure foundation in the postoffice department, strengthened by the general practice of municipal water supplies, by public highways, by successful government of railroads and electric roads in other countries, and by other practicable propositions which have been demonstrated, the idea marches on, making converts, and establishing, with apparently invincible strength, a theory of governmental function which is totally contrary to the old order of things. Hence, again, a new era in the tariff contest has begun.

Other considerations tend to show how distinct is the new era of tariff discussion from that which seems to have closed. People's minds are becoming familiar with the idea that it is sound policy for the government to do things which are opposed by the old theory of free competition. This very circumstance, in the nature of the argument, tends plausibly toward the governmental support of industries. If it is for the government to engage in business enterprises for the service of the people, it would not be wise to condemn the new policy as a failure — so the argument runs — until it has had a fair chance to vindicate itself. For a time, therefore, the industry under the management of the government is an infant industry. Hence it is that the tendency of the times toward governmental regulation or ownership has been a powerful reinforcement of the argument for the protection of infant industries. It is doubtless not the fact that the high protectionists are in favor of governmental regulation or ownership of public-service utilities. They are not that class of men; they belong positively to the class who oppose any such function on the part of the government. But the development of our institutions has put into their hands an argument most powerful with the mass of the voters, in defense of the proposition that it is sound doctrine and a paying policy for the government to give pecuniary aid to business enterprises which are trying to establish themselves. All the prodigious popular prejudice against corporation control and in favor of governmental management or ownership, is thrown upon the protectionist side by

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forces to which the protectionists, as a class, are stoutly opposed. Such is the strange political situation.

Still again, another phase of the situation has been developed which was not foreseen by those who held to the doctrine of free competition and hands off by the government. It is recognized by President Roosevelt in his recommendation for more taxation upon the swollen fortunes of the times. Under the stimulus of a condition where a man is no longer reckoned a millionaire who has a million dollars' worth of property, but only the man whose annual income is at least a million, there has grown a strong demand for taxation by the government to make the enormous fortunes bear their share of the public burdens. Income taxes or direct inheritance taxes, one or both, are in the minds of the public as remedies to be applied to the situation. With the experience of foreign countries in collecting each of these taxes, with the support in influential circles which the proposition has received, and with the popular indignation against the tax-dodgers, it seems reasonable to predict that before long there will be on the statute books of nation and states, one or both, stringent legislation — now merely in the air — which will yearly bring many million dollars into the public treasury.

Now, the tariff has its two distinct phases. First, that of protection to infant industries in order to promote the industrial prosperity of the country. In this sense, it is supposed by its friends to act as a fertilizer spread upon a field. It secures a larger and quicker crop than would be possible without it. In its other aspect it is a matter of taxation, a method of raising money for the support of the government. That is, it is parallel, to continue the agricultural simile, to taking a harvest from the land. These two functions of the tariff are as distinct as the application of fertilizer and the harvesting of a crop, and the ideas should be kept absolutely separate in the mind.

But, if there is a radical change in taxation, in order to spare the country the evils of enormous wealth under the control of one man, that change will reduce the amount of money required to be raised by the government by means of the tariff, for the payment of its running expenses. Reduction will be possible, either in the amount of internal revenue, or in the customs receipts; and the establishment of taxation of incomes and inheritances must raise the question whether the tariff should not be reduced. If the money is not needed for government expenses, why should it be taken from the people? The raising of the issue will accentuate the contest over infant industries, and it will be a new question whether the infant will ever be old enough to get along without its bottle; but the mere raising of the question proves that there has been a shifting of the fighting ground over the tariff, and that a new era is here, which is the point to be emphasized at present.

Certainly it may be said that the fact that the issue of reducing the tariff will be raised if income and inheritance taxes are levied will be a powerful provocative to many people to oppose the levying of such taxes; while the exasperation of the masses of the people at the continued dodging of just taxes will be a spur to popular leaders to force the fighting. At any rate, something more will be done than to try to use burnt powder in the coming struggle.

One of the most compelling reasons for affirming that a new tariff era is opening is the development which has taken place in the manufacturing of the country. This makes directly against the present high tariff and strengthens greatly those who are demanding revision in order that they may have larger markets abroad. It must be remembered that this question of enlarging our foreign markets is vital to our prosperity. Its force has been recognized by plenty of men who have upheld the high protection doctrine. When there was apprehension that the helpless body of inert China

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would be carved up among the nations which were ready to rush in, and when the enormous population of China was pictured to the mind of the United States exporter, there was a lively appreciation of the importance of keeping the door of China open. We went to war for the Philippines, and our entire Philippine policy was shaped by the necessity of keeping an open door for our trade in China. According to reports which were published at the time, such a statement was made on the floor of the United States Senate by the late Senator Cushman K. Davis of Minnesota, one of the commissioners who negotiated the treaty with Spain; and it was further reported that Whitelaw Reid, another of the commissioners who made the treaty, uttered the same statement in a public speech in Chicago. Governor Guild of Massachusetts, in a speech before the Essex Club, December 29, 1906, called attention to the fact that "the exports of the United States have more than doubled in value in less than twenty years." It is notorious that United States manufacturers have had two prices for their customers, — one a higher price which they charged to their friends and neighbors at home, and a lower price which they charged to strangers abroad. In the notorious watch case, American manufactures were sold so much cheaper abroad that American watches were imported from London, paying the duty, and then sold in New York for less than the price charged for similar articles which were sold, without the benefit of two voyages across the ocean, to the home customers of the manufacturers. In many lines of manufacture this practice has become notorious, and the figures are well proven. This has caused a new element in the case, — a material modification of former tariff conditions.

Our trade seeks the markets of the world. We are able to make much more than we are now making. But we are learning the lesson that foreigners cannot buy of us unless they can also sell to us. They must have a market for their goods if we are to have a market for ours. More and more of our manufacturers realize this fundamental condition of international trade. Consequently there is a growing demand, which will not take no for an answer, that our tariff be so far reduced that foreign producers may find a better market here.

This is the inspiration of the movement which, for several years, has almost reached the point of political rebellion in Massachusetts and Iowa, and is gaining strength for the next encounter. This element cares nothing for the theories of political economy. These men merely see a market which they want and which they can have if we lower our tariff. Here, again, is an element which emphasizes the fact that we are in a new era of tariff discussion.

Under the head of the new tariff era, too, comes the belief that the tariff fosters the trusts. Though this belief has been growing for years, yet the conditions which cause it did not exist to an appreciable extent when the leaders of the old school propounded the principles which they affirmed to be at the foundation of political economy. Prejudice against the tariff as the mother of trusts has steadily grown in its hold upon the public mind. This view is supported by students of the question. For instance, Professor A. W. Flux, speaking upon trusts at the gathering at Brown University on December 28, 1906, in the Economic Association, said, —

"It should not be claimed that all trusts are creatures of the tariff. But it may be claimed that the extent to which trusts can fix prices for their own gain and to the essential disadvantage of the communities in which they operate is dependent on the existence of and the level of the tariff under which they operate. Thus we may find reason in the claim that though trusts exist in free-trade England, their power for evil is comparatively small, though far from unimportant."

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That the status of trusts in free-trade England is different from that in protective America is evident from the breaking down of the soap trust in England, solely because of popular opposition and a general boycott of its products. Yet it ought to be easier for trusts to maintain monopoly in England than in the United States, because the territory to be covered is so much smaller and combination is so much easier. It is true that in this country the protected interests affirm that the tariff does not promote extortionate aggregations of capital. It is true that the issue is political, and that people will believe about it very much as they vote. It is true that the numerous laboring classes which are employed by the protected interests have a personal reason for taking sides with their employers upon the matter, and thus altering the usual alignment of one class against the other.

But, in spite of these facts, the fundamental condition remains that the tariff was designed to prevent competition from abroad and does prevent it, and that it reduces the number of establishments which must come to an understanding in order to establish a working monopoly. Under such circumstances popular belief in the tariff as the mother of trusts is bound to increase. Here, therefore, is another reason for affirming that there is a new tariff era, that the old days will never return, and that the contest is to be fought upon different lines, with new and perhaps stronger forces brought into collision, with probably better chances for the opponents of the high tariff.

But, again, the list of new forces is not exhausted, though the one next to be mentioned is yet but feebly operative. It is as sure to gain strength, however, as the world is to progress, and therefore it must be counted. Just at present much is said about reciprocity, and in different quarters the proposition of having maximum and minimum tariffs is advanced as sound national policy. Stripped of its Latin flowing robe, the naked idea is this: "If you favor me, I will favor you; but if you fight me, I will fight you." Our country has had sufficient experience in commercial war to learn the lesson of its destructiveness to both combatants, if we only would learn the lesson. Under Jefferson we had the embargo on trade with Great Britain. Our experience then was sufficient to teach us the folly of commercial war. Indeed, its folly is now recognized more generally than ever. It is safe to say that our business men dread it, and that they sincerely hope that the threat of retaliatory duties, as a club, will be sufficient to bring an objecting nation to terms. But when it comes to retaliatory duties, we are sensitive, and the small prospect of commercial war with Germany, though that country — irritated beyond endurance by our high tariff which discriminates against the admission of German manufactures to this country — proposes to retaliate against us, proves that we really do not desire commercial war. We hate to lose our trade with Germany, amounting to $200,000,000 a year. We understand better than our fathers that commercial war, like military war, involves loss, destruction, and international hatred for both parties; that it is a great evil, not to be lightly invited, and that we had better yield some points than refuse to see any justice in the demands of the other nation.

The French parliament proposes to increase from $1.50 to $5 per 100 kilos the duty on cottonseed oil imported from the United States; but to raise the duty to only $2.80 for imports from those countries which have trade treaties with France, and the secretary of the American Cotton Oil Ccompany says, —

"It is plain to be seen that foreign governments are becoming incensed because of the fact that our protective tariff makes it impossible to sell to the United States. The matter is a serious one. The solution of the difficulty lies in a modification of the tariff. Other expedients might bring desirable results, but they would not strike at the root of the trouble."

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That is, we fight them commercially, and they, after long endurance of our hostility, retaliate; and immediately we realize, in some degree, how we should feel if we were in their places. Moreover, we are frightened at the prospective loss of our trade and want to negotiate. We are surprised because we cannot shut out foreigners from our markets and invade theirs at the same time, without a protest on their part. We begin to realize that commercial war would be disastrous, more disastrous than we had supposed before the nations which we attacked made a counter attack upon us; and we desire to reach a friendly understanding. That is the meaning of the renewed talk about a maximum and minimum tariff. This phase of the situation, with its enforced realization that it may be to our profit to reduce our duties, belongs to the new era; and again the effect of the forces in action is against the high tariff.

One further force may well be enumerated with the others which distinguish the new tariff era, though it is but weak at present, indeed, almost unrecognizable. But it is surely destined to become mighty, perhaps the very strongest of them all. That is the force which is making for the organization of the world into one political body. Already this organization has begun to take form in the legislative, judicial, and executive departments. One of the leading diplomats of the United States, perhaps better qualified than any other to express an appreciative opinion, says that the prediction of this outcome of present world-activities is true prophecy. Already international bodies have enacted what has become world-legislation in over thirty instances. The establishment of the Hague Court of Arbitration was an act of world-legislation. The codification of international law is a world need, recognized by jurists and formally proposed by the Interparliamentary Union for consideration by the second Conference at The Hague. The Court of Arbitration promises to be the germ of a true world-court. The executive department of the world has an existing germ in the permanent office of the Universal Postal Union.

Higher and more august than national sovereignty is the sovereignty of the world as one political body. Progress toward the realization of this ideal has been marvelously rapid since the beginning of the present century, and the time may be nearer than the indifferent imagine when the world will be a true political unit. Then the question of trade will assume the form it has in this country, — trade between states, sovereign in some respects, of which the United States is composed. That point of view will reveal the untenable ground of legislating for particular countries, with hostile intent toward the commerce and industry of all others. It is reasonable to predict that this force in the tariff arena will yet prove to be the master of the situation, before which all others must yield.

No possible doubt can be entertained how that force will develop as a power for free trade. Hence, again, it is clear, not only that we are in a new tariff era, but that this era will be revolutionary. Its outcome will not only be different from that of all previous eras, but the conclusion will be final and will establish for the world trade conditions which will remain permanent as long as the world endures, — conditions under which trade will be free.

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THE HELPMATE

BY MAY SINCLAIR

XIII

ANNE and her husband walked home in silence across the Park, grateful for its darkness. Majendie could well imagine that she would not want to talk. He made allowances for her repulsion; he respected it, and her silence as its sign. She had every right to her resentment. He had let her in for the Hannays, who had let her in for the spectacle of Sarah resurgent. It was an abominable encounter — so abominable that he did not want to talk about it. All the same, he would have done violence to his feelings and apologized then and there, but that he really judged it better to let well alone. It was well, he thought, that Anne was so silent. She might have had a great deal to say, and it was kind of her not to say it, to let him off so easily.

Anne's interpretation of *his* silence was not so favorable. After being exposed to the pain and insult of Lady Cayley's presence, she had expected an immediate apology, and she inferred from its omission an unpardonable complicity. Any compliance with the public toleration of that person would have been inexcusable; and he had been more than compliant, more than tolerant. He had been solicitous, attentive, deferent. And deference to such a woman was insolence to his wife. Anne was struck dumb by the shameless levity of the proceedings. The two had behaved as if nothing had happened, or rather (she bitterly corrected herself) as if everything had happened, and might happen any day again. (She inferred as much from his silence.) It would — it would happen. *Her* intentions were, to Anne's mind, unmistakable; that was plainly what she had come back for. As to his intentions, Anne was not yet clear. She had not made up her mind that they must be bad; but she shuddered as she said to herself that he was "weak." He had come at that woman's call; he had hung round her; he had waited on her at her bidding; at her bidding he had sat down beside her; he had listened to her, attracted, charmed, delighted; he had talked to her in the low voice Anne knew. How could she tell what had or had not passed between them there, what intimacies, what recognitions, what resurrections of the corrupt, ill-buried past? He had been "weak — weak — weak." Henceforth she must reckon with his weakness, and, reckoning with it, she must keep him from that woman by any method, and at any cost. It was something that he had the grace to be ashamed of himself (another inference from his silence). No wonder, after that communion, if he was ashamed to look at his wife or speak to her.

He went straight to Edith when they reached home, and Anne went upstairs to her bedroom.

She had a great desire to be alone. She wanted to pray, as she had prayed in that room at Scarby on the morning of her discovery. Not that she felt in the least as she had felt then. She was more profoundly wounded, wounded beyond passion and beyond tears, calm and self-contained in her vision of the inevitable, the foreordained reality. She had to get rid of her vision; it was impossible to live with it, impossible to live through another hour like the last. Her desire to pray was a terrible, urgent longing that consumed her, impatient of every minute that kept her from her prayer. She controlled it, moving slowly as she took off her outdoor clothes and put them decorously away; feeling that the force of her

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prayer gathered and mounted behind these minute obstructions and delays.

She knelt down by her bed. She had been used to pray there, with her eyes fixed upon the crucifix which he had given her. It hung low, almost between the pillows of their bed. Now she closed her eyes to shut it from her sight. It was then that she realized what had been done to her. With the closing of her eyes she opened some back room in her brain, a hot room, now dark, and now charged with a red light, vaporous but vivid, that ran in furious pulses, as it were the currents of her blood made visible. The room thus opened was tenanted by the revolting image of Lady Cayley. Now it loomed steadily in the dark, now it leaped quivering into the red, vaporous light. She could not see her husband, but she had a sickening sense that he was there, looming, and that his image, too, would leap into sight at some signal of her unwilling thought. She knew that that back room would remain, built up indestructibly in the fabric of her mind. By a tremendous effort of will she shut the door on it. There it must be, but wherever she looked, she would not look there; much less allow herself to dwell in the unclean place. It was not to think of that woman that she had gone down on her knees. To think of her was contamination. After all, the woman had no power over her inner life. She was not forced to think of her. She had her sanctuary and her way of escape.

But before she could get there she had to struggle against the fatigue which came of her effort not to think. Once she would have resigned herself to this physical lassitude, mistaking it for the sinking of the soul in the beatific self-surrender. But Anne's sufferings had brought her a little farther on her path. She had come to recognize that supine state as a great danger to the spiritual life. It was not by lassitude but by concentration that the intense communion was attained. She lifted her bowed head as a sign of her exaltation.

And as she lifted it, she caught, as it were, the approach of triumphal music, and words swept by her like the passing of an immense processional: "Lift up your heads, oh ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in." It came on, that heavenly invasion, and all her earthly barriers went down before it. And it was as if something strong in her, something solitary and pure, had cloven its way through the mesh of the throbbing nerves, through the beating currents of the blood, through the hot red lights of the brain, and had escaped into the peaceful blank. She remained there a moment, in the place of bliss, the divine place of the self-surrendered soul, where mortal emptiness draws down immortality.

She said to herself, "I have my refuge; no one can take it from me. Nothing matters so long as I can get there."

She rose from her knees more calm and self-contained than ever, barely conscious of her wound.

So calm and so self-contained was she at dinner that Majendie had an agreeable rebound; he supposed that she had recovered from the terrible encounter, and had put Lady Cayley out of her head, like a sensible woman. Edith had received his account of that incident with a gravity that had made him profoundly uncomfortable; and his relief was in proportion to his embarrassment. Unfortunately it gave him the appearance of complacency; and complacency in these circumstances was more than Anne could bear. Coming straight from her exaltation and communion, she was crushed by the profound, invisible difference that separated them, the perpetual loneliness of her unwedded, unsubjugated soul. They lived a whole earth and a whole heaven apart. He was untouched by the fires that burned and purified her. The tragic crises that destroyed, the spiritual moments that built her up again, passed by him unperceived. If she were to tell him how she had attained her present

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serenity, by what vision, by what efforts, by what sundering of body and soul, he would not understand.

And that was not the worst. She had learned not to look for that spiritual understanding in him. It mattered little that her unique suffering and unique consolation should remain alike ignored. The terrible thing was that he should have come out of his own ordeal so smiling and so unconcerned; that he could have sinned as he had sinned, and that he could meet, after seven years, in his wife's presence, the partner of his sin (whose face was a revelation of its grossness), meet her, and not be shaken by the shame of it. It showed how lightly he held it, how low his standard was. She recalled, shuddering, the woman's face. Nothing in the visions she had so shrunk from could compare with the violent reality. For one moment of repulsion she saw him no less gross. She wondered, would she have to reckon with that, henceforth, too?

She looked up, and met across the table the engaging innocence that she recognized as the habitual expression of his face. He had no idea what dreadful things she was thinking of him. She put her thoughts from her, admitting that she had never had to reckon with that, yet. But it was terrible to her that, while he forced her to such thinking, he could sit there so unconscious, and so unashamed. He sat there, bright-eyed, smiling, a little flushed, playing with a light topic in a manner that suggested a conscience singularly at ease. He went on sitting there, absolutely unembarrassed, eating dessert. The eating of dinner was bad enough, it showed complacency. But dessert argued callousness. She wondered how he could have any appetite at all. Her dinner had almost choked her.

And she sat waiting for him to finish, hardly looking at him, detached, saintlike and still.

At last her stillness struck him as a little ominous. He had distinct misgivings as they turned into the study for coffee and his cigarette. Anne sat up in her chair, refusing the support and luxury of cushions, leaning a little forward with a brooding air.

"Well, Nancy," said he, "are you going to read to me?"

(Better to read than to talk.)

"Not now," said she. "I want to talk to you."

He saw that it was not to be avoided. "Won't you let me have my coffee and a cigarette first?"

She waited, silent, with a strained air of patience more uncomfortable than words.

"Well," said he, lighting a second cigarette, and settling in the position that would best enable him to bear it; "out with it, and get it over."

"I want to know," said she, "what you are going to do."

"To do?" he was genuinely bewildered.

"Yes, to do."

"But about what?"

"About that woman."

He was so charmed with the angelic absurdity of the question that he paused while he took it in, smiling.

"I can't see," he said presently, "that I'm called upon to take action. Why should I?"

She drew herself up proudly.

"For my sake."

He was instantly grave. "For your sake, dear, I would do a great deal. But" (he smiled again) "what action should I take?"

"Is it for me to say?"

"Well, I hardly know. I should be glad, at any rate, if you 'd make a suggestion. I can't, for instance, get up and turn the lady out of her own sister's house. Do you want me to do that? Would you like me to — to take her away in a cab?"

There was a long silence, so awful that he forced himself to speak. "I am extremely sorry. It was, of course, outrageous that you should have had to sit in the same room with her for five minutes. But what could I do?"

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"You could have taken *me* away."

"I did, as soon as I got the chance."

"Not before you had" — she paused for her phrase — "condoned her appearance."

"Condoned her appearance, — how?"

"By your whole manner to her."

"Would you have had me uncivil?"

"There are degrees," said she, "between incivility and marked attention."

He colored. "Marked attention! There was nothing marked about it. What could I do? Would you, I say, have had me turn my back on the unfortunate woman? That would have been marked attention, if you like."

"I don't know what I would have had you do. One has no rules beforehand for inconceivable situations. It was inconceivable that I should have met her as I did, in your friend's house. Inconceivable that I should meet such people anywhere. What I do ask is that you will not let me be exposed in that way again."

"That I certainly will not. The Ransomes did their best to get her out of the room to-day. They won't annoy you. I can't conceive why they called, — except that they have always been rather fond of me. You can't hold people accountable for all the doings of all their relations, can you?"

"In this case I should say you could, — perfectly well."

"Well, I don't, as it happens. But you need n't have anything to do with them, not, at least, while she's living in their house."

"It was in the Hannays' house I met her. But I'm not thinking of myself."

"I'm thinking of you, and of nothing else."

"You need n't," said she, cold to his warmth. "I can take care of myself. It's you I'm thinking of."

"Me? Why me?"

"Because I'm your wife and have a right to. It's out of the question that I should call on Mrs. Hannay or receive her calls. I must also beg of you to give up going there, and to the Ransomes, and to every place where you will be brought into contact with Lady Cayley."

He stared at her in amazement. "My dear girl, you don't expect me to cut the Ransomes because she is n't brute enough to turn her sister out of doors?"

"I expect you to give up going to them, and to the Hannays, as long as Lady Cayley is in Scale. Promise me."

"I can't promise you anything of the sort. Heaven knows how long she's going to stay."

"I ought not to have to explain that by countenancing her you insult me. You should see it for yourself."

"I can't see it. In the first place, with all due regard to you, I don't insult you by countenancing her, as you call it. In the second place, I don't countenance her by going into other people's houses. If I went into her house, you might complain. She has n't got a house, poor lady."

She ignored his pity. "In spite of your regard for me, then, you will continue to meet her?"

"I shan't if I can help it. But if I must, I must. I can't be rude to people."

"You can be firm."

He laughed. "What have I got to be firm about?"

"Not meeting her."

"What if I do meet her? I sincerely hope I shan't, but what if I do?"

Her mouth trembled; her eyes filled with tears. He sprang up and leaned over her, resting his arms on the back of her chair, bringing his face close to hers, and smiling into her eyes.

"No — no — no!" She drew back her head, and shrank away from him. He put out his hand, and turned her face to him, gazing into her eyes, as if for the first time he saw and could fathom the sorrow and the fear in them.

"What if I do?" he repeated.

She tried to push his hand from her, but she could not.

"You stupid child," he said, "do you mean to say that you're still afraid of that?"

"It's you who have made me" —

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"My sweetheart" —

"No, no. Don't touch me."

"What do you mean?" he asked gravely, still leaning over and looking down at her.

"I mean — I mean — I can't bear it!" she cried, gasping for breath under the obsession of his nearness.

He realized her repugnance, and removed himself.

"Do you mean," he said, "because of her?"

"Yes," she said; "because of her."

He laughed softly. "Dear child — she does n't exist. She does n't exist." He swept her out of existence with a gesture of his hand. "Not for me, at any rate."

The emphasis was lost upon her. "It's all nonsense to talk in that way. If she does n't exist for you, you should n't have gone near her, you should n't have sat talking to her."

"What do you suppose we were talking about?"

"I don't know. I don't want to know. I saw and heard enough."

"Look here, Anne. You wanted me to be rude to her, did n't you? I *was* rude. I was brutal. She had to remind me that she was a woman. By heaven, I'd forgotten it. If you're always to be going back on that" —

"I'm not going back. She has come back."

"It does n't matter. She does n't exist. What difference does she make?"

She rose for better delivery of what she had to say.

"She makes the whole difference. It's not that I'm afraid of her. I don't think I am. I believe that you love me."

"Ah — if you believe that" — he came nearer.

"I do believe it. It's to me that it makes the difference. I must be honest with you. It's not that I'm afraid. It is — I think — that I'm disgusted."

He lowered his eyes, and moved from her uneasily.

"I was horrified enough when I first knew of it, as you know. You know, too, that I forgave you, and that I forgot. That was because I did n't realize it. I did n't know what it was. I could n't, before I had seen her. Now I *have* seen her, and I know."

"What do you know?" he said coldly.

"The awfulness of it."

"Do you? Do you?"

"Yes, — and if you had realized it yourself — But you don't, and your not realizing it is what shocks me most."

"I don't realize it?" His smile, this time, was grim. "I should think I was in a better position for realizing it than you."

"You don't realize the shame, the sin of it."

"Oh, don't I?" He turned to her. "Look here, whatever I've done, it's all over. I've taken my punishment, and repented in sackcloth and ashes. But you can't go on forever repenting. It wears you out. It seems to me that, after all this time, I might be allowed to leave off the sackcloth and brush the ashes out of my hair. I want to forget it if I can. But you are never — never — going to forget it. And you are going to make me remember it every day of my life. Is that it?"

"It is not." She could not see herself thus hard and implacable. She had vowed that there was no duty that she would omit; and it was her duty to forgive; if possible, to forget. "I am going to try to forget it, as I have forgotten it before. But it will be very hard, and you must be patient with me You must not remind me of it more than you can help."

"When have I?" —

She was silent.

"When?" he insisted.

She shook her head and turned away. A sudden impulse roused him, and he sprang after her. He grasped her wrist as she laid her hand on the door to open it. He drew her to him. "When?" he repeated. "How? Tell me."

She paused, gazing at him. He would

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have kissed her, hoping thus to make his peace with her; but she broke from him.

"Ah," she cried, "you are reminding me of it now."

He opened the door, dumb with amazement, and turned from her as she went through.

XIV

It was a fine day, early in November, and Anne was walking along one of the broad flat avenues that lead from Scale into the country beyond. Made restless by her trouble, she had acquired this pedestrian habit lately, and Majendie encouraged her in it, regarding it less as a symptom than as a cure. She had flagged a little in the autumn, and he was afraid that the strain of her devotion to Edith was beginning to tell upon her health. On Saturdays and Sundays they generally walked together, and he did his best to make his companionship desirable. Anne, given now to much self-questioning as to their relations, owned, in an access of justice, that she enjoyed these expeditions. Whatever else she had found her husband, she had never yet found him dull. But it did not occur to her, any more than it occurred to Majendie, to consider whether she herself were brilliant.

She made a point of never refusing him her society. She had persuaded herself that she went with him for his own good. If he wanted to take long walks in the country, it was her duty as his wife to accompany him. She was sustained perpetually by her consciousness of doing her duty as his wife; and she had persuaded herself also that she found her peace in it. She kept his hours for him as punctually as ever; she aimed more than ever at perfection in her household ways. He should never be able to say that there was one thing in which she had failed him.

No; she knew that neither he nor Edith, if they tried, could put their finger on any point and say: There or there she had gone wrong. Not in her understanding of him. She told herself that she understood him completely now, to her own great unhappiness. The unhappiness was the price she paid for her understanding.

She was absorbed in these reflections as she turned (in order to be at home by five o'clock), and walked toward the town. She was waked from them by the trampling of hoofs and the cheerful tootling of a horn. A four-in-hand approached and passed her; not so furiously but that she had time to recognize Lady Cayley on the box-seat, Mr. Gorst beside her, driving, and Mr. Ransome and Mr. Hannay behind, amongst a perfect horticultural show in millinery.

Anne had no acquaintance with the manners and customs of the Scale and Beesly Four-in-hand Club, and her intuitions stopped short of recognizing Miss Gwen Richards of the Vaudeville and the others. All the same, her private arraignment of these ladies refused them whatever benefit they were entitled to from any doubt. Not that Anne wasted thought on them. In spite of her condemnation, they barely counted; they were mere attendants, accessories in the vision of sin presented by Lady Cayley.

Nothing could have been more conspicuous than her appearance, more unabashed than the proclamation of her gay approach. Mounted high, heralded by the tootling horn, her hair blown, her cheeks bright with speed, her head and throat wrapped in a rosy veil that flung two broad streamers to the wind (as it were the banners of the red dawn flying and fluttering over her), she passed, the supreme figure in the pageant of triumphal vice.

Her face was turned to Gorst's face, his to hers. He looked more than ever brilliant, charming and charmed, laughing aloud with his companion. Hannay and Ransome raised their hats to Mrs. Majendie as they passed. Gorst was too much absorbed in Lady Cayley.

Anne shivered, chilled and sick with

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the resurgence of her old disgust. These were her husband's chosen associates and comrades; they stood by one another; they were all bound up together in one degrading intimacy. His dear friend Mr. Gorst was the dear friend of Lady Cayley. He knew what she was, and thought nothing of it. Mr. Ransome, her brother-in-law, knew and thought nothing of it. As for Mr. Hannay, Walter's other dear friend, you had only to look at the women he was with to see how much Mr. Hannay thought. There could have been nothing very profound in his supposed repudiation of Lady Cayley. If it was true that he had once paid her money to go, he was doing his best to welcome her now she had come back. But it was Gorst, with his vivid delight in Lady Cayley, who amazed her most. Anne had identified him with the man of whom Walter had once told her, the man who was "fond of Edith," the man of whom Walter admitted that he was not "entirely straight." And this man was always calling on Edith.

She was resolved that, if she could prevent it, he should call no more. It should not be said that she allowed her house to be open to such people. But it required some presence of mind to state her determination. Before she could speak with any authority she would have to find out all that could be known about Mr. Gorst. She would ask Fanny Eliott, who had seemed to know, and to know more than she had cared to say.

Instead of going straight home, she turned aside into Thurston Square. She had the good luck to find Fanny Eliott at home.

Fanny Eliott was rejoiced to see her. She looked at her anxiously and observed that she was thin. She spoke of her call as a "coming back;" the impression conveyed by Anne's manner was so strikingly that of return after the pursuit of an illusion.

Anne smiled wearily, as if it had been a long step from Prior Street to Thurston Square.

"I thought," said Mrs. Eliott, "I was never going to see you again."

"You might have known," said Anne.

"Oh, yes, I might have known. You're not going to run away at five o'clock?"

"No. I can stay a little, — if you're free."

Mrs. Eliott interpreted the condition as a request for privacy, and rang the bell to insure it. She knew something was coming; and it came.

"Fanny, I want you to tell me what you know of Mr. Gorst."

Mrs. Eliott looked exceedingly embarrassed. She avoided gossip as inconsistent with the intellectual life. And unpleasant gossip was peculiarly distasteful to her. Therefore she hesitated. "My dear, I don't know much" —

"Don't put me off like that. You know something. You must tell me."

Mrs. Eliott reflected that Anne had no more love of scandalous histories than she had, and that, if she asked for knowledge, it must be because her need was pressing.

"My dear, I only know that Johnson won't have him in the house."

She spoke as if this were nothing, a mere idiosyncrasy of Johnson's.

"Why not?" said Anne. "He has very nice manners."

"I daresay, but Johnson does n't approve of him." (Another eccentricity of Johnson's.)

"And why does n't he?"

"Well, you know, Mr. Gorst has a very unpleasant reputation. At least, he goes about with most objectionable people."

"You mean he's the same sort of person as Mr. Hannay?"

"I should say he was, if anything, worse."

"You mean he's a bad man?"

"Well" —

"So bad that you won't have him in the house?"

"Well, dear, you know we are particular." (A singularity that she shared with Johnson.)

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"So am I," said Anne.

"And this," she said to herself, "is the man whom Edie 's fond of, Walter's dearest friend. And my friends won't have him in their house."

"Charming, I believe, and delightful," said Mrs. Eliott, "but perhaps a little dangerous on that account. And one has to draw the line. I want to know about you, dear. You 're well, though you 're so thin?"

"Oh, very well."

"And happy?" (She ventured on it.)

"Could I be well if I were n't happy? How's Mrs. Gardner?"

The thought of happiness called up a vision of the perpetually radiant bride.

"Oh, Mrs. Gardner, she's as happy as the day is long. Much too happy, she says, to go about paying calls."

"*I* have n't called much, have I?" said Anne, hoping that her friend would draw the suggested inference.

"No, you have n't. *You* ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Why I any more than Mrs. Gardner? But I am."

Mrs. Eliott perceived her blunder. "Well, I forgive you, as long as you're happy."

Anne kissed her more tenderly than usual as they said good-by, so tenderly that Mrs. Eliott wondered, "Is she?"

Majendie was late that afternoon, and Anne had an hour alone with Edith. She had made up her mind to speak seriously to her sister-in-law on the subject of Mr. Gorst, and she chose this admirable opportunity.

"Edith," said she, with the abruptness of extreme embarrassment, "did you know that Lady Cayley had come back?"

"Come back?"

"She's here, living in Scale."

There was a pause before Edith answered. Anne judged from the quiet of her manner that this was not the first time that she had heard of the return.

"Well, dear, after all, if she is, what does it matter? She must live somewhere."

"I should have thought that for her own sake it was a pity to have chosen a town where she was so well known."

"Oh, well, that's her own affair. I suppose she argues that most people have known the worst; and that's always a comfort."

"Oh, for all they appear to care" — Her face became tragic. She lost her unnatural control. "I can't understand it. I never saw such people. She's received as if nothing had happened."

"By her own people. It's decent of them not to cast her off."

"Oh, as for decency, they don't seem to have a shred of it amongst them. And the Hannays are not her own people. I thought I should be safe in going there after what you told me. And it was there I met her."

"I know. They were most distressed about it."

"And yet they received her, too, as if nothing had happened."

"Because nothing can happen now. They got rid of her when she was dangerous. She is n't dangerous any more. On the contrary, I believe her great idea now is to be respectable. I suppose they're trying to give her a lift up. You must admit it's nice of them."

"You think them nice?"

"I think *that's* nice of them. It's the sort of thing they do. They're kind people, if they're not the most spiritual I have met."

"You may call it kindness, I call it shocking indifference. They're worse than the Ransomes. I don't believe the Ransomes know what's decent. The Hannays know, but they don't care. They're all dreadful people; and their sympathy with each other is the most dreadful thing about them. They hold together, and stand up for each other, and are 'kind' to each other, because they all like the same low, vulgar, detestable things. That's why Mr. Hannay married Mrs. Hannay, and Mr. Ransome mar-

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ried Lady Cayley's sister. They're all admirably suited to each other, but not, my dear Edie, to you or me."

"They're certainly not your sort, I admit."

"Nor yours either."

"No, nor mine either," said Edith, smiling. "Poor Anne, I'm sorry we've let you in for them."

"I'm not thinking only of myself. The terrible thing is that you should be let in, too."

"Oh, me — how can they harm me?"

"They have harmed you."

"How?"

"By keeping other people away."

"What people?"

"The nice people you should have known. You were entitled to the very best. The Eliotts and the Gardners — those are the people who should have been your friends, not the Hannays and the Ransomes; and not, believe me, darling, not Mr. Gorst."

For a moment Edith unveiled the tragic suffering in her eyes. It passed, and left her gaze grave and lucid and serene.

"What do you know of Mr. Gorst?"

"Enough, dear, to see that he is n't fit for you to know."

"Poor Charlie, that's what he's always saying himself. I've known him too long, you see, not to know him now. Years and years, my dear, before I knew you."

"It was through Mrs. Eliott that I knew you, remember."

"Because you were determined to know me. It was through you that I knew Mrs. Eliott. Before that, she never made the smallest attempt to know me better or to show me any kindness. Why should she?"

"Well, my dear, if you kept her at arm's length — if you let her see, for instance, that you preferred Mr. Gorst's society to hers" —

"Do you think I let her see it?"

"No, I don't. And it would n't enter her head. But, considering that she can't receive Mr. Gorst into her own house" —

"Why should she?"

"Edie — if she cannot, why do you?"

Edith closed her eyes. "I'll tell you some day, dear, but not now."

Anne did not press her. She had not the courage to discuss Mr. Gorst with her, nor the heart to tell her that he was to be received into her house no more. She saw Edith growing tender over his very name; she felt that there would be tears and entreaties, and she was determined that no entreaties and no tears should move her to a base surrender.

Her pause was meant to banish the idea of Mr. Gorst from Edith's mind, but it only served to fix it more securely there.

"Edith," she said presently, "I will keep my promise."

"Which promise?" Edith was mystified. Her mind unwillingly renounced the idea of Mr. Gorst, and the promise could not possibly refer to him.

"The promise I made to you about Walter."

"My dear one, I never thought you would break it."

"I never shall break it. I've accepted Walter once for all, and in spite of everything. But I will not accept these people you say I've been let in for. I will not know them. And I shall have to tell him so."

"Why should you tell him anything? He does n't want you to take them to your bosom. He sees how impossible they are."

"Ah — if he sees that" —

"Believe me" (Edith said it wearily), "he sees everything."

"If he does," thought Anne, "it will be easier to convince him."

XV

The task was so far unpleasant to her that she was anxious to secure the first opportunity, and get it over. Her mo-

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ment would come with the two hours after dinner in the study.

It did not come that evening; for Majendie telegraphed that he had been detained in town and would dine at the Club. He did not come home till Anne (who had sat up till midnight waiting for that opportunity) had gone tired to bed.

Her determination gathered strength with the delay, and when her moment came with the next evening, it came gloriously. Majendie gave himself over into her hands by bringing Gorst, of all people, back with him to dine.

The brilliant prodigal approached her with a little embarrassed, youthful air of humility and charm; the air almost of taking her into his confidence over something unfortunate and absurd. He had evidently counted on the few minutes before dinner when he would be left alone with her. He selected a chair opposite to her, leaning forward in it at ease, his nervousness visible only in the flushed hands clasped loosely on his knees, his eyes turned upon his hostess with a look of almost infantile candor. It was as if he mutely implored her to forget yesterday's encounter, and on no account to mention in what compromising company he had been seen. His engaging smile seemed to take for granted that she was a lady of pity and understanding, who would never have the heart to give a poor prodigal away. His eyes intimated that Mrs. Majendie knew what it amounted to, that awful prodigality of his.

But Mrs. Majendie had no illusions concerning sinners with engaging smiles and beautiful manners. And with every tick of the clock he deepened the impression of his insolence and levity. His very charm, and the flush and brilliance that were part of it, went to swell the prodigal's account. The instinct that had wakened in her knew them, the lights and colors, the heralding banners and vivid signs, all the paraphernalia of triumphant sin. She turned upon her guest the cold eyes of a condign destiny.

By the time dinner was served it had dawned on Gorst that he was looking in Mrs. Majendie for something that was not there. He might even have had some inkling of her resolution; he sat at his friend's table so consciously on sufferance, with an oppressed, extinguished air, eating his dinner as if it choked him, like the last sad meal in a beloved house.

Majendie, too, felt himself drawn in and folded in the gloom cast by his wife's protesting presence. The shadow of it wrapped them even after Anne had left the dining-room, as though her indignant spirit had remained behind to preserve her protest. Gorst had changed his oppression for a nervous restlessness intolerable to Majendie.

"My dear fellow," he said, "what is the matter with you?"

"How should I know?" said Gorst, with a spurt of ill-temper. "I'm not a nerve specialist."

Majendie looked at him attentively. "I say, *you* must n't go in for nerves, you know; you can't afford it."

"My dear Walter, I can't afford anything, if it comes to that." He paused with an obscure air of injury and foreboding. "Not even, it seems, the most innocent amusements. At any rate," he added, "I have to pay for them." Again he brooded, while Majendie wondered at him in brotherly anxiety. "I suppose," Gorst said suddenly, "I can go up and see Edith, can't I?"

He spoke as if he doubted whether, in the wreck of his world, with all his "innocent amusements," that supreme consolation would still be open to him.

"Of course you can," said Majendie. "It's the best thing you can do. I told her you were coming."

"Thanks," said Gorst, checking the alacrity with which he rose to go to Edith.

Oh, yes, he knew it was the best thing he could do.

Edith's voice called gladly to him as he tapped at her door. He entered noiselessly, wearing the wondering and expectant

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look with which a new worshiper enters a holy place. Perpetual backslidings kept poor Gorst's worship perpetually new.

Color came slowly back into Edith's face and a tender light into her eyes, as if from the springing of some deep, untroubled well of life. She seemed more than ever a creature of imperial vitality, bound by some cruel enchantment to her couch. She held out her hands to him; and he raised them to his lips, and kissed her fingers lightly.

"It's weeks since I've seen you," said she.

"Months, is n't it?" said he.

"Weeks, three weeks, by the calendar."

"I say — tell me — I *am* to come and see you, just the same?"

"Just the same? Why, what's different?"

"Oh, I don't know. But it seems to me, when a man's married, it's bound to make a difference."

Edith's color mounted; she made an effort to control the trembling of her mouth, the soft woman's mouth where all that was bodily in her love still lingered. But the sweetness deepened in her eyes, which were the dwelling-place of the immortal, immaterial power. They met Gorst's eyes steadily, laying on his restlessness their peace.

"Are you going to be married, Charlie?" said she, and smiled bravely.

He laughed. "Oh, Lord, no; not I."

"Who is, then?"

"Walter, of course. I mean he *is* married, don't you know."

"Yes, and is there any difference in him to you?"

"In him? Oh, rather not."

"In whom, then?"

"Well — I don't think, Edie, that Mrs. Walter — I like her" — he stuck to it — "I like her, you know, she's charming, but — I don't think she very much likes me."

"She does, she does like you. She told me so."

"When?"

"When she first saw you."

"Oh, then. That's ages ago. I know she does n't like me now."

"How do you know it, my dear?"

"How? How do I know anything? By the way she looks at me."

"Oh, the way Anne looks at people!"

"Well, you know, it's something tremendous, something terrible. Unutterable things, you know. She knocks the Inquisition and the Day of Judgment all to pieces. They're simply not in it. It's awfully hard lines on me, you see, because I like her."

"I'm glad you like her."

"Oh, I only like her because she likes you, I think."

"And I like her. Please remember that."

"I do remember it. I say, Edie, tell me, is she awfully devoted and all that?"

"To Walter? Yes, very devoted."

"That's all right, then. I don't think I mind so much now. As long as I can come and see you just the same."

"Of course you'll come and see me, just the same."

He pondered for a long time over that. Seeing Edith was the best thing he could do. To-night it seemed the only good thing left for him to do. He lived in a state of alternate excitement and fatigue, forever craving his innocent amusements, and forever tired of them. None of them were worth while. Seeing Edith was the only thing that was worth while. He refused to contemplate with any calmness a life in which it would be impossible for him to see her. If the poor prodigal had not chosen the most elevated situation for the building of his house of life, he was always making desperate efforts to leave the insalubrious spot, and return to the high and wind-swept mansions of his youth. To be with Edith was to nourish the illusion of return. Return itself seemed possible when goodness, in the person of Edith, looked at him with such tender and alluring eyes. In spirit he prostrated himself before it, while he cursed the damnable cruelty that had prevented

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him from marrying her. Through that act of adoration he was enabled to live through his alien and separated days. It kept him, as he phrased it, "going;" which meant that, wherever his rebellious feet might carry him, he continued to breathe, through it, the diviner air.

And Edith had lain for ten years on her back, and every year the hours had gone more lightly, through the hope of seeing him. She had outlived her time of torment and rebellion. There was a sense in which her life, in spite of its frustration, was complete. The love through which her womanhood struggled for victory in defeat had fulfilled itself by gradual growth into something like maternal passion. There was no selfishness in her attitude to him and his devotion. By accepting it she took his best and offered it to God for him. With fragile, dedicated hands she nursed and sheltered the undying votive flame. She seemed a saint who had foregone heaven and remained on earth to help him. Her womanhood, wrapped from him in veil upon veil of her mysterious suffering, had never removed itself from him. She held him by all that was indomitable in her own nature, and in spite of his lapses he remained her lover.

She was aware of these lapses, and grieved over them, and forgave them, laying them, as she had laid her brother's sin, to the account of her unhappy spine. In Edith's tender fancy her spine had become responsible for all the shortcomings of these beloved persons. If Walter could have married seven years ago, there would have been no dreadful Lady Cayley; and if she could have married poor Charlie, she would not have had to think of him as "poor Charlie" now. It had been hard on him.

That was precisely what poor Charlie was thinking. And if that sister-in-law was to come between them, too, it would be harder still. But Edith insisted that she would make no difference.

"In fact," said she, "you can come more than ever. For if Walter's absorbed in Anne, and Anne's absorbed in Walter" —

He took it up gayly. "Then I may be absorbed in you? So, after all, it turns out to my advantage."

"Yes. You can console me. You can console me now, this minute, if you'll play to me."

He was always lamenting that he could do nothing for her. Playing to her was the one thing he could do, and he did it well.

He rose joyously and went to the piano, removing the dust from the keys with his handkerchief. "How will you have it? Sentimental and soporific? Or loud and strong?"

"Oh, loud and strong, please. Very strong and very loud."

"Right you are. You shall have it hot and strong, and loud enough to wake the dead."

That was his rendering of Chopin's *Grande Polonaise*. He let himself loose in it, with a rush, a vehemence, a diabolic brilliance and clamor. The quiet room shook with the sounds he wrenched out of the little humble piano in the corner. And as Edith lay and listened, her spirit, too, triumphed and was free, it rode gloriously on the storm of sound. It was, she said laughing, quite enough to wake the dead. This was the miracle that he alone could accomplish for her.

And downstairs in the study, Anne heard his music and started, as the dead may start in their sleep. It seemed to her, that Polonaise of Chopin, the most immoral music, the music of defiance and revolt. It flung abroad the prodigal's prodigality, his insolent and iniquitous joy. That was what he, a bad man, made of an innocent thing.

Majendie's face lit up, responsive to the delight and challenge of the opening chord. "He's all right," said he, "as long as he can play."

He listened, glancing now and then at Anne with a smile of pride in his friend's performance. It was as if he were asking her to own that there must be some

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good in a fellow who could play like that.

Anne was considering in what words she would intimate to him that Mr. Gorst's music was never to be heard again in that house. Some instinct told her that she was courting danger, but the approval of her conscience urged her on. She waited till the Polonaise was over before she spoke.

"You say," said she, "he's all right as long as he can play like that. To me it's the most convincing proof that he's all wrong."

"How do you make that out?"

"I don't want to go into it," said Anne. "I don't approve of Mr. Gorst; but I should think better of him if he had only better taste."

"You're the first person who ever accused Gorst of bad taste."

"Do you call it good taste to live as he does, as I know he does, and you know he does, and yet to come here, and sit with Edie, and behave as if he'd never done anything to be ashamed of? It would be infinitely better taste if he kept away."

"Not at all. There are a great many very nice things about Gorst, and his caring to come here is one of the nicest. He has been faithful to Edie for ten years. That sort of thing is n't so common that one can afford to despise it."

"Faithful to her? Poor darling, does she think he is?"

"She does n't think. She knows."

"Preserve me from such faithfulness."

"You don't know what you're talking about."

"I do know. And you know that I know." In proof of her contention she offered him the incident of the four-in-hand.

Majendie made a movement of impatience. "Oh, that's nothing," he said. "He does n't like her. He likes driving, and she likes a front seat at any show (I can't see her taking a back one); and if she insisted on climbing up beside him, he could n't very well knock her off, you know. You don't seem to realize how difficult it is to knock a woman off any seat she takes a fancy to sit on. You simply can't do it."

Anne was silent. She felt weak and helpless before his imperturbable levity.

He smoked placidly. "No," he said presently. "Gorst may n't be a saint, but I will acquit him of an unholy passion for poor Sarah."

Anne fired. "He may be a very bad man for all that."

"There again, you show that you don't know what you're talking about. He is not a 'very bad man.' You've no discrimination in these things. You simply lump us all together as a bad lot. And so we may be, compared with the angels and the saints. But there are degrees. If Gorst is n't as good as — as Edie, it does n't necessarily follow that he's bad."

"Please, — I would rather not argue the point. But I am not going to have anything to do with Mr. Gorst."

"Of course not. You disapprove of him. There's nothing more to be said."

He spoke placably, as if he made allowance for her attitude while he preserved his own.

"There is a great deal more to be said, dear. And I may as well say it now. I disapprove of him so strongly that I cannot have him received in this house if I am to remain in it."

Astonishment held him dumb.

"You have no right to expect me to," said she.

"To expect you to remain, or what?"

"To receive a man of Mr. Gorst's character."

"My dear girl, what right have you to expect me to turn him out?"

"My right as your wife."

"My wife has a right to ask me a great many things, but not that."

"I ought not to have to ask you. You should have thought of it yourself. You should have had more care for my reputation."

At this he laughed, greatly to his own annoyance and to hers.

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"Your reputation? Your reputation, I assure you, is in no danger from poor Gorst."

"Is it not? My friends — the Eliotts — will not receive him."

"There's no reason why they should."

"Is there any reason why I should? Do you want me to be less fastidious than they are? You forget that I was brought up with very fastidious people. My father would n't have allowed me to speak to a man like Mr. Gorst. Do you want me to accept a lower standard than his, or my mother's?"

"Have you considered what *my* standard would look like if I turned my best friend out of the house — a man I've known all my life — just because my wife does n't happen to approve of him? I know nothing about your Eliotts; but if Edie can stand him, I should think you might."

"I," said Anne coldly, "am not in love with him."

He frowned, and a dull flush of anger colored the frown. "I must say, your standard is a remarkable one if it permits you to say things like that."

"I would not have said it but for what you told me yourself."

"What did I tell you?"

"That Edie cared for him."

He remembered.

"If I did tell you that, it was because I thought you cared for Edie."

"I do care for her."

"You've rather a strange way of showing it. I wonder if you realize how much she did care? What it must have meant to her when she got ill? What it meant to him? Have you the remotest conception of the infernal hardship of it?"

"I know it was hard."

"Forgive me; you don't know, or you would n't be so hard on both of them."

"It is n't I who am hard."

"Is n't it? When you're just proposing to stop Gorst's coming here?"

"It's not I that's stopping him. It's his own conduct. He is hard on himself, and he is hard on her. There's nobody else to blame."

"Do you mean to say you think I'm actually going to tell him not to come any more?"

"My dear, it's the least you can do for me, after" —

"After what?"

"After everything."

"After letting you in for marrying me, you mean. And as I suppose poor Edie was to blame for that, it's the least *she* can do for you to give him up. Is that it? Seeing him is about the only pleasure that's left to her, but that does n't come into it, does it?"

She was silent.

"Well, and what am I to think of you for all this?"

"I cannot *help* what you think of me," said she, with the stress of despair.

"Well, I don't think anything, as it happens. But, if you were capable of understanding in the least what you're trying to do, I should think you a hard, obstinate, cruel woman. What I'm chiefly struck with is your extreme simplicity. I suppose I must n't be surprised at your wanting to turn Gorst out; but how you could imagine for one moment that I would do it — No, that's beyond me."

"I can only say I shall not receive him. If he comes into the house, I shall go out of it."

"Well" — said Majendie judicially, as if she had certainly hit upon a wise solution.

"If he dines here I must dine at the Eliotts."

"Well — and you'll like that, won't you? And I shall like having Gorst, and so will Edie, and Gorst will like seeing her, and everybody will be pleased."

Overhead Mr. Gorst burst into a dance measure, so hilarious that it seemed the very cry of his delight.

"As long as Edie goes on seeing him, he'll think it's all right."

Overhead Mr. Gorst's gay tune proclaimed that indeed he thought so. He broke off suddenly, and began another

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and a better one, till the spirit of levity ran riot in immortal sounds.

"So it is all right. She's a good woman. It's the only hold we've got on him."

"If all good women were to reason that way" —

"If all good women were to reason your way, what do you think would happen?"

"There would be more good men in the world."

"Would there? There would be more good men ruined by bad women. Because, don't you see, there'd be no others left for them to speak to."

"If you're thinking of his good" —

"Have you thought of hers?"

"Yes. Supposing he ends by marrying somebody else, what will she do then? — Poor Edie!"

"If the somebody else is a good woman, poor Edie will fold her dear little hands, and offer up a dear little prayer of thankfulness to Heaven."

Upstairs the music ceased. The prodigal's footsteps were heard crossing the room, and coming to a halt by Edie's couch.

Majendie rose, placid and benignant.

"I think," said he, "it's time for you to go to bed."

XVI

Majendie could never be angry with any woman for more than five minutes. And this time he understood his wife better than she knew. He had seen, as Edith had said, "everything."

But Anne was convinced that he never would see. She said to herself, "He thinks me hard, and obstinate, and cruel."

She crept into bed in misery that suggested a defeated thing. The outward eye would never have perceived that the pale woman quivering under the eiderdown was inspired with an indomitable purpose, the salvation of a weak man from his weakness. To be sure, she had been worsted in her encounter by something that conveyed the illusion of superior moral force. But that there was any strength in her husband that could be described as moral Anne would not have admitted for a moment. She believed herself to be crushed, grossly, by the superior weight of moral deadness that he carried.

It was, it always had been, his placidity that caused her most despair. But whereas, at the time of their first rupture, it had made him utterly impenetrable, she now took it simply as one more sign of his inability to understand her. She argued that he would never have remained so calm if he had realized the sincerity of her determination to repudiate Mr. Gorst. Of course she did n't expect him to appreciate the force and the fine quality of her feeling. Still, he might at least have known that, if she had found it hard to pardon her own husband his lapses in the past, she would not be likely to accept a recent and notorious evil-doer.

She tried to forget that in this she herself had been wounded as a woman and a wife. It was the offense to Heaven that she minded, rather than her own mere human hurt. Still, he had asked her to share his house and the sad burden of it (her thought touched gently on the sadness and the burden); and it was the least he could do to keep it undefiled by such presences. He ought to have known what was due to the woman he had married. If he did not, she said to herself sorsowfully, he must learn.

She never doubted that he would learn completely when he was once persuaded that she had meant what she had said; when he saw that he was driving her out of the house by inviting Mr. Gorst into it. To her the question was of supreme importance. Whatever happiness was now left to them must stand or fall by the expulsion of the prodigal.

If she had examined herself, Anne would have found that she hardly knew which she wished for more: that Majendie would at once surrender to her view and leave off inviting Gorst, or that

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he would invite him at once, and thus give her an occasion for her protest. That he was peaceable and disinclined to fight she gathered from the fact that he had not invited him at once.

At last, one morning, he looked up quietly from his breakfast, and remarked that he had invited Gorst (he laid a slightly irritating stress upon the name), to dinner on Friday.

The day was Thursday.

"And is he coming?" said Anne.

"He is," said Majendie.

When Friday came, Anne remarked at breakfast that she was going to dine with Mrs. Eliott.

"I thought you would," said Majendie.

She had hoped that he would think she would n't.

They dined at seven o'clock in Thurston Square, and at half-past seven in Prior Street, so she would be well out of the house before Gorst came into it. It was raining heavily. But Anne looked upon the rain as her ally. Walter would be ashamed to think he had driven her out in such weather.

He insisted on accompanying her to the Eliotts' door.

"Not a nice evening for turning out," said he, as he opened his umbrella and held it over her.

"Not at all," said she significantly.

At ten o'clock he came to fetch her in a cab.

Now the cab, the escort, and the sheltering umbella somewhat diminished the grievance of her enforced withdrawal from her home. And Majendie's manner did still more to take the wind out of the proud sails of her tragic adventure. But Anne herself was a sufficiently pathetic figure as she appeared under his umbrella, descending from the Eliotts' doorstep, with delicate slippered feet, gathering her skirts high from the bounding rain, and carrying in her hands the boots she had not waited to put on.

Majendie uttered the little tender moan with which he was used to greet a pathetic spectacle.

"He sounds," said Anne to herself, "as if he were sorry."

He looked it, too; he seemed the very spirit of contrition, as he sat in the cab, with Anne's boots on his knees, guarding them with a caressing hand. But she detected an impenitent brilliance in his eye, as he stood in the lamplight and helped her off with the mackintosh, which dripped with its passage from the cab to their doorstep.

"I think my feet are wet," said she.

"There's a splendid fire in the study," said he.

He drew up a chair, and made her sit in it, and took off her shoes and stockings, and dried them at the fire. He held her cold feet in his hands to warm them. Then he stooped down and laid his face against them and kissed them. And she heard again his low, tender moan, and took it for a cry of contrition. He rose from his knees and laid his hand on her shoulder. She looked up, prepared to receive his chivalrous submission, to gather into her bosom the full harvest of her protest, and then magnanimously forgive.

It was not surrender, certainly not surrender, that she saw in the downward gaze that had drawn her to him. His eyes were dancing, dancing gayly, to some irresistible measure in his head.

"It was worth while, was n't it?" said he.

"Was what worth while?"

"Getting your feet wet, for the pleasure of not dining with Gorst?"

There were moments, Anne might have owned, when he did not fail in sympathy and comprehension. Had she been capable of self-criticism, she would have found that her attitude of protest was a moral luxury, and that moral luxuries were a necessity to natures such as hers. But Anne had a secret cherishing eye on martyrdom, and it was intolerable to her to be reminded in this way that, after all, she was only a spiritual voluptuary.

Still more intolerable was the large indulgence of her husband's manner. He

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seemed positively to pander to her curious passion, while preserving an attitude of superior purity. He multiplied her opportunities. A week had hardly passed before Mr. Gorst dined in Prior Street again, and Anne again took refuge in Thurston Square.

This time Majendie made no comment on her action. He seemed to take it for granted.

But Anne, standing up heroically for her principle, was sustained by a sense of moving in a divine combat. Every time she dined in Thurston Square she felt that she had thrown down her gage; every time that Majendie invited Gorst she felt that he stooped to pick it up. Thus unconsciously she breathed hostility, and was suspicious of hostility in him.

When she announced at breakfast one Monday that she had asked the Eliotts, the Gardners, Canon Wharton, and Miss Proctor, for dinner on Wednesday, she uttered each name as if it had been a challenge, and looked for some irritating manœuvre in response. He would, of course, proclaim that he was going to dine with the Hannays, or he would effect a retreat to Mr. Gorst's rooms or his club.

But Majendie lacked her passion and her inspiration. He simply said he was delighted to hear it, and that he would make a point of being at home. He would have to give up an engagement which he would not have made if he had known. But that did not greatly matter.

They came, the Eliotts and the rest, and Miss Proctor again pronounced him charming. To be sure, he was not half so amusing as he had been on his first appearance in Thurston Square; but it was only becoming that he should repress himself a little at his own table and in the presence of the Canon. The Canon was brilliant, if you like.

For that night the Canon was, as usual, all things to all men, and especially to all women. He was the man of the world for Miss Proctor; the fine epicure of books for Mrs. Eliott; for Mr. Eliott and Dr. Gardner the broad-minded searcher and enthusiast, the humble camp-follower of the conquering sciences. "You are the pioneers," said he; "you go before us on the march. But we keep up, we keep up. We can step out — cassock and all."

But he spread out all his spiritual lures for Mrs. Majendie. His eyes seemed more than ever to pursue her, to search her, to be gazing discreetly at the secret of her soul. They drew her with the clear and candid flattery of their understanding. She could feel the clever little Canon taking her in and making notes on her. "Sensitive. Unhappy. Intensely spiritual nature. Too fine and pure for *him*." And over the unhallowed, half-abandoned table, flushed slightly with Majendie's good wine, the Canon drew up his chair to his host, and stretched his little legs, and let his spirit expand in a rosy, broad humanity. As he had charmed the spiritual woman he saw in Anne, so he laid himself out to flatter the natural man he saw in Majendie. And Majendie leaned back in his chair, and gazed at the Canon, the remarkable, the clever, the versatile little Canon, with half-closed eyelids veiling his contemptuous eyes. (He confided to Hannay, later on, that the Canon, in his after-dinner moments, made him sick.)

Anne heard nothing more of Mr. Gorst for over a fortnight. It was on a Saturday, and Majendie asked her suddenly during luncheon if she thought the Eliotts would be disengaged that evening.

"Why?"

"Because I've asked Gorst" (again that disagreeable emphasis) "to dine to-night."

"Very well. I will ask Mrs. Eliott if she can have me."

"Can you?"

"Perfectly."

"Oh, — and I must prepare you for something quite horrible. Some time, you know" (he smiled provokingly), "I shall have to ask the Hannays. Do you think you can arrange for that?"

"I shall have to," said she.

This time (it was the third) she was

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obliged to take Mrs. Eliott into her confidence. She fairly flung herself on her friend's mercy.

"I feel as if I were making use of you," said she.

"My dear, make any use of me you please. I'm always here. You can come to me any time you want to escape."

"To escape?" Anne's face flew a color that was a flag of defiance to any reflection on her husband. She would be loyal to him as long as she lived. Not one of her friends should know of her trouble and her fear.

"From your Gorsts and Hannays and people."

"Oh, from *them*." Anne felt that she was shielding him.

Mrs. Eliott marked the flag of defiance and the attitude of defense. If Anne had meant to "give him away," she could not have given him more lavishly. Mrs. Eliott's sad inward comment was that there was more in all this than met the eye.

And Anne's life now continued on this rather uncomfortable footing. The Hannays came to dinner, and she dined with Mrs. Eliott. The Ransomes came, and she dined with Mrs. Eliott. Mr. Gorst came (for the fourth time in as many weeks) and she dined with Mrs. Eliott. She began to wonder whether the Eliotts' hospitality would stand the strain. She also wondered whether her other friends in Thurston Square were wondering, and what Canon Wharton must think of it. It had not occurred to her to wonder what Mr. Gorst would think.

At first he thought nothing of it. When he found that he had not to encounter the terrible eyes of Mrs. Majendie, Mr. Gorst's relief was so great that it robbed him of reflection. And when he began to think, he merely thought that Majendie had asked him because his wife was absent, rather than that Majendie's wife was absent because he had been asked. Majendie had calculated on this. He was not in the least distressed by Anne's absences. He believed that she was thoroughly enjoying both her own protest and Mrs. Eliott's society. And the arrangement really solved the problem nicely. Otherwise the whole thing was trivial to him. He remained unaware of the tremendous spiritual conflict that was being waged round the person of the unhappy Gorst.

But Christmas was now at hand, and Christmas brought the problem back again in a terrific form. For ten years poor Gorst had dined with his friends in Prior Street on Christmas day. His presence was considered by Edith to borrow a peculiar significance and sanctity from the festival. Did they not celebrate on that day the birth of the Divine Humanity, the solemn advent of redeeming love? Punctually on Christmas Day the prodigal returned from his farthest wanderings, and made for Prior Street as for his home. He had never missed a Christmas. And how could they expel him now? His coming was such a sacred and established thing that he had spoken of it to Edith as a certainty. And it was as a certainty that Edith spoke of it to Majendie.

She asked him how they were to break the news to Anne.

"Better not break it at all," said he. "Just let him come."

"If he does," said Edith, "she'll walk straight out of the house."

"Oh, no, she won't."

"Yes, she will. On principle. I understand her."

"I confess I don't."

"But I believe," said she, "if you explain it all to her, she'd give in for once."

Rather against his judgment he endeavored to explain.

"We simply can't not ask him, you know."

"Ask him by all means. But I shall have to put myself on the Gardners, or the Proctors, for the Eliotts are away."

"Don't be absurd. You know you won't be allowed to do anything of the sort."

"There's nothing else left for me to do."

He looked at her gravely; but his

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speech was light, for it was not in him to be weighty. "Don't you think that, at this holy season, for the sake of peace, and good-will, and all the rest of it, you might drop it just for once? And let the poor chap have a happy Christmas?"

She seemed to be considering it. "You think me very hard," said she.

"Oh, no, no, not hard." But he was wondering, for the first time, what this wife of his was made of.

"Yes, hard. I don't want you to think me hard. If you could understand why I cannot meet that man — what it means to me — the effect it has on me."

"What," he said, "*is the precise effect?*" He was really interested. He always had been curious to know how different men affected different women, and to get his knowledge at first hand.

"It's the effect," said she, "of being brought into contact with something terribly painful and repulsive, the effect of intense suffering, — of unbearable disgust."

He listened with his thoughtful, interested air. "I know. The effect that your friend Canon Wharton sometimes has on me."

"I see no resemblance between Canon Wharton and your friend Mr. Gorst."

"And I see no resemblance between my friend Mr. Gorst and Canon Wharton."

She was silent, gathering all her strength to deliver her spirit's last appeal.

"Dear," said she (for she wished to be very gentle with him, since he thought her hard), "dear, I wonder if you ever realize what the thing we call — purity — is?"

He blushed violently.

"I only know it's one of those things one does n't speak about."

"I must speak," said she.

"You need n't," he said curtly; "I understand all right."

"If you did you would n't ask me. All the same, Walter"—she lifted to him the set face of a saint surrendered to the torture — "if you compel me" —

"Compel you? I can't compel you. Especially if you're going to look like that."

"It's no use," he said to Edith. "First, she talks of dining with the Gardners" —

"She will, too" —

"No. She'll stay, — if I compel her."

"Oh, I see. That's worse. She'd let him see it. He would n't enjoy his Christmas if he came."

"No, poor fellow, I really don't think he would. She's awfully funny about him."

"You still think her funny?"

"My dear, — it's the only way to take her. *I'm sorry, but I can't let Charlie* spoil her Christmas; nor," he added, "she his."

So Mr. Gorst did not come to Prior Street that Christmas. There came instead of him whole sheaves and stacks of flowers, Christmas roses and white lilies, the flowers which, at that festival, the poor prodigal brought as his tribute to his adored and beloved lady.

He spent the greater part of his Christmas Day in the society of Mr. Dick Ransome, and the greater part of his Christmas Night in the society of pretty Maggie Forrest, the new girl in Evans's shop who had sold him the Christmas roses and the lilies. "For," said he, "if I can't go and see Edie, I'll go and see Maggie." And he enjoyed seeing Maggie as much as it was possible to enjoy anything that was not seeing Edie.

And Edie lay among her Christmas roses and her lilies, and smiled with a high courage, at Nanna, at Majendie and Anne; and did her best to make every one believe that she was having a very happy Christmas. But at night, when it was all over, Majendie held a tremulous and tearful Edie in his arms.

"Don't think me a brute, darling," he said. "I would have insisted, only, — if he'd come to-day he'd have found out he was n't wanted."

"I know; and he never would have come again."

He did not come. For Canon Wharton

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enlightened Mrs. Hannay, and Mrs. Hannay enlightened Mr. Hannay, and Mr. Hannay enlightened Mr. Gorst.

"Of course," said the prodigal, "if she walks out of the house when I walk into it, I can't very well go."

"Well, not at present, perhaps, for the sake of peace," said Hannay; "but it strikes me that poor Majendie 's in a pretty tight place with that wife of his."

So, for the sake of peace, Mr. Gorst kept away from Prior Street and his Edie, and spent a great deal of his time in Evans's shop, cultivating the acquaintance of Miss Forrest.

And, for the sake of peace, Majendie kept silence, and his sister concealed her trembling and her tears.

(To be continued.)

SONG TRIUMPHANT

BY LEE WILSON DODD

I

Magic, magic beneath a wind-flower moon,
  Frail, white, and virgin-shy:
Magic as of some ghostly Druid rune,
Some breathing wraith of enigmatic song,
Droops pallidly upon me as I lie
Soul-shelterless to the wan vesper sky;
Droops mystically upon me — a Lamian tune,
Secretly humming, as a smitten gong
Troubles the silence when its crashings cease.
  So now the soul of peace
Stirs with inaudible pulsation — stirs
  To these dumb intricacies
The haunted hours like fearful whisperers
    Prolong.

II

The wind-flower moon snatched from its tenuous stem
  Falls, blown from heaven; the sky is dark with dread . . .
And now the sudden stars are overhead,
    Song's diadem!

III

I am fulfilled of song!
No other life save song-life quickens me.
My soul is cadenced as the strophied sea!
My heart-beats but prolong
The intricate rhythms of eternity!

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I am a voice, a singing voice — no more.
Life is a lyric, for life is a dream;
And all prophetic lore
Is but a rhyme the more.

IV

Truth, *truth*, ye cry!
But I
Seek not to fix the colored spray,
Seek not to stay
Wave, wind, or gradual star;
To-day
Is mutable as these things are.
Yet the vast sway,
The under-rhythm — God's pulse-beat — shall not fail.
God's song above God's silence shall prevail.

THE SPIRIT OF OLD WEST POINT

(1858–1862)

III

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

VIII

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

THE happiest six months of my cadet life were those that followed my entrance into D Company at the opening of my second-class year, September, 1860. This period had its dawn when, like silent, migratory herons, our successors, the new cadets, began to appear. And, by the way, the effect of their coming was phenomenal. I remember a particular example of that in the case of "Rube" Ross of my class, a little, serious, broad-shouldered Tennesseean, — his name was Ebenezer McEwen, but we always called him "Rube." He had bristling, sandy, coarse hair and an old face, rather dead fish-eyes and low wrinkled forehead. Well, when the news reached him that the first new cadet had arrived he clapped on his cap and started downstairs on the run, exclaiming, "Hurrah for hell! Hurrah for hell!" I never could see the connection in Rube's mind, although we all shared his elation. When the war came on he went with his state, and I never knew what became of him.

Our abilities had been measured against the requirements of the course, and all of us above the foot of the class knew that if we applied ourselves and behaved ourselves we could graduate. In studies we had emerged from the perpetual gloom of pure mathematics into those boundless suggestions of the distant, eternal abodes of space and the duration of time which are kindled in the mind by astronomy and geology. I had

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made friends; I experienced the joy and gladness of manifested friendship on their part, and on the part of some of those immediately around me in the higher classes. Above all, I was happy in my roommate, the impulsive, generous, pure-minded and boyishly ingenuous John Asbury West of Madison, Georgia.

Everything seemed to conspire to brighten the heart. The course in mechanics and philosophy, although it had the repute of the most crucial of all, had some way or other proved an easy march to me, — in fact, I had moved up to the third place in it. And we had all been pleased with the discovery that beneath the professor's nervous, twitching manner, his lean, wrinkled, and premonitory face, heavy, bristling eyebrows, and wildly erect, touzling gray hair, lay broad fields of kindness and sympathy. As for Kendrick, professor of geology, and Benton, instructor of ordnance, they displayed such uniform and natural urbanity as gave their recitation-rooms the air of a welcoming presence. Benton's mild, unconscious blue eye came near being the "single" eye referred to in the Sermon on the Mount. Thus it was that in my academic life the autumn of 1860 was like coming out from a deeply shadowed and, in spots, corduroyed road, upon an open ridge of primeval oak-trees, the sward under them embroidered here and there with golden sunshine.

Its most memorable event was the visit of the Prince of Wales, now King of England. He and his brilliant suite, at the head of which was the Duke of Newcastle, came up from New York on the revenue cutter, Harriet Lane. This vessel, which was named for the stately and distinguished niece of President Buchanan, was captured a few years afterwards by the Confederates in the harbor of Galveston. The royal party arrived at the wharf about 3 P. M. and was met by the adjutant. Mounted on horses specially provided for the occasion, the Prince and his party were escorted to Colonel Delafield's quarters by the detachment of grim regular dragoons on duty at the Post. On reaching the plain a national salute was fired from Battery Knox, the hills echoing grandly with each discharge. The battalion of cadets was lined up under the elms in front of the barracks, and as Captain Charles W. Field — a typical cavalry officer of the day, six feet, three inches tall, with long, dark chestnut hair, and sweeping moustache — rode by at the head of the escort, accompanied by Lieutenant Robert Williams of Virginia, later Colonel of the 1st Massachusetts Cavalry during the war, we felt very proud of them both. They rode superbly, and looked every inch the soldier. The Prince, well mounted, carried his silk hat in his hand, and acknowledged the salute gracefully as he passed the colors. After the ranks had been opened for review by Reynolds, who was then commandant, and who was killed less than three years later, at Gettysburg, and after the officers and colors had moved to the front, His Royal Highness set out for the right of the line, the band playing "God Save the Queen," and later, as he passed down the line, the "Flower of Edinburgh." We were very proud of General Scott as he towered uncovered, in full uniform, at the side of the blond-haired boy, while we marched in review. The following day the Prince came into our recitation room, and, as Chaffee was reciting, he tarried till he was done. Meanwhile I had viewed him at close range, for I sat within a few feet of him. He had his mother's conspicuous, large, open, royalty-asserting blue eyes, he was of medium height and had the English hue of health in his face.

There was another distinguished personage at West Point that autumn, one who has filled more shining pages of the world's history than the Prince of Wales, — Jefferson Davis. He was there off and on throughout the summer, with a subcommittee of the Senate to report on the course of instruction; but my memory of him is vague. I recall him arrayed in

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a dark blue flannel suit, I can see his square shoulders, military walk, and lithe figure. Had I known then, as I passed him from time to time in company with professors who had been his fellow cadets, what I know now, I should certainly have looked wonderingly into his spare, resolute, and rather pleading face, — looked as I did into the face of Abraham Lincoln when on his way to visit Hooker at Aquia Creek a few days after the disastrous defeat at Chancellorsville.

On that occasion some one told me that the President had just landed from the morning Washington boat, and was on the train, made up entirely of freight cars. On going out to where the train stood on the long wharf, I saw him sitting in an empty box car, on a plank or board supported on what may have been cracker-boxes. Halleck, with his big pop eyes, was at his side in undress uniform; neither said a word. The President's habitually pensive eyes were off across the water to the Virginia shore. That was the only time I ever saw him.

There must have been a great personal charm in Jefferson Davis notwithstanding his rather austerely courtly address; and it has occurred to me that in it, next to the almost irresistible influence of marriage ties, may be found the explanation of the fact that a number of Northern men, his personal friends, like Huse of Massachusetts, Cooper of New York, Ives of Connecticut, Gorgas and Collins of Pennsylvania, broke the natural bonds of home and blood and fought for the Confederacy. Of these only Collins, the adjutant of the corps my first year, and the youngest of all, met death on the field. I always associate Jefferson Davis with Hardee and Professor Bartlett, loitering in friendly intercourse at a certain spot under the elms at West Point; and from what I learn, his personal charm lasted to the end. A Southern friend who visited him at Beauvoir a few years before he died referred to it, and went on to describe his home, shaded by pines and live oaks with their drapery of swaying moss; and he told me of the way his broad porch overlooked the still and peaceful waters of the Gulf of Mexico. I wonder if, as his eye rested on that stretch of sea, where now and then a solitary pelican winged heavily into view, he thought of his cadet days on the banks of the Hudson, and contrasted their peace with the dead hopes of his old age. He was a great man; and there is reason to believe that, had it not been for the financial blundering of his cabinet in the first year of the war, he might have won a place for his Confederacy in the family of nations. Its days, however, would have inevitably been few and full of trouble; and it would have fallen unmourned, the victim of its own arrogance.

Of the officers who were on duty at West Point, Huse, whom I have already mentioned, became the agent of the Confederacy for the purchase of arms in England and had perhaps the most varied and eventful career of any, — especially in view of the downfall of the South, and in the contrast which his old age offers with that of his classmate, Robert Williams of Virginia, Colonel of the 1st Massachusetts Cavalry. He and Williams were men of striking personality. The former had a heavy windrow of united black eyebrows; the latter had steadfast, glinting, bluish-gray eyes, a long, bowing, tawny moustache and imperial. He was nearly six feet tall, had a striding walk, and spoke with measured deliberation. This Virginian was invested with the notoriety, unenviable and discordant since the days of Hamilton and Decatur, of having lately fought a duel. Such was the force of public opinion up to the war, that this barbarous custom drove officers on to the field notwithstanding it might be repugnant to one or the other, possibly to both, of the parties involved. His antagonist, who challenged, put a bullet through Williams's hat; then Williams slowly lifted his pistol and fired into the air; so at all events ran the gossip through the corps, and I never looked at

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his calm face but I thought of his chivalry. He remained loyal. I have always thought that the real heroes of the war were Southerners like Bayler and Williams, who, without a tie to bind them to the North, without a drop of Northern blood in their veins, yet remained faithful to the flag. The struggle they underwent before making their decision can hardly be realized. While at Meade's headquarters in September after Gettysburg, I saw a tall Virginian in citizen's clothes talking with General Meade, and on his departure I heard the general say to some one, "That is 'Bob' Williams's brother."

Twenty years after the war, while on the Board of Visitors, I saw Huse. His hair was very white and he was alone. Williams at that time was a brigadier-general, at the head of the adjutant-general's department of the army, and his name proudly borne on the army register. Huse was in narrow circumstances, at the head of a small private school. Behind these classmates lay two roads: both starting at the same point, one led up to a crest, the other bore down and lost itself in a desert; yet I hope the good angel never deserted the direly fated traveler who went on the latter way.

Among the names of those Northerners I have mentioned in connection with the fascination of Jefferson Davis's personality, was that of Collins. Perhaps it will be recalled that at an earlier period in this narrative I referred to him and foreshadowed what seemed to me his tragic death. If I repeat that he was the adjutant of the corps my first year, every graduate will realize why the circumstances I am about to relate made a deep impression.

On the afternoon of the third day of the Wilderness, Grant ordered Warren, on whose staff I was then serving, to take his 5th Corps and, by moving behind Hancock, to gain Spottsylvania Court House between Lee and Richmond. The corps drew out just as the sun was sinking into the treetops; and as we ascended the hill from the Wilderness Run on the road towards Fredericksburg, the Confederates saw the column through the open woods of the Chewning farm, and began to cheer. The cheer was taken up all along their line. It attracted my attention, and I recollect how, looking backward whence it came, I saw the sun going down like a great copper ball. Lee's army thought that Grant had had enough and was withdrawing to Fredericksburg. But they did not know Grant. The Army of the Potomac had crossed the Rapidan for the last time. We went on our way till we struck the Brock road, and then headed straight for Spottsylvania. Grant, in my judgment, was the only general we had who, after such an engagement as we had had for three days in the Wilderness, would have sent the army forward.

Night had fully set in by the time we reached the rear of Hancock's position. The fire that had burned through the woods — to the death of many a poor wounded soldier of both armies — had climbed here and there to the tops of trees along the line, and flickered with wavering tongues of flame. All was still as death, save for the calls of numberless whip-poor-wills, and now and then the clank of a sabre scabbard. It was a long, dark, and gloomy ride; Grant and Meade with their staffs passed us. On our arrival at Todd's Tavern after midnight the 5th Corps halted, and I sought a place to lie down in the yard — the house and its porch being occupied by Grant's and Meade's staffs. In the darkness I trod on a figure lying just inside the gate.

"Can't you see where you're going?"

It was Mackenzie of my class, and I replied, "Hello, is that you, Mack?"

He offered a place beside him on his blanket, and pretty soon he asked me if I wanted to see Collins, who had been killed, Colonel of the 15th Virginia Cavalry, that afternoon. He told me that he was then lying dead in the garden.

Before he was buried, McConnell of Pittsburg and of the regular artillery,

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who knew him and his family well, removed a lock of his light hair for his mother. His grave was marked by his old West Point friends,

Collins had married into a distinguished Virginia family, and was on duty in Washington when the war broke out. He hesitated long, while Love and Country were tugging at the strings of his heart; and was not the good angel at West Point with anxious eyes and bated breath watching the contest? But at last Love won; he took the side of his Southern bride and met his fate on the edge of the Wilderness, just as the lilacs and the trilliums had begun to bloom,—flowers with which North and South have decorated so many graves. I never see the name of the old tavern but that I think of him and of the stars shining over us all. I see him as he was at West Point, invested with all the dignity of a first-class man, and the chief officer of the battalion; and then I see him lying in the garden, and his friends bending over as they lowered his poor clay. I sometimes think that he rose to the very height of nobility, in this: that he was ready to lay his life down for the young wife he loved.

One word now as to the ill-fated Warren. I knew him well; he had been my instructor at West Point and I belonged to the same mess with him at Meade's headquarters after Gettysburg. His relief by Sheridan after the victory had been won at Five Forks is too well known to be repeated. After the war he dined with me at Rock Island Arsenal. He looked like a ghost, and talked of nothing but the great wrong that Sheridan had done him. Only a little while after, he found rest in the grave, begging, before death came, that he should not be buried in the uniform he had done so much to honor. It is a singular circumstance that the very day Sheridan died, a monument was being erected on Round Top to Warren. I hope the generous Irish of Sheridan's impulsive nature prompted his spirit, as it floated heavenward, to acknowledge openly that under the disturbing stress of battle he had done a fellow soldier a great and bitter wrong, and that he was sorry for it.

IX

CADETS AND PROFESSORS

While the gallant records of the officers on duty at the Academy no doubt stimulated the ideals of the cadets as to conduct on the field, yet on account of the barriers of rank and custom which have hardened into rigid social restraints, their culture was without immediate influence in widening and enriching that of the cadets, or developing a sense of ideals other than that of bravery. The professors too, however rare and finely blended may have been their qualities and abilities, for a like reason of military isolation, had little or nothing to do with broadening and elevating the outlook of the corps. It is true, a few of the cadets, whose parents had been the early friends of the professors and the older officers, were now and then invited to dine with them. But rank in the army, as in the church, is generally accompanied by such pervasive self-consciousness that there was little or none of that free, exhilarating talk, so cheering and influential when age meets youth unconsciously, equal to equal.

Let me say in this connection that Grant and Sherman were the only officers of high rank I ever met who did not charge the atmosphere about them with military consequence. While at City Point I frequently joined my friends of General Grant's staff, Porter, Babcock, "Billy" Dunn, and others, at his headquarters. The general, in undress uniform, always neat but not fastidious in appointments, would sit at the door of his tent, or sometimes on one of the long settees that faced each other under the tent-fly, smoke, listen, and sometimes talk; and not a soul of us, from the youngest to the oldest, ever had a thought of rank. Without lowering his manner to the

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level of familiarity, he put every one at his ease by his natural simplicity. He had none of the caprices of moods or vanity. Quiet in his presence and natural in his manner, gentle in voice, of absolute purity in speech, of unaffected, simple dignity, Grant threw a charm over his campfire. West Point never graduated a man who added so little austerity or pretense to the peak of fame.

The only door that opened to me socially at West Point was that of Professor French, and I crossed its threshold but once. His family consisted of two or three most beautiful daughters; one of them was the wife of Lieutenant Greble, already mentioned, and the other became the wife of Pennington, whose name is identified with so many fields. Years and years have rolled by since that dinner, and yet I remember two things about it, — a Virginia ham, and a question the professor asked me; and as they come into my mind again I cannot keep back the smiles. I can see the dear old professor (he had very charming, soft manners) slicing a small hickory-chip and corn-cob smoked Virginia ham (our food at that time at the mess hall was abominable) — one that he said an old Virginia friend had just sent him. I can see yet the delicious, cherry-red slices falling from his knife, with their little white border of fat, and I have no doubt that other mouths as well as my own — for there were several of us — watered well at the sight of the familiar home product.

The other incident, which is really the source of my smile, was this: After dinner was over — I cannot remember a single word or topic of the conversation while at the table — the old professor took a seat beside me and asked me if I had ever read any of Kotzebue's historical works; and if so, had I enjoyed them? Well, he might as well have asked me if I had ever been to the moon, and what I thought about it. And from that day to this my reason has been puzzling itself to account for his supposing for one moment that a boy from Kirkersville, Ohio, had ever heard of Kotzebue. As a matter of fact, I doubt if there were half a dozen boys in my whole state who had ever dreamed of the existence — let alone having any knowledge — of the great German dramatist. I never see the name but that the kindly face of the professor, the liquid, dark eyes of his daughters, and that glimpse of a refined household break into view with the freshness of a row of blooming hollyhocks in a garden.

If I could see the old professor now I should like to talk with him; not about Kotzebue nor about the Bay of Biscay, — he had a sermon that he preached quite often that began, "It was a beautiful day in the Bay of Biscay," — but about Blair's *Rhetoric*, with which he tried to open to our mathematically barricaded vision the principles and beauties of the fields of literature. I have n't seen the book for forty years, but remember some broad, intellectual landscapes in it which it would be a pleasure to hear him talk about; for he was a scholar and a sweet character.

Moreover, he might make plain the mysterious relations and affinities that a man's ideals have with his surroundings. What, for instance, have the scenery, the historic associations, the ceremonials at West Point to do, not with the mere matter of its concrete education, but with those high and abstract conceptions connected with it that we call honor and duty and truth? I do not know just how the old professor would reply; but I was detailed as his assistant in teaching the fourth class for a while in 1861, owing to the fact that the war required the services of every officer who could possibly be spared for duty in the field, and I knew his methods well. He seemed to think that, in view of our perpetual use of mathematical symbols, the only way cadets could appreciate anything was by being shown that something was equal to something else. Therefore, in teaching practical ethics he would go to the blackboard and write,

Virtue = Morality,

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etc. So I should expect that in elucidating my inquiry as to the nature and source of ideals, he would say in his thoroughly considerate way, —

"You have studied astronomy. Let us then look through the telescope that sweeps the sky of the mind. Those bodies you see floating there so radiantly in the light of the imagination are Honor and Truth; and that big martial planet with the ruddy glow is Duty. Now everything that elevates the feelings, as scenery or historic associations, brings all those ideals into clearer vision: and we have the equation

Surroundings = Inspiration;
Inspiration = Accelerating waves of Sentiment.

And in the latter member I find the explanation of what makes West Point what it is."

And I think the professor would be right. West Point is what it is by virtue of accelerated waves of sentiment.

The termination of my duties with him as his assistant is a matter of record in the archives of the Academy, a transcript of which is as follows: —

"Jan. 6, 1862. Cadet Lieutenant Morris Schaff for deliberately absenting himself from duty without permission from the proper authority is hereby deprived of his appointment in the Battalion of Cadets and will at the close of the examinations of his section in English studies be relieved from duty as an Assistant Professor and be returned to the ranks of his company. Cadet Clifton Comly appointed Lieutenant, *vice* Schaff reduced."

This was by order of the late Major-General C. C. Augur, who then was commandant. The circumstances of the formidable order are rather interesting, and, from one point of view at least, amusing, in that Comly, who succeeded me, and myself were both involved in the same offense, which was this: —

We were walking round Flirtation Walk, a path so well known to every visitor at West Point. It was on a Sunday, and just before call to quarters. When opposite Constitution Island, and near the spot where the great chain was anchored that stretched across the river during the Revolution to bar the passage of the British vessels, a turn in the walk brought us suddenly on two flashy — and I am afraid rather frail — young women, both somewhat haggard, and obviously in dreadful distress of mind at what they took to be the prospect of immediate arrest.

They asked us in imploring tones the way to Cold Spring, which was screened from view by the cedar and timber of the island. Who they were or how they had reached the Point we did not know nor did we ask. On our telling them the way to go, they begged us to see them across the river, which, as it had frozen over, broken up, and refrozen, was very humpy and rough. Of course, we told them it was off limits, that we could n't take the risk. Thereupon one of them burst into tears, and off we started with them. And I remember mighty well a thought that came into my mind as we made our way over the rough, frozen river, they clinging desperately to our arms: "Now, if this ice breaks and we go down and are drowned, what a subject for a Sunday-school book!"

After escorting them through the woods to where they could see Cold Spring, we struck out as fast as we could go for West Point. As we reached the plain near Kosciusko's monument, Bentz's bugle was blowing its first plaintive call for church, — how its repeated chords still vibrate the strings of the graduate's memory! We set off on a dead run, and were completely fagged out on getting to the barracks. Now, at that time, both as leader of the choir and as assistant professor, I did not have to march to church; and being very tired I foolishly concluded to take my chance about being reported absent, threw back my bed, and proceeded to take it easy. Well, my luxury was of short duration. I was reported absent and immediately after dinner was over was put in arrest.

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It seems that some one, looking thoughtlessly from an upper window of the hotel, had seen two cadets crossing the river; but the distance was too great to recognize us. This with some other information reached General Augur; he put this and that together and concluded I must be one of the two offenders; but as he could not prove it, he did not prefer charges, and was limited in his wrath to the action stated above. He concluded, however, that the music would be fully as satisfactory to him and the congregation if my voice were not heard in the choir, and assigned me a seat close up to the chancel, thinking possibly that the nearer he could get me to that sacred place the better it might be for my moral and spiritual welfare. Well, of course, I could not make any explanation to him, or to the old professor, without involving Comly and raising a breeze generally; so there was nothing left for me to do but grin and bear it.

It was round a table graced with veterans of heroic records, at a dinner given to General Augur by one of his staff long after the war, that he was told the true history of that morning at West Point. (It is needless to say that the champagne had exerted its usual releasing and happy functions.) The general listened to my long story with the greatest interest, then appealed quizzically to the old veterans round the table whether he had not served me right. All assured him that he had done just right; in fact, was lenient; while one old veteran, who had a glass eye in the place of one that he had lost in the Wilderness, declared, "It would have been a blessing if the ice had broken and drowned him."

Later, I was the guest of the general at his home in Georgetown, D. C. He was a fine type of the old army, and very attractive in his home, where the fire on his hearth blazed and murmured softly night after night, as we sat before it, and he talked of other days.

It so happened that Comly roomed just above me. His promotion, and my reduction to the ranks — though to advanced position in the church — made no difference in our way of life. As neither of us was striving for class standing, despite the fact that both of us reached a staff corps, he would come down into my room or I would go up into his, and there night after night we would ramble from topic to topic as two little idle, barefoot boys might ramble along an old dusty road toward a schoolhouse among the fields.

After a life full of usefulness he lies out in the beautiful West Point cemetery, among whose grassy mounds and brooding monuments we wandered and loitered more than once, little dreaming of our experiences in the life before us, or that it would be his resting-place. He was the most beloved man in my class, and one who had the rare good fortune, granted to so few in this world, of realizing while living the esteem which usually is withheld till the grave closes over. The glee that was so natural with him came with such suddenness into his rather frowning face that it was irresistible, and his spirit of comradeship — he was never ready to go to bed — was so open and sympathetic that his cheerfulness was always contagious. Many and many a time we talked over our little trip across the Hudson on the ice, — now with the Army of the Potomac camped around us, its fires glimmering here and there over the bare, war-devastated fields of Stafford (he was the adjutant of the 1st Dragoons then), — now at Rock Island, — and now at West Point again, when he was instructor of ordnance; and hours never bore away from two old friends on happier wings. And to-day, seen through the veil of the past, there is a wistful sense of the distance between myself and him and other friends of my youth.

By following a road overshadowed by chestnut-trees, one soon reaches the cemetery where he and many officers of distinction are buried. The surroundings, the river so peacefully flowing on below you, Crow Nest rising so near and so loft-

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ily above you, the pondering presence of over-bending trees, the hills and distant fleckered landscapes, all bring pictures of beauty and a sense of great peace. It has none of that loneliness, so sincerely solemn, of the out-of-the-way country graveyards; and certainly none of the city cemeteries' hollow mockery of death by flowers and walks and evergreens. And yet, there is sweet, holy pensiveness about it which, like plaintive music, has mellowed the heart of many a cadet. And if, while wandering here and there in it, the bugle's notes came faintly to him, war and its glories faded away; and the butterfly wavering over the graves, now lifting up and around and over the monuments of the great, and living but for a day, seemed a fitting emblem of the vanity of all ambition.

X

CEREMONIALS

The subtly inspiring and enduring part that ceremonials as well as scenery and historic associations play at West Point, has been mooted.

The first ceremonial I saw there was held in the chapel, — the celebration of the Fourth of July, 1858. General Scott reviewed the battalion as it marched in, and Madame Patterson Bonaparte was present. The chancel was draped with the colors, and before it was a raised platform for the reader of the Declaration and the Orator. As the notes broke from the band in the choir and reverberated along the arched ceiling, to be wafted back, as it were, from the sky of the grand painting over the chancel, every patriotic string of the heart was set a-vibrating. I listened to the cadet orator. What a gifted and enviable child of fortune he seemed to me! And behold, at that very hour three years afterward I stood in his place!

There was a very funny incident connected with the delivery of my own address, which I must make a place for here. It was called an oration; but how I would hang my head if some one were to repeat some of it to me now! To be sure, the war had just begun, and I suppose there was the usual amount of sanguinary froth in it. But however that may be, I committed it to memory, and, never feeling very sure of myself, concluded to put the manuscript, a roll of little note paper, in the breast of my coat so that, if worst came to worst, I could pull it out and read it.

While Burroughs was reading the Declaration, which he did well, I tried to think how my speech began, and to save my soul I could n't recall three sentences. As he drew to the end, my perplexity deepened. He closed; the band played a patriotic air; the orator was introduced, and the fellows applauded as he arose in dazed confusion. There was a great crowd present, filling the aisles. It seems a little dog had followed his people up into the choir, and just as I was about to carry my hand to my breast to extract my speech — for my mind was perfectly blank — some one stepped on the little creature's tail, and out came a couple of sharp yelps. Whereupon the whole corps broke into a good laugh, — I can see Comly and three or four of them laughing now. Well, it brought me to my wits and off went the oration with a bang.

On the walls of the chapel are black marble shields bearing the names in gilt of the Revolutionary generals; and there was a reference in that address to Benedict Arnold and his shield, which is all blank save his name. For some years I could ring out the sentence, but now it has vanished like the cry of seabirds along a beach.

I have no doubt the "oration" was dripping with metaphors and similes, for like moths at night, when my little intellectual lamp is lit, they come flying in. And, by the way, there is nothing that the academic board and instructors in my day, save dear old Professor French, despised so much as figurative language. The sudden pallor, curling lip, and "oh

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spare us" look of disgust, that attended their woe, were so obvious, however, that a cadet rarely made use of a metaphor a second time. Well, while I was delivering the address, my eye fell on the face of the professor of mathematics, Church. He was scanning me with that cold and distant expression which is to be found in almost every audience. Were I to have given it translation, it would have been in these terms, —

"From all oratory, and above all from *Kirkersville* oratory, good *Lord*, deliver us!"

But not so the dear fellows in cadet gray: they applauded the orator long and loud as he sat down. God bless them all!

The next year Michie of Ohio, the late professor of philosophy, and for many years dean of the faculty, delivered the address, which in its preparation he submitted to me; and I thought it was a great deal better than mine. *There* was a youth whom Nature, having in mind the prolongation of ideals, fashioned lovingly. In her abundance she did not mould Michie, either in figure or bearing, of the distinctly soldierly type; but in his personality she put an immediate and permanent charm. His laugh she made so natural and infectious that the day he arrived Custer gathered a crowd of us around him by exclaiming, "Fellows, come here and hear my fellow statesman laugh." This anecdote will recall to many men and women the naturally agreeable and sunny-hearted Michie, for his acquaintance was wide. His laugh, I am sure, will be heard again, and recollection will bring back hours which he imbued with the charm of his candor, his scholarship, his boyishness, and an indefinable something which diffused sunlight over all the world.

While a professor, by bringing the Military Academy into cordial relations with men of influence and station, with the business, educational, and social world, he rendered the institution a great service and threw a lustre both over West Point and over the career of the army officer as well. In another direction, not only at West Point but elsewhere, he rendered a like, if not a greater service to the country and his generation: namely, by checking that pride and tendency to militarism which naturally followed the victory of the North over the South. During the war he was brevetted repeatedly for daring conduct and most creditable services — a brigadier-general within a year after graduating; but the war had barely ended before he began his sweet mission by holding out the hand of charity and friendship and hearty good will to all Southern graduates who had joined the Confederacy. No one in the army deserves more credit than he for healing the wounds and knitting back the old sweet ties. First Grant at Appomattox, then Bartlett at Lexington, then Michie at West Point, — these three, should Peace ever wish to honor her temple, would be at the very head of her great stairway. In the freshness of his intellectual height and his natural and fascinating simplicity, in his courage, purity, and honor, he came near being the incarnation of the Academy's ideals. And now, in the joyful expectancy of that other world, whose reality he never doubted and of whose glories he loved to talk, he lies out in the beautiful West Point cemetery, and I cannot but think that the Spirit of West Point watches over his clay.

In the autumn of 1859, the remains of Taylor and Gaston, graduates, the latter a North Carolinian, who had been killed in a battle with the Indians, were brought back to the Academy and buried with military honors. This ceremonial, the first of its kind, made a deep impression. I can see the caissons with the coffins, the stars in the flag lying on them, and, immediately behind them, led by a soldier, the horse in full equipment, a trooper's boots in the stirrups pointing to the rear. Whoever first thought of reversing the boots must have been a poet and a great one; for in that one change of direction

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he visualized into perfect expression all that poetry sees or can say of the end of life. I can see the drapery of the muffled drums of the band, and hear its wailing music, as slowly, with reversed arms, we marched in column of platoons to the cemetery. The leaves of the chestnut-trees were falling, the haze of October was full on the hills, and there was serious, great pomp in nature as well as in the ceremonial.

When we lined up to fire the customary three rounds over the graves, humor, as usual, was not far away from grief. A "plebe" anticipated the command "Fire!" and off went his piece, followed by a general ragged discharge, officers and file-closers yelling, "Steady! steady, there!" at the tops of their voices.

Before the smoke cleared away, "Report that man in B company for gross carelessness!" cried Hardee, thoroughly disgusted, and with vengeance in his tones.

Of course it was very important to Taylor and Gaston that our guns should all go off together; and the next two rounds were all that could be desired. Crow Nest echoed the volley. The smoke billowed over, and up, and disappeared; and back we marched with quick step to cheering music.

The reception of the colors was another ceremonial which never lost its sentiment by repetition, and which I saw for the first time that autumn. On this occasion they had been deposited in the hall of Colonel Hardee's quarters, — and I wonder whether those quarters with all their memories, that hall and the colors, with all their associations, ever came into his mind as he sat alone before his camp-fire during the waning hours of the Confederacy. After the corps was brought into line for the ceremony, the color guard fell out and proceeded to the colonel's quarters under the elms, where his small, deep-chestnut sorrel stood saddled and bridled before the door. The colors appeared, the guard saluted, and in the hands of the color sergeant, Jones (W. G., of Cincinnati), they were borne to the front of the battalion, which was brought to present arms. It was a beautiful sight; and again I see the flag with its long golden tassels swaying gracefully downward as the salute was acknowledged, the color guard, and the drooping elms that line the green.

Jones was a handsome cadet with softly red hair. Before I came to know him I thought he was the coldest and most arrogant man I had ever seen; and when he was put into the same ward with me at the hospital some time in the winter of '58 or '59, I felt, to use exaggeration, like yielding up the ghost on the spot. But soon we were the only occupants, and before we returned to duty I was as much an admirer as I had been a silent critic. He was simply delightful, and ever afterward, when we met, his smile carried a charm; and when the news reached me that he had fallen at Chickamauga, a mist clouded my eyes. "One of the finest and bravest men who ever graduated at the Academy," says his classmate, General Harry Wilson.

The corporals composing his color guard were Babbitt, Farquhar, Buell, Audenried, and "Dick" Hill. Audenried, whose eyes were very black, his cheeks a mingled white and red, and who was himself the personification of fastidiousness and neatness, became Sherman's aide, and his monument is now one of the most conspicuous in the cemetery at West Point. Hill — Richard Mason Hill of the Hill and Mason families of Maryland and Virginia — graduated in the Ordnance, and we served together at Fort Monroe. He became one of my closest friends. But his days at the end were so sad, that death was a relief as he sighed them away. He sent for me a few weeks before he died, at Springfield Armory, — he asked to have his sword buried with him.

In my day the graduating exercises were held in the chapel, accompanied as now by a short address from a member of the Board of Visitors. The exercises

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were very simple, yet the consecration of the place invested them with the impressive and inspiring elevation of a ceremonial. The first class I saw receive its diplomas was that of 1859. With band at the head of the column, the battalion marched in side arms to the chapel, escorting the graduating class, the companies taking their customary seats as at church service. Delafield, in full uniform, with heavy bullioned epaulettes, his Roman nose spanned with glasses that gave him the look of an old eagle, stood on one side of the chancel, the adjutant on the other. Between them was a drum with one of the heads removed, holding the diplomas. The cadets were called in the order of their standing, when Delafield, the diploma having been handed him by the adjutant, would open it and read with deep tones, "You are recommended for the Engineers," or the Topographical Engineers, the Ordnance, Artillery, Infantry, Dragoons, Cavalry, or Mounted Rifles, as the case might be, according to the class rank. The cadet, on receiving the diploma, would bow and march back to his seat amid the applause of the battalion; and if he were an especially popular man, as Hardin, Reese, and Lockett, for instance, it was plainly manifested.

The late General Joseph Wheeler graduated fourth from the foot, and had the corps been called upon to predict who of the class would probably be the last to emerge from obscurity, the chances are that the choice would have fallen upon Wheeler; and yet to-day his fame throws a shadow far beyond that of any one of his class.

In 1860 graduated the class to which Wilson, Porter, Jones, and Bowen belonged, — it was the most popular one in the corps, — and we applauded them well. The man who graduated at the foot of the class, who had been six years at the Point and had just squeezed through at last, was Harold S. Borland, commonly known as "Ginger" on account of his hair being the exact color of ground ginger. Borland had distinguished himself while reciting to Captain Benton in Ordnance by a remarkable answer to the question, "Mr. Borland, how many pieces will a 12-pound shell burst into?"—the average number having been determined well by experiment.

"Ginger" threw his eyes, unexpressive but very blue, on the floor, and deliberated a while; then slowly lifted them to a point near the ceiling over Captain Benton's head, still deeply reflecting; and finally responded, "Not less than two."

When his name was called, he marched up and stood before Delafield, who surveyed him coldly for a moment, then read in his deepest chest tones, "Harold Borland of Arkansas, you are recommended" (a slight pause) "for the Mounted Rifles," — the only thing under the heavens he could be recommended for. The old eagle gave him a beaky look, and then handed him the diploma, whereupon "Ginger" bowed nearly to the floor, came down the aisle with an inane smile, and was greeted with the heartiest applause. As a Confederate major he was exchanged for the late Major J. M. Forbes of Boston.

XI

THE OLD CHAPEL

Not long ago, at a smoke talk at the University Club in Boston, I listened to the architect whose stately plans have been accepted for the reconstruction and enlargement of the buildings at West Point. There were a number of graduates present, and, when called upon for comment, the only building they spoke of as having any sentiment for them was the chapel. All the others might go, — the barracks; the adjutant's office, and the academic buildings, — but when the architect laid his hand on the chapel, there was feeling at once.

It would seem that this is the only building of them all that has made an appeal. Has this fact, so declarative of the

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simple and abiding elements of our natures, and, moreover, so fundamentally spiritual in its relation to the real as well as to the ideal West Point training, been given due weight in the determination of the new location? Have the exalting, refining, and glorifying influences which stream from Nature and mankind's spiritual being been overlooked in the reconstruction of West Point, to satisfy the craving of artistic ambition and at the same time pander to the vanities of the pomp of war?

If I am rightly informed, not only the chapel, but the very scenery itself has been subordinated to a strictly military conception of the Academy. In harmony with this mediocre conception, for it is far below the level of what I believe the mission of the Military Academy to be, the superintendent's office and residence are to take the present site of the hotel, thrusting themselves with all their commonplace associations into the very heart of West Point's scenery, in which there is something almost divine. Instead of the Hudson, the mountains, the distant leaning landscape, the dragging mists, the sun-bathed fields, all appealing with immediate address to the heart of every cadet, he is to see a building devoted to not a single mental elevation, and associated with possibly a severe military slaughter-house glare and feverish vanity. What freedom will he have when the superintendent's residence and the adjutant's office are on the present site of the hotel? At every step, from the time he leaves barracks, he will be under the snooping eye of somebody in official life, keeping alive a restless self-consciousness. If the little chapel is to be moved, and the hotel is to be removed, — which I think the public has a right to say "no" to, — where, in the æsthetic sense, should the chapel go? In view of first impressions, should it not go where West Point's scenery culminates; and that point I think is universally conceded to be somewhere near the present site of the hotel. There, close to the daily life of the cadet, with Nature as its auxiliary chancel, it would go on in sweet harmony with the scenery so imbued with celestial peace appealing to his heart, cherishing his ideals, and elevating his courage, more and more, to the high level of scholarship and righteousness. In selecting its choicest spot, too, the country, at its national school of war, would have conveyed its recognition of the preëminent element of our spiritual nature, of God, of art, and of that ideal world whence come our conceptions of truth, duty, and magnanimity. West Point should stand for more than a routine military post. The loftiness of the appeal of Nature about it calls for more than that.

The secret of the precedence of the old chapel over the other buildings in the affections of the cadets does not seem mysterious to me. Two coexistent and intercommunicate realities supply the explanation, — imagination and the sense of freedom. The latter the cadet gains as he enters the door; for there he passes beyond the restraints of rank, age, ancestry, and scholarship. There for one hour he is free from all earthly distinction; and a seriously uplifting feeling comes over him that it makes no difference in his case whether he stands at the head or the foot of the class, — a private in the ranks, or a professor on the Board, cadet corporal, or a lieutenant-general. Nowhere else at the Academy does he rise to this freedom, and once attaining it, his imagination becomes operative with marvelous directness through the objects before him: the shields, the captured colors with their dreaming memories, and, above all, Weir's great suggestive painting, Peace and War, mounting with a sense of great height in the circular space over the chancel, and bearing this solemn admonition from Proverbs on a tablet between the figures, "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people." Thus led on by the association of ideas, mental images rise that transport him far beyond the domain of

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drums, and there is established between him and the chapel a companionship that lasts.

The choir and organ loft is over the door; besides the broad aisle there are two side aisles. The latter with their pews are reserved for the professors and officers. The cadets occupy the main body of the church, their gray and white uniforms giving a fine mass of color.

As I have indicated, the painting on which the eye sooner or later rests is over the chancel. At one end of a tablet, Peace, draped in creamy, flowing white, with very dark hair across her temples, stands with uplifted, pleading eyes, holding out an olive branch. At the other, and partially resting against the tablet, is War, represented by a Roman soldier, bared, powerful in figure, and of stern countenance. His look is downward and deeply reflective, while with one hand he grasps firmly the fasces of imperial authority. Near where the arch of the ceiling springs, on one side is a vase with a bit of color, balanced on the other by a reclining flag loosely gathered on a staff, its colors mingling deeply. On a level with the figures, and surmounting a globe rising behind the tablet, is a bald eagle with partially outstretched wings; the steely white of his head and neck contrasting with the browns of the tablet and the soldier's garb. The upper background is faint, distant, and sprinkled with stars.

In my day there were no studied or superficial decorations; everything was freely harmonious, — guns, shields, colors, and painting all tending to elevate, and to carry the mind up to the level of the mood of Peace and of the seriousness reflected in the face of War. It was easy to hear the acclamation of all ages greeting Peace; it was easy to imagine voices breaking from a dome higher than that studded with stars over the Roman soldier. "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God."

The shields are of black marble, having the names, dates of birth and death of the Revolutionary generals. Benedict Arnold's is the last on the right and near the door. The date of his death is not given; that event, so sacredly preserved in the case of his fellow generals, had no concern for the American people. He died to them when he set out for the deck of the Vulture, which, flying the British flag, lay off the Robinson House just below West Point.

When compared with its successor rising with towers and battlements in stately loneliness, and at the very front of conscious achievement in architecture, the present chapel is not an imposing building, — far from it. It is small, modest, and low. Four massive wooden columns, with broad steps leading up to the door between them, sustaining a pediment of substantial presence, are its only dignity. But in its secular relations it is fortunate in its company. It has the Library on one side and the Academic Building on the other, and in such close fellowship that it can hear the rain pattering on their roofs and all those varied sounds that mark the life of mortals, — footfalls, voices, and the daily murmur of coming and going. In its present location it hears the laugh of the young fellows who in the bloom of life pour through its door on Sunday; it follows them at drill; pauses reflectively with them while they parade at sunset; and with tenderness, if the impersonation be allowed, she hears their voices mellowed by distance as they sing in the twilight of summer nights; and we have no doubt that, as one after another of her boys fell at Antietam and Gettysburg, Cold Harbor and Chickamauga, the stars at midnight surprised her more than once trying to hide the tears on her cheek.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE STREET OF THE LOVE OF FRIENDS

BY HARRIET LEWIS BRADLEY

I

In the midst of New York, behind a high fence and tall houses, a stone's throw from Union Square, and within sound of the chimes of "Grace," is the forgotten fragment of an old Knickerbocker farm. Its little green field can be pleasantly seen from the street; the orchard and garden are concealed behind the fine old mansion which the little green field adjoins. Here is a vine-hung trellis, a lattice summer house, a pump, and a dovecot. A community of hens and chickens stray about under the trees. The place gives somewhat the impression of having fallen into an enchanted sleep, as long ago perhaps as when Peter Stuyvesant's pear-tree was in blossom; and in the mean time an entire city has grown up about it.

All old travelers have their favorite hotels. There are no older travelers than the birds. Some people passing through New York prefer the larger hotels; others, smaller ones; others, again, little out-of-the-way places, dear on account of old association. Some birds, in their spring and autumn journeying, prefer Central Park, and some, city squares and churchyards, and some, the forgotten fragment of the old Knickerbocker farm with its garden, hidden away behind the high fence and the tall houses.

A Baltimore oriole and a scarlet tanager had been reported in the garden. It was the 9th of May. The air was full of fragrance, and every green leaf shining in the sun. Early on the following day there came to the window of a building at the farther end a woman with clear blue eyes, through which one could see the soul of a little child, although the years of her life numbered somewhat more than half a century. On an easel behind her stood a half-finished water color of violets. The walls of the room were covered with studies and paintings of this same flower.

The window was a high one. Below it rose the top of a cherry-tree. The woman took up a pair of opera glasses, peered into the branches, and discovered a little brown bird.

Presently it began to sing.

When the song ended, the woman sat down at her desk and wrote, "May 10. I have just heard a hermit thrush singing in the cherry-tree under my window."

She longed to go and tell what had happened. There were people enough about her, for the building was a world by itself, to penetrate which, a stranger would have found a map and a guide-book useful. All kinds of human beings lived there and did all kinds of things. At that moment, however, they were every one of them asleep in bed, and not likely to enjoy disturbance, not even on account of such a marvelous piece of intelligence as that a hermit thrush had been heard singing within a stone's throw of Union Square, and within sound of the chimes of Grace.

Nor did the woman desire to disturb them. She would have been quite content could she have talked the matter over with her next-door neighbor, he too having a window looking down into the cherry-tree.

II

Her next-door neighbor had not even heard the thrush. He seldom heard anything before eight in the morning. He was obliged to sleep late on account of sitting up late.

His four walls also were covered with

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pictures, only in this case they were not of flowers, unless indeed the faces of fair women may count as such, the room being a veritable pastel cabinet, filled with portraits, many of them copies of famous originals in European galleries. There was Madame de Pompadour in her flowered satin gown; the Princess de Lamballe in her rose-wreathed hat; Marie Antoinette at the age of seventeen; her sweet-faced sister-in-law, Elisabeth; Queen Victoria as a child; and a whole company of Botticelli maidens with their graceful limbs and delicate features.

The room was the studio of a portrait painter, given over, during the absence of its owner, to Mr. Benjamin Page, journalist. He had not yet seen the woman in the next room. Knowingly, he was unacquainted with her name or occupation. Unknowingly, he had them written down and carefully put away in an envelope marked "V."

At a water-color exhibition, somewhat earlier in the spring, he had happened to find himself standing side by side with two elderly people, in front of a landscape out of which one could make no particular meaning unless one regarded it from exactly the right position.

He heard the old lady say, "Well, I don't think much of that!"

"Of course you don't," said the man, "you are too near."

"I prefer to be near; I am thinking of buying. I want a picture that will bear inspection. Our rooms are too small to be always looking at things from a distance. Here's another queer thing, a girl without a mouth."

"She'll be all right if you stand far enough away. That's the modern style of painting. It's supposed to grow on you. I believe you have to live with it a year or so first."

"Altogether too long at our time of life," said the old lady; "now, here's something that looks well near to and far off both, and you have n't got to wait a year to decide whether it's good or not. I should like it for our wedding anniversary." They had come to a study of violets.

"You shall have it, my dear, and some real ones to keep it company. We might go out along the Bronx and gather them ourselves."

"One has to be young and limber to get down to violets," said the old lady. "Do you remember the apple-tree that was in bloom that day, and the dandelions, and the little brook in the woods?" — They passed on out of hearing.

Later, reading an account of the exhibition, Benjamin Page noticed a laudatory mention of the study of violets and of the artist who had painted them. She was spoken of as the "Violet Woman," her work being confined for the most part to this particular flower. He cut out the article and put it, with some notes of his own, in an envelope marked "V." In his profession it was well to have a full storehouse.

It was on the morning when the hermit thrush had sung in the cherry-tree, and the day after the Baltimore oriole and the scarlet tanager had been reported in the garden. Benjamin Page came in from breakfast, and sat down before his desk with a number of bird books spread open before him. He was about to write something on the subject of birds in town. He wished it to sound as if it recorded a personal experience at an early hour in the Park. He spoke of the restful quiet, of the sweetness of the air, of the soft green of the foliage. He mentioned the cuckoo, the red-winged blackbird, the ruby-throated humming-bird, the white-eyed vireo, the golden-winged warbler, the kingbird, and the bobolink. Then he appeared to wander into a still more secluded spot, and there to espy a hermit thrush and to hear it sing. He was not sure that the hermit thrush sang in city parks, but thought it might be possible. So he went boldly on, and was describing the song and its effect on the ear of the listener, when a prolonged ringing of the bell brought him to his feet, and out into the hall.

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It was no longer the place to which he was accustomed, but one of dense obscurity, of confused murmurs, of dread, of flying shapes.

A strange sensation swept over him. Had the Day of Judgment suddenly fallen upon the world, and no one prepared, least of all himself!

He too seemed to become a flying shape, mingling with the others. He began to descend a stairway. A woman's voice exclaimed, "I am afraid!" He held out his hand. It came in contact with another hand; and the two beings, thus thrown together, groped their way downward.

Somewhere on the lower floor men were fighting a fire. Darkness, terror, choking smoke. Impossibility of standing still, impossibility of turning back, and yet into what were they going!

The stairs ended. Not many steps away in the blackness there must be another flight leading to the street. To which side should they turn to find it! And if they did not find it —

The smoke grew thinner, the air easier to breathe, they were descending again. Below was an open door and the sunlight. They reached the street, and went into an adjoining building. When the danger was over and they were allowed to return, Benjamin Page had made an interesting discovery. The woman was the painter of violets described in the envelope marked "V." She was likewise his next-door neighbor.

III

In the old garden the guelder roses bloomed into summer snowdrifts. One evening, at the end of an oppressively warm day, Benjamin Page and the Violet Woman went out together, going westward through the quiet of Greenwich village until they came to a wooden building which covered the greater part of a long pier.

In the open space beyond, countless numbers of babies were taking their breath of fresh air under the stars: babies frolicking on the ground, babies asleep in the arms of young papas and mammas. On the water, ferryboats with glowing lights flitted to and fro. Over across, on the Jersey shore, other lights were shining. Close under the end of the pier two men, idly rowing about, were chatting in Italian. From the upper part of the building came the sound of music.

"I was in the country at this time last year," said the Violet Woman, as they sat down near the edge of the pier. "I remember walking through the woods to an open spot completely covered with little white flowers. Our coming out among these children reminds me of it. They are the little white flowers of the people."

"I was in Venice a year ago," said the man.

"Tell me about it. I don't mean about the Bridge of Sighs or the Doge's Palace, but about what we should see, if we went on some little ramble as we have done tonight."

He told her of Venetian bridges and balconies, of grass-grown campos, of silent walls, of low-ceiled shops with their old books and prints, of the ringing of the Ave Maria, of the doves of St. Mark's, of the church of the Madonna of the Garden, of the grave of Tintoretto. He described the narrow Venetian byways.

"Some of them have such delightful names," he said. "There was one, not far from the Rialto, called *Amor degli Amici* — 'The Street of the Love of Friends.' For want of other explanation, I used to fancy it had to do with the love of Antonio and Bassanio."

"What was it like?"

"Oh, like all Venetian streets. They are not really streets, you know, only narrow passages. It had high houses on either side, and here and there a garden looking over a wall. At first it seemed to lead nowhere; but it led, as they all do, by a twist and a turn, into hidden loveliness."

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"And where else should a street lead with a name like that?" said the woman. "How pleasant it sounds! It suggests another Street of the Love of Friends, — only your Venetian street comes to an end, whereas the other runs through life, and is unending."

"Then you believe in things unending! That is nice and old-fashioned of you. Do you know you remind me of Mary Howitt. Perhaps it's partly because you are so fond of flowers."

"What should you know of Mary Howitt? Have you been writing about her lately?"

"No, but I could easily. When we were children, we had a nurse who was always teaching us Mary Howitt's verses. She managed to get some of them so firmly into our heads that I doubt the possibility of ever being able to get them out, even should it be desirable. They are quite a bother at times. This afternoon, for instance, I was trying to collect a few ideas concerning the creation of the world, the scientific creation, not the Biblical one, and in spite of myself — no doubt it was the heat — I kept thinking of such lines as these: —

"God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
And not a flower at all."

The woman laughed. "Who would have thought of your brain being thus furnished!"

"You would n't have believed it, would you? I can say the *Songs for the Little Ones at Home* from beginning to end. Did you ever see it? It must be long since out of print. I know ours was a very old copy."

"I learned to read from it," the woman answered. "Do you remember a picture of a Hindoo mother throwing her baby to the crocodiles?"

"Yes, was n't it awful! It went with some verses beginning, 'O say, can you tell the best use of a penny?' written doubtless to influence the young in the direction of sending money to the heathen."

"You seem to be a sort of heathen yourself, that is, if you meant what your tone implied, when you accused me of being 'nice and old-fashioned.'"

"Did it sound that way? I meant it to sound as if I were very much pleased with you. I like to have you believe in things unending; I should like to myself; but I don't, — not in the way you do. I must have a proof positive, some kind of a reliable sign."

"Oh, what use would that be! You would n't pay any attention to it, even if it were given. Things of possible significance are constantly occurring, only no one thinks of attaching any especial importance to them, — or else dares not. This is not an age when one believes that there are things higher than human reason."

"This is an age when one has acquired a little learning," said the young man, "and that is never particularly friendly to simple faith. Faith is out of fashion, but it's coming in again. One feels the tide of modern thought slowly turning back to it. People are growing tired of theories."

"The word *fashion* applied to faith," said the woman, "reminds me of an experience I had the other day. I wanted some rose geranium leaves, and was told quite seriously at the florist's that they were not using them any more."

IV

The Violet Woman had been painting a pot of violets. She called Benjamin Page into her studio, as she often did at the day's end, to show her work, and ask for criticism.

It seemed to the young man that she was looking thin and worn.

"I believe you are in need of a holiday," he said; "it's such a pity to have missed the pleasant things of the summer!"

But the woman assured him that the pleasant things of the summer had come to her in abundance. She spoke of the

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trees of the old garden, always fresh and green and softening the unrest of city sounds; she spoke of the country flowers, continually appearing at her door, sometimes brought by friends who had an errand in town, sometimes carefully packed and sent from a distance. That very morning, even, a box had arrived containing a miniature fir-tree, a wreath of partridge-berry vine, and little branches of pine, with the brown cones still clinging to them.

"Women are so nice to women," said the young man, looking approvingly about the fragrant room. "It does n't often occur to men to send men flowers. I for instance do not remember having flowers brought me by either man or woman. Keep that in your mind, please, when my birthday comes; only that is rather far away, — Easter would be nearer."

"And Christmas nearer still," returned the woman.

"True, but I was thinking of a pot of violets, similar to the one in your painting. Violets belong to spring; I don't care for things out of season."

"Very well," said the woman. "I will impress it on the part of my mind which never forgets. A pot of violets is to be sent to Mr. Page early on Easter morning."

"It won't be any use to send them early. There will be no one up to answer the bell; and if they were put before my door, they might be stolen before I was ready to open it. On no account before eight."

At this moment a dull thud sounded against the window, and a little brown bird which had met with some injury, and come to the end of his strength, fell helpless on the window-sill.

"It's a hermit thrush," said the woman, as they took him in; "perhaps the very one that sang last spring in the cherry-tree."

A cage was provided and hung above the table, where the woman sat all day painting violets, — violets for Christmas and St. Valentine's and Easter; violets, Neapolitan, Russian, and English; violets that look out of the grass in sunny orchards under blossoming apple-trees, the kind that the elderly couple of the water-color exhibition had gathered along the Bronx in their own springtime.

The little brown bird seemed in no wise disconcerted by the change in its winter plans, but bore its imprisonment in a high-minded way. As time went on, and it recovered its strength, it began to grow round and plump, and to make sweet little sounds low down in its throat by way of vocal exercise. Perhaps it realized that the confinement was simply a temporary affair and that the Violet Woman, who was evidently a person to be trusted, had given promise that it should be set free on the 10th of May.

An ideal existence, this of the little brown bird and the woman; a delightful comradeship. Pleasant books on the table, visits of friends, social cups of tea, and always violets, — yet something was the matter. People who came occasionally used to go away saying how frail the woman looked, how much more like a vision or a shadow than the last time they saw her. People who knew her better and came oftener, noticed the change less, because of her eyes being so full of light, her mind of cheerful plans, her heart of affectionate interest.

V

One morning in April, Mrs. Peters, a motherly person who had charge of the young man's room, expressed her desire to obtain full possession of the same for a number of consecutive hours, that she might give things what is called in housewifely parlance "a thorough cleaning."

Benjamin Page accordingly went out on the morning in question, and did not return until late in the afternoon. When he entered the room his first impression was that his friend the portrait painter had sent home from Paris a life-sized figure of a peasant woman leaning over a

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balcony, which during the day had been unpacked and hung. A second glance however told him that what he saw was Mrs. Peters herself, outside, on the balcony of the fire escape, and that he had mistaken the woodwork of the window for the frame of the picture.

Spread on the table was Mrs. Peters's luncheon, as if she had been called away at the very moment of sitting down before it.

Then he comprehended. The window had a spring fastening. The woman must have stepped out and unintentionally closed it behind her. He opened the window. Mrs. Peters climbed back into the room. She was large and heavy. There was a tradition in her family that she had once broken an iron sink by falling against it. She explained that she had gone out to shake a rug, closing the window without thinking, and there she was a prisoner, with no immediate prospect of freedom, the fire escape being one of the straight up and down kind, which she should never trust herself to descend, unless the flames were right upon her. So she had said, "Mrs. Peters, remember when you are at home, you live in a middle basement, with never a chance for a look at the sky from one year's end to another, nor to breathe the fresh air, and now you've got both, though not in a time or place where you would desire them; and it's no use feeling faint from having eaten no breakfast, on account of getting up with the headache; and it's no use either worrying for fear the thing you're standing on is n't going to bear the strain; or because of the big washing waiting at home. Just you put your trust in Providence and enjoy the scenery."

"With that," continued Mrs. Peters, "I endeavored to entertain myself watching the doves and the hens, and then my mind wandered on to the subject of flowers, as was natural, having a garden spread out below me, and I fell to thinking about the poor dear lady next door who is such a beautiful hand at painting violets. When I think of her, I always think of my eldest sister, who had exactly the same affliction, always growing weaker every day, and nothing to do except to continue to grow worse, and sure to die at the end. It's terrible what some people are called on to bear! And I said to myself, 'What am I, Mrs. Peters, that I should be favored with such health and strength and go about looking as if cut out to live forever, and able to stand on this high place without feeling dizzy, breathing in the fresh air by the hour?'"

While talking, Mrs. Peters had made her floor-cloth, scrubbing-brush, and the untouched luncheon into a well-regulated package, and with the remark that she had spent all the time she could afford on diversion, took her departure.

To bear an incurable ill —

The thought of it haunted the young man as he sat at work late into the night. In his dreams he was still thinking of it and asking what there might be in life to lessen life's pain, to make the unendurable endurable. Then, as if in answer, he heard a song filling the room, and the words of the song were these, "the love of friends," "the love of friends," "the love of friends."

He pulled his watch from under his pillow. It was four o'clock. He looked about him in the dim light. Yes, they were all there, — the pictured ladies on the wall, the Botticelli maidens, Madame de Pompadour, Madame Elisabeth, the Princess de Lamballe, Marie Antoinette at seventeen, and Queen Victoria as a child. That was rather strange. It made it appear as if he were awake, yet how could he be with this song in the room, so clear, so sweet, so sure, — "the love of friends," "the love of friends."

It must be one of those curious dreams in which one seemed to be awake.

VI

It was not wholly a dream, as he discovered that evening when he went to his neighbor's studio. The window was open

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to the western sky, the brown bird singing. The woman sat by the window, the light from without falling upon the gentleness of her face.

"I once wrote something about a hermit thrush," said the young man, after they had listened for a time in wonder and silence. "I had never heard one then; that was probably the reason I had so little difficulty in describing the song."

He related his experience of the early morning. "Just before going to sleep," he said, "I had been consulting my Italian notebooks, and had chanced upon my list of the little byways, among them the Street of the Love of Friends. You remember my telling you about it that evening on Recreation Pier, and the way in which you applied the name to that imaginary street, which runs through life and knows no ending."

"I remember."

"I was in the midst of a dream about you when I awoke," the young man went on; "doubtless my Venetian notebooks were in part the cause of it. Still there was another reason. I had you much in my mind last night. Mrs. Peters told me something yesterday. She had been speaking of her sister."

The woman turned toward him. "Thank you for caring," she said; "but it really is n't so very bad, not half so bad as it sounds."

When Benjamin Page went again to hear the thrush sing, a water color, which he had not seen before, hung beside the cage. It was of a New England farmhouse, with sloping roof and shaded by drooping elms, — a house that seemed to grow out of the ground like a wayside flower.

"My birthplace," the woman explained. "I found it when looking over some things."

She was sitting with a little old hymnbook open in her lap.

"And did you find this too?" he said, taking up the book. "You must be careful; it is hard work looking over things."

He read a verse aloud here and there, making occasional comment. "They are all so hopeful about dying; everybody seems to be quite anticipating it."

"I am not," said the woman slowly. "I think of it with nameless dread. When I was a little girl, I heard a sermon on Easter Sunday which I thought would always keep me from being afraid. Easter came late that year. There were violets in bloom in our garden. I was sure there must have been violets in bloom in that other garden, where the angel said to the women, 'Be not afraid.' In the sermon we were told that these words were for all time, for all men, for all emergencies; that never, never again could there be reason for fear in the world; that the way was safe, because Some One had gone before. When I grew older, and read for myself the story of Easter Day, I found that the women were spoken of as 'trembling and afraid' even after the assurance of the angel. That was so natural. It made the story seem so true. I should have been afraid. I am afraid now."

He took her hand, and held it, as if he were leading her.

"This is like the beginning of our friendship," she said. "Don't you remember? It was dark, — it was hard to breathe. I was alone. Some one took my hand; and after a little we came out — into — the light."

She became silent.

The young man thought she was resting and listening, for the thrush had begun to sing. Presently he noticed that her eyes were closed and that the hymnbook lay on the floor.

Friends came with their kindly services. Benjamin Page went back to his desk and waited. The bird sang on. Once only did the woman return to consciousness. She asked for Benjamin Page.

As he entered the room, she said, speaking in the old accustomed tone, "It would be better to let the thrush go on the evening of the 9th; you are quite sure to

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sleep late, and birds like to be off in good season."

Thereupon she herself seemed to sleep. After a while, those who watched her saw the lines of pain and of years melt into a look of peace and of youth.

After another while a bunch of violets was placed in her folded hands.

VII

On Easter morning, Benjamin Page astonished himself by waking early, astonished himself still more by rising at once and dressing, as if he were a person for whom "Rise with the Lark, and with the Lark to bed" had been a lifelong and favorite motto.

A delicious fragrance arose from the garden. It had rained during the night, and everything was yielding forth its sweetness after the shower. He thought it might have been the fragrance that awakened him.

Going out for a stroll, he met a boy coming up the stairs with a pot of violets.

"Do you know where that is?" asked the boy, holding out a card.

Benjamin Page read the number of his own room. "It appears to be for me," he said doubtfully; "there must be some mistake."

"I guess you'll find it's all right," said the boy, and ran down the stairs.

Benjamin Page carried the violets up to his room and placed them on his window-sill. They were probably intended for the Violet Woman and came from some friend, who was not quite sure about her address, and had not yet heard of her death. Later in the day he remembered, with a sudden thrill, how a promise had been made and recorded in the part of the mind which never forgets, to send him a pot of violets early on Easter morning.

On Monday he visited, but with no enlightening results, a number of florists' establishments, where the Violet Woman had been in the habit of ordering flowers. He also told the story to one or two people of child-like minds.

"Why should n't she have kept her promise!" they said. "What was there to prove the contrary!"

"It was a beautiful thing to happen," Benjamin Page returned. "Of course there must be some perfectly simple explanation."

Deep in his heart, however, he found himself pondering much and wondering concerning the possibilities of the street called the "Love of Friends," which runs through life, — and knows no ending.

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THE LESSON OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

BY GOLDWIN SMITH

THE call for a third edition of Mr. Beesly's apologetic *Life of Danton*[1] seems to show that there is Danton in the political air. In fact, some of the features of the French Revolution, notably the rising of the peasants against the land-owning nobility, are being reproduced in Russia. The Russian bomb-thrower is the French Terrorist; indeed, he is largely the political progeny of the Terror. The lesson of the French Revolution, therefore, is wholesome now. Anarchism, if it were triumphant, would not be confined to Russia. Of this there are premonitory signs.

A famous philanthropist of extreme opinions is supposed to have said that the French Revolution was the one happy event in history. To me the French Revolution has always seemed, of all the events in history, the most calamitous. All that wreck, crime, and suffering; the destruction of all those thousands by mob-massacre, judicial murder, wreck of industry, and famine; that letting loose of the most hellish passions on the most awful scale; the Reign of Terror, anarchy, and civil war, followed by a Corsican despotism, with its bloody and desolating wars of conquest; a European counter-revolution as the inevitable consequence; renewal of revolution in France; the Days of June; the Second Empire, founded in sanguinary usurpation; the Franco-German War; the Commune; the movement of political and social progress, fatally tainted as it is with violence, class-war, Jacobinical malignity, and extravagance — all this for what? Because Loménie Brienne and Calonne failed to deal with a financial deficit with which Turgot felt assured of dealing by obvious expedients, such as retrenchment, equalization of imposts, improvement in the collection of the taxes, half of which were going into the hands of the farmers-general, and sale of monastery lands, with abstinence from war. There were, of course, other things loudly calling for reform in the rotten monarchy of Louis XIV: obsolete and oppressive privileges of the nobility, the plethoric episcopacy, the grievances of the down-trodden peasantry, the intolerance of the Church, the defects and abuses of the law. But with all these a strong minister armed with the power of an absolute monarchy might have successfully grappled, especially if the king could have got on horseback, and, instead of riding after stags at Versailles, ridden over the kingdom, to the people of which he was still Providence. It was the financial difficulty alone that compelled, or was supposed to compel, that most fatal of all errors, the calling of the States-General, an old feudal assembly, the workings of which were little understood, but which was sure to be inexperienced in politics, to be filled at that crisis with the most extravagant expectations, and to contain in its popular element all the firebrands. A really representative assembly of notables on the call of the Crown would not have been nearly so dangerous. When convulsion threatens, a government surely ought, instead of flinging the reins on the neck of popular excitement, to grasp them firmly in its own hand and take the lead in the necessary reforms. This is what the Russian government will do now if there is a man at the helm.

What was wanted was redress of practical abuses and grievances, such as fell within the power of a strong government,

[1] *Life of Danton.* By A. H. BEESLY. Third Edition. London: Longmans & Co. 1906.

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There is no *contrat social* in the *cahiers*. *Contrat social* can hardly be said to have appeared practically in force before Robespierre, the high priest of Rousseau, with his Feast of the Supreme Being. The influence of the philosophers on the course of events has probably been overrated. The masses could not read. Of those who did read, many probably were literary triflers, dallying with an intellectual fashion. A fanciful version of Greek and Roman republicanism and patriotism seems to have been fully as much the mode as any creation of Voltaire and Rousseau. Voltaire was a thorough monarchist and a devout courtier.

How much, after all, has been gained by this enormous sacrifice which might not have been gained at less cost? In France herself what do we see? Rousseauist bliss and brotherhood, or anything like them? The government is a government of party, or rather of sections, unstable and perpetually shifting. The stability even of the Republican constitution is threatened by aristocratic and sacerdotal plottings. There was a rather narrow escape from reactionary revolution at the time of Boulanger, and again at the crisis of the Dreyfus affair. Only the other day fear of disturbance was again felt, and military preparations were made to meet a rising. The clergy are probably more mischievous politically than they would have been if, instead of being driven into ultramontanism, they had remained national and Gallican, with practical reforms. That relations between employer and employed are still unsettled is shown by frequent strikes and by the language of agitators and the socialist press. In the condition of the peasantry there has no doubt been a great change for the better dating from the Revolution, though the peasant in France before the Revolution was not a serf, as in some countries the peasant was, but free, and master of his own labor. Yet if the picture of peasant life given in *La Terre* is anything like the truth, as with regard to parts of the South of France we are told that it is, the improvement in peasant civilization is not great.

Agricultural improvement and rural civilization have owed something to large ownership where the land-owner has done his duty. Where the landlord is a mere receiver of rents he is a burden. That in France before the Revolution he generally was a mere receiver of rents, Arthur Young has tragically shown us. The Duc de la Rochefoucauld, however, was trying to lead on the path to a landlord's duty.

The cities in France on the eve of the Revolution, so far as we can gather from Arthur Young, appear to have been doing well.

Europe in general was doing fairly well. There had been a respite from war, of which, after the Seven Years' War, the nations might well be weary. Pitt was reducing his military estimates and looking forward confidently to many years of peace. Science was rapidly advancing. Mechanical invention and agricultural improvement were increasing wealth and lightening labor. Intolerance was giving way to increasing freedom of thought. The press was gaining influence. The Order of Jesuits had been suppressed. Beccaria, Tanucci, Bentham, were reforming jurisprudence. Adam Smith had found a powerful disciple in Pitt. Howard was reforming prisons. In England Parliamentary reform was certainly coming, and would have furnished an effective example of the working of a free constitution. To stimulate progress the American experiment was on foot. A strong movement for the extinction of slavery had begun. A general spirit of benevolence and tenderness was spreading. In England it inspired the poetry of Cowper. Over Europe at large, it was propagated by Rousseau, whose sentiment is far superior to his theories. In England religion, and morality with it, had been aroused from torpor by Wesley. Beneficence had possessed itself more or less of several European thrones.

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Voltaire had helped to make it the fashion. The governments of Austria, Spain, Naples, Tuscany, Prussia, and even of Russia, had been forwarding reform and progress in their several degrees and ways. Their tendency was at once arrested, and presently reversed, by the French Revolution. Pitt dropped Parliamentary Reform.

To make the ruinous effect of calling the States-General doubly sure, the place chosen for their meeting was Versailles, close to Paris, when Paris was seething with agitation and full of restless spirits, such as Camille Desmoulins. The troops quartered there, or in the neighborhood, yielded to sympathy with the populace, and to the seductions of the courtesans, who played a not inconsiderable part in these events. The officers, who were exclusively aristocratic, were unpopular with the men. The men mutinied, the Gardes Françaises leading the way, and by their defection sealed the fate of the Monarchy. The Minister Necker was a mere financier, totally unfitted either to repress or to guide a revolution. The commonest military precautions had been neglected. The garrison of the Bastille was not reenforced, and the arsenal of the Invalides had not been secured against attack.

In the Faubourg St. Antoine and the low quarters adjoining was gathered perhaps the greatest and most formidable collection of criminal ruffians and desperadoes in Europe. It had been recently reënforced by an influx of vagabondage from the country, which, to complete the list of malign influences, had been suffering from famine. In the disastrous course of events, and through the weakness of leading men, the Faubourg St. Antoine eventually got hold, through its agitators, of the powers of a highly centralized government at the point of centralization, and was thus enabled to impress its character on the revolution. No more calamitous accident has befallen the world.

There have been in different countries savage mobs which have done savage things. But has there ever been in a civilized country anything like the cannibal ferocity of St. Antoine: mangling, sometimes gnawing, the bodies of those whom it had murdered; carrying about heads on a pike; parading the remains of the Princess de Lamballe, loathsomely dismembered, under the eyes of her bosom friend the Queen; carting Bailly from the ordinary place of execution to be executed on a dunghill, while the guillotine was being set up? Is it not appalling to think that the destinies of France, and in great measure those of the civilized world, should for a moment, or in the slightest degree, have fallen into the hands of this worse than savage rabble? Through such a channel could anything good come? This, however, and this alone is "the people" of Jacobin orations, and the sacred source of Jacobin authority. It is not likely that respectable citizens ever frequented the Jacobin Club.

The poor King it was who decided that the place of meeting must be Versailles, on account of the hunting, to him the most important duty of life. Louis was good and meant well. He showed passive courage. He had insight enough to value Turgot, and to see that interference in the war between England and her insurgent colonists was a blunder, as in the end it proved most fatally to him and his throne to have been. Left to himself, he would probably have floated with the stream, and might have come out with personal safety. But he was under the pernicious influence of Marie Antoinette.

France did not much like an Austrian marriage. But Marie Antoinette's beauty and grace at first won for her great popularity. This she afterwards forfeited by her indiscretions, her gambling table at Marly, her midnight wanderings with doubtful company in the gardens of Versailles, her breaches not only of etiquette but of decorum, the sharpness of her tongue, her intimate attachments to certain courtiers which, though really innocent, bred scandal. She, with the bad set into the hands of which she had fallen,

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committed the great crime of supplanting Turgot, because, at a time of the greatest public need, he sought to set bounds to Court extravagance. The Queen was now extremely unpopular. Everything bad was believed about her, even the story of the diamond necklace; and her influence in state affairs was the object of intense suspicion. Willful and obstinate, yet flighty and variable, she led her torpid and too compliant partner into impotent intrigue and spasmodic sallies of reaction, in the end bringing him with herself to the tragical fate which has made her a figure of pathetic interest and cast a halo round her name.

What part was played by the Duke of Orléans it is difficult to say. He had a pique against the Court and wanted to spite it. That motive probably was as strong as any desire of a demagogic crown. The duke probably intrigued in a dull way and opened his purse to needy adventurers. He was above all things a debauchee and a gourmand. After being condemned to death he sat down to a great dinner. One is glad to know that a shudder, even in that cruel audience, went round when d'Orléans gave his vote for the death of his kinsman the king.

There might have been a chance of bilking Destiny if a good understanding could have been kept up between the Assembly and the well-meaning and easy-going King. That chance was destroyed by the selfish demagogism of Mirabeau, effectually seconded by the reactionary follies of the Queen. Mirabeau was a splendid orator; in his way he was a great man. His personal ascendency dominated that babel, but his life had been very wild. He had broken not the rule of pure morality only, but that of honor. He wanted money for his pleasures, as he showed by taking it at last from the Court. Nor can his statesmanship be said to have been of the highest kind. He did, as things went on, see the rock on which the ship was being run, and tried, at some risk of his popularity, to put down the helm. But his plan of carrying the King away from Paris to the Provinces, and confronting the issue of civil war, was not very hopeful, while it implied the most decisive condemnation of the Revolution which its author had launched on its fatal course. Mirabeau's death was hastened by debauchery. Private morality at this time in France was at a low ebb. Religious restraint had been killed by the casuistry of the Jesuit, the vices of the clergy, and the reaction against the code of intolerance. Voltaire, Diderot, fashionable writers generally, were unclean. Moral depravation could not fail to act on political character in one way as the strict moral code of the Puritan did in the other. It is an element in this history not to be overlooked.

Compare the list of leaders in the French Revolution with that of the leaders of the Revolution in England — Eliot, Pym, Hampden, Cromwell, Ireton — in character, capacity, loftiness of aim. There was a good deal in Talleyrand's saying that the key to the French Revolution was vanity. Vanity is always visible as a strong motive. In the whole list Mirabeau was the only one who could in any sense be called great. Bailly was good, and he was butchered. Barnave, when he had come to himself, also was good, and he also was butchered. Lafayette sincerely wished the country to be saved, but to be saved by Lafayette; and on the occasion of the mob invasion of Versailles and the deportation of the King to Paris, he seems to have played a sinister game. Lamartine has canonized the Girondists; but to have been murdered by the Jacobins seems about their highest title to adoration. They had among them certainly eloquent speakers, perhaps genuine patriots, but their leader, Brissot, was a shifty schemer. They gave a cowardly vote for the execution of the King. Worse still, they, for their own party ends, involved France in war. On a fair review of the facts it does not seem likely that the allied monarchs would have attacked the French Republic, provoking as the propagandist language and demonstra-

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tions of the Revolutionists had been. Shelter could hardly have been refused to the *émigrés* whom France had cast out, and who, whatever demonstrations they might make, could evidently have done nothing by themselves. The invasions of France, and Brunswick's insane and fatal manifesto, were provoked by defiance of international law on the part of France under Girondist intrigue. Setting aside the immorality, nothing could show shallowness on the part of politicians more than the belief that the path to constitutional freedom lay through excitement of war passions and the exaltation of military power.

That such a man as Robespierre should have been able to make himself dictator is a proof of the pettiness as well as the wickedness of those over whose heads he rose. I have unfortunately lost a manuscript description of him by Sergent, the last survivor of the set. It depicted inexpressible meanness. Faculties, no doubt, Robespierre had: cunning of the fox, and in hunting down the objects of his hatred and jealousy the perseverance of the weasel. Of his Rousseauist orations, which at the time told greatly with the Jacobins, all readers now speak with nausea. He was incorruptible, no doubt; corruptible, that is to say, by nothing but vanity and lust of power. An attempt has been made to relieve him of the charge of bloodthirstiness on the ground that some weeks before his fall he had been absent from the committee which was working the guillotine. So he had, very likely because he had marked some of its members for extinction. But though absent he still ruled, nor is there any reason for supposing that he moderated or intended to close the Terror, which, after his apogee at the Feast of the Supreme Being, started afresh, and ended with his fall. A sincere Rousseauist unquestionably he was, and meant, when he had guillotined all unbelievers in his idol and himself, to make the world pastorally happy. In his youth the dictator of the Terror had resigned an office rather than pass a sentence of death. On the same page in Lord Houghton's *Autograph Book* there were a set of love verses by Robespierre and a death-warrant signed by him in the Terror. Sentiment is not a perfect safeguard without principle. In Louis Blanc, sentiment, as all who knew him would have said, was strong and genuine; but in his writings there are things which seem to show that he was lucky in never having command of a guillotine.

The execution of the King was a crime and a blunder. He was helpless and harmless. His attempts, or rather those of his Queen, to get foreign powers to interpose on their behalf were excusable when not only his crown but his life and the lives of his wife and children were in peril, as in the attack of the Parisian mob upon Versailles, and on other occasions, they certainly were. He was, in fact, a valuable hostage. Louis had not dictated, nor was there any ground for believing that he would have approved, Brunswick's manifesto. Mr. Beesly bids us remember Cromwell and Charles I. The execution of Charles I was a fatal mistake on Cromwell's part; but the cases are hardly parallel. Charles was in treaty with the Parliament for a settlement, when by a secret intrigue he brought upon the country a Scotch invasion, together with a formidable rising of Royalists in the South; thereby putting the Puritan government and its adherents in the extremest peril. The enraged army demanded his blood, and Cromwell yielded to their demand. Regicidal passion and vanity probably played full as large a part as justice or policy in the execution of Louis. It was a grand thing to vie with the English regicides, and to "fling in the face of coalized monarchs the head of a King." The head was flung in the faces, not only of the monarchs but of the monarchical nations. In England nothing helped the Court to carry the nation into war with France more than the execution of the French King. Touching all hearts, it had a greater effect than

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even the outrageous manifesto tendering French aid to all nations which would rise against their governments, though this would have afforded to all the governments so threatened an ample justification for war.

What is to be said about the execution of the Queen after a trial loathsomely insulting? Infinite mischief she had done, but political error is not crime. What is to be said about the execution of the King's innocent sister, Madame Elisabeth? What, above all, is to be said about the treatment of the poor little Dauphin, torn from his mother and aunt, put into the hands of a brute like Simon, to be kept in filth and misery, depraved by drink, beaten, reduced to idiocy, and slowly done to death? Compare with this the behavior of the Long Parliament to the children of Charles I. Could the men who did such things be other than the vilest of their kind?

We cannot without a thrill of horror even now look into that abyss of fiendish cruelty and crime, the Terror.

Carrier, at Nantes, has nine *noyades*, in which it is reckoned that on the most moderate calculation 1777 persons were drowned in the Loire. At first the victims were drowned in hulks, but afterwards they were tied hand and foot and thrown into the river. The Terrorists at Paris, suspecting that Carrier was overdoing it, sent a young man, himself well schooled in Terrorism, to report. The report was: —

"The combination of three plagues, war, pestilence, and famine, threatens Nantes. A crowd of royalist soldiers have been shot, not far from the city, and the heaped up masses of corpses, joined with the pestilential exhalations of the Loire, which is entirely polluted with blood, have corrupted the air. Some National Guards have been sent from Nantes by Carrier to bury the dead, but nevertheless two thousand persons have died in less than two months of a contagious disease. The mouth of the Loire has been quite blocked up, which prevents food from arriving, and the city is prey to most horrible famine. . . . Carrier, who had spread it abroad that he was sick and in the country, was found to be well and at Nantes, surrounded by sycophants and women, who formed his court and seraglio."

Carrier guillotines at once twenty-six artisans and farm-hands, among them two boys of fourteen and two of thirteen years of age. He was present at the execution, and could hear one of the children of thirteen, already bound to the board, but too small and having only the top of the head under the knife, ask the executioner, "Will it hurt me much?" "What the triangular blade fell upon," says Taine, "may be imagined." The executioner died of horror. Collot d'Herbois, St. Just, and Tallien, if they could not match this, vied with it.

If, as there are monuments of gratitude, there were to be monuments of execration, the loftiest would surely rise to the memories of Robespierre, Marat, and their train.

Carnot, perhaps, claims exemption as having acted by himself in the Department of War, which he administered with consummate skill. Yet apparently he must have signed the death warrants of the Terror. He must have been a party to the execution of the Generals Houchard, Custine, and Luckner, and to the order forbidding quarter to be given to English or Hanoverians. He votes for the death of the King. It seems that he was constantly upbraided with his complicity in acts of blood, and that his own mind was darkened with remorse. Reproached, we are told, by his comrade Barras, he lifted his hands in protest; when Barras exclaimed, "Do not lift your hands, they will drip with blood."[1]

Mr. Beesly would except Danton also from our general sentence on the actors of the Terror. He has treated the case with a mastery of detail to which I cannot pretend, and has no doubt given an impartial judgment. It is evident that

[1] *Cambridge Modern History*, viii, 492.

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he is thoroughly at home in the history of the French Revolution. It may be at once conceded that Danton was in character the least bad of the set, as he decidedly was first in ability. It was something to be an unprincipled man of sense, and not entirely without a heart, in the midst of a Bedlam turned into a slaughter-house. As an orator Danton appears to have been very powerful. His utterances are like the voice of the cannon. But he was a Terrorist, though limited. He proposed to make the advocacy of federalism punishable with death. He wanted to do justice to the people that it might not do justice to itself; in other words, to indulge it with a dole of blood that it might not resort to massacres. To prevent murder, as he said, he advocated a new revolutionary tribunal which should prevent popular violence by depriving it of a cry; so that he was largely responsible for the erection of the Revolutionary guillotine. Always taking the mob of the Faubourg St. Antoine for "the people," he urged it "not to limit itself to defensive war, but to take the offensive against the Moderates." He had urged the execution of the King; he countenanced that of Marie Antoinette, avowedly to preserve his popularity. He did not love Marat, but he combined with him and defended him, avowing that he had been one of Marat's boldest champions. He said that "the time for inflexibility and a national vengeance was not over, and that he wished Terror to be the Order of the Day." That by holding sanguinary language he was qualifying himself for the practical service of mercy, seems a rather precarious supposition. His audience would be likely to take him at his word. Of the charge of corruption, which all these miscreants, probably with general truth, leveled against one another, Mr. Beesly seems to have proved that Danton was entirely guiltless. But the charge which of all weighs most heavily on Danton's memory is that of having planned the hideous massacres of September. That Danton planned the massacres, I think Mr. Beesly has shown is not proven; that he connived at them cannot possibly be denied. It is much if Mr. Beesly can show that he did not approve of them. His connivance, he being Minister of Justice as well as the most powerful man of the hour, would be enough to blast his name. The massacres were absolutely inexcusable. The poor victims, fast in gaol, could not possibly have conspired with an invader. St. Antoine lusted for a feast of blood. Bold and strong as Danton was, he showed irresolution in his final death-struggle with Robespierre. In planning the storm of the Tuileries and the destruction of the Monarchy, he had proved himself to be no great statesman. The King had been stripped of all power, but his name was the only symbol of national authority, and the effect of his deposition on the Provinces was to precipitate civil war.

The last stage of the Revolution was the Directory, a paragon of corruption, as American history plainly tells. Its leading member was Barras, the foulness of whose private vices was a scandal even in that age, and who made a large fortune by public theft. This man and his colleague Larevellière-Lépeaux, a rogue who had invented a religion, conspired with Napoleon's emissaries against their colleagues and the constitutional majority of the legislature, packed them off in iron cars, trying to get them murdered on the road, and deported them to Cayenne. In justice to Pitt it must be said that to make peace with these villains was impossible. War was their game and the source of their gains. The conqueror of Italy was directed to "send them everything that might be of use to them." Neighboring states, which they had invited to a "sweet fraternity," speedily found what a sweet fraternity meant. Of all the elements of this scene far the best was the army, which, if raised largely by conscription or hunger, was partly raised also by the spirit of the "Marseillaise." But under the Directory its victories were turned into rapine.

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Then in due course came the military despot. He came in the form, not of a Frenchman, but of a Corsican, supreme in military genius, great in administrative power, and as devoid of any moral restraint or sentiment of humanity as any brigand of his native isle. "Peace with glory," he said, was what France wanted; peace being his despotism, while the glory was the satisfaction of French vanity by trampling on other nations. He had conceived the mad ambition of making himself Emperor of Europe, but he was also animated by a Corsican lust of war. This it was probably that carried him to Russia. Lord Russell, who saw him at Elba, said that his eyes flashed at the mention of war. Twice he brought the enemy into Paris. His conscriptions were a tax fully as heavy as any imposed by the Bourbons. The result to Europe was twenty years of bloodshed, destruction, and misery, with the political reaction in Europe generally which the struggle entailed. Napoleon's home policy was of course centralization carried to an extreme, when what France wanted most was decentralization, with a healthy development of provincial life. He restored the State Church of France, as an engine of his despotism, with effects with which France is now compelled to deal. Paradox has pictured him as a great soldier of democracy. He revived aristocracy in France, surrounding himself with Sansculotte dukes and Jacobin counts, while he sought for himself a matrimonial alliance with the royal family of Austria, the very type of reaction. Never surely was humanity more degraded than in allowing itself to be immolated to the ambition of this man. We owe France much; but, it is submitted, not much for her Revolution. What we owe her, if anything, for her Revolution, is the terrible warning which Russian Terrorism disregards.

TRUE LOVE TO LIBERTY IS NEVER FOE

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

True love to liberty is never foe,
And he who loves alone is truly free:
Thus thought I when I heard the pulsing flow
Of mighty music rushing gloriously
Along the channels of unchanging law;
Thus thought I when I gazed upon the skies
And there the circling universe I saw
Moving obedient in glad harmonies
About a central inescapable power:
No sun, nor planet, nor wild comet's course
But owns that sway in every separate hour
Of all its centuries; to that one force
Freely it yields, — as hearts that never rove
But pour their being in a single love.

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THE GRILLING OF SINNERS

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

THE American people finds itself today in the position of a man with dulled knife and broken cudgel in the midst of an ever-growing circle of wolves. The old regulative system is falling to pieces. Few of the strong and ambitious have any longer the fear of God before their eyes. Hell is looked upon as a bogey for children. The Gospel ideals are thought unscientific. As for the courts, they seem to have nothing but blank cartridges for the bigger beasts of prey. Upon the practicers of new sins there is no longer a curb unless it be public censure. So the question of the hour is, Can there be fashioned out of popular sentiment some sort of buckler for society? Can our loathing of rascals be wrought up into a kind of unembodied government, able to restrain the men that derisively snap their fingers at the agents of the law?

That the public scorn really bites into wrongdoers of the modern type may be read in the fate of the insurance gang. If, as some assert, American society were already split into classes, each with its standards and its opinions, these robbers would have taken asylum with their own class and, from the thick of their "crowd," would have waved a gay and mocking hand at the wrathful public. Haughty Roman patricians, Spanish hidalgos, French seigneurs, or British noblemen, would have done so, heeding the curses of the commonalty no more than the chattering of daws. But the insurance thieves were self-made Americans, country-bred, genial, sensitive, uncarapaced by pride of caste. Their sense of superiority was, after all, a short and feeble stock, that soon wilted. They *did* care what people thought of them, and so to the grave, or to exile, they fled from the vitriol spray of censure. If only we can bring it to bear, the respect or scorn of the many is still an immense asset of society in its struggle with sinners.

The community need feel no qualm when lashing the sinner. We are bidden to forgive our enemies, but not the enemies of our society, our posterity. For society to "resist not evil" would be folly, because for most of us society's attitude fixes the guiding ideas of right and wrong. Any outrage we can practice with impunity comes finally to be looked upon as matter of course. To the aggressor, the non-resisting community practically says, "Trample me, please. Thanks!" Thus it becomes a partner in his misdeeds. The public that turns the other cheek tempts a man to fresh sinning. It makes itself an accomplice in the undoing of a soul. It is the indulgent parent spoiling the child. It is, therefore, our sacred duty, not lazily to condone, but vigorously to pursue and castigate the sinner. It is sad, but true, that the community is prompter to correct the wife-beater than the rebater or the dummy director. Such indifference to the soul's health of eminent citizens is deplorable.

There is fair hope that out of public opinion a means of rational defense may be developed, provided only we renounce certain false notions which now hinder the proper grilling of sinners.

The fallacy that sinners should be chastised only by their betters.

Sometimes the hounded sinner reminds us through his spokesman that "he moves in a higher world into which we may not enter." Oftener he counters by saying, —if his sinning is *very* lucrative it will be said for him, — "In my place, you, too, would have bribed the inspector, or doctored the goods, or exacted the rebate."

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"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone." In this vein an apologist sneers, "Those who are chattering about predatory wealth would not refuse to take over corporation stock even in the R—— properties." The truth is, however, the censor need not take the attitude of "I am holier than thou." What if the critics are no better than they should be? Sinners are scourged, not to proclaim their moral inferiority, but to fortify people against temptation. May not a weak man, untempted, prop a stronger man who is under temptation? Opportunity puts one's baser self in the saddle; whereas the comment of the disinterested spectator utters his better self. If the baser self of the tempted man could not profit by the rebuke of a public made up of men no better than he is, many of us would go blind.

Slow, indeed, would be moral uplift, if the public allowed itself to be silenced by the *tu quoque* of the malefactor. Of course it would be inspiring to be charmed on from height to height by the voices of seers and the example of heroes. But Isaiahs and Savonarolas are rare; and certain practices must be outlawed at once if we are not to rot down together. In meeting new forms of sin, we have nothing to rely on but the common conscience; that is, the deliverance of the best selves of most of us. It is the neutrals, not the belligerents, that humanize warfare. It is the onlookers, not the champions, that uphold the rules of the ring. Not because they are better men, but because they are in a less trying position. So it will be, not the quickened consciences of the principals, but the hisses of the crowd on the bleachers, that will protect shipper from railroad, lift the plane of business competition, restrain oppression of workingmen, and stop the feeding of human seed-corn to swine.

The error that society's castigation of the sinner is merely the assertion of the self-interest of the many.

Back Bay stockholders are assured that Iowa's maximum rate law is a shameless cheapening of railroad services by the banded customers of the road, and ought to be defied. Gas magnates snap their fingers at municipal regulations on the pretext that such ordinances express only the self-interest of gas consumers. Employers flout factory laws on the ground that the legislature stood in awe of "the labor vote." In some circles the feeling is growing up that obedience is the part of a dastard. The money-maker begins to insist that the inconvenient law embodies nothing but the will of the stronger or bigger class bent on oppressing the weaker or fewer, and claims the right to break such a law if he can. Now, this is moral gangrene, so deadly that no one with the infection ought to have place or influence in society.

The truth is, law is shot through and through with conscience. The uprising against rebating, or monopoly, or fiduciary sin, registers, not the self-interest of the many, but the general sense of right. To be sure, an agitation against company stores, or the two-faced practices of directors, may start as the "We won't stand it" of a victimized class; but when it solicits general support it takes the form "These things are wrong," and it can triumph only when it chimes with the common conscience. In the case of child labor, night work for women, crimping and peonage, the opposition springs up among onlookers rather than among victims, and is chivalric from the beginning. The fact is, the driving force of the great sunward movement now on is moral indignation. Not one of the attempts to shackle the newer stripe of depredators lends itself to interpretation in terms of self-interest. In every instance the slogan has been, not "Protect yourselves," but "Put down iniquity!"

The special-interest man ignores the moral energy that inspires the uprising against latter-day sin. He scoffs at a law on the ground that it was enacted by a bare majority of "hayseed" legislators, ignorant of legal philosophy and the fit-

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ness of things. He does not care to notice that this close vote records an overwhelming public sentiment, the outcome of a long, disinterested agitation. Or he complains that the statute is "precipitate," and pleads for "conservatism."

"Conservatism!" piled on top of inertia and the strangle-hold of sinister interests, in a tumultuously changing society, where an evil condition may be rapidly worsening while we speechify and procrastinate! Here is a growing evil, — so much blood of brakemen on cars and rails. Give heed, ye legislators! No impression. The legislator removes his cigar long enough to sneer, "hot air," "mawkish sentimentality," "they take the risks." So, on with the slaughter! Let the wheels redden until the totals are formidable. "Now will you act?" No, "interference" would "undermine individual responsibility," or be "unconstitutional." So let the mangled pile up, until, like the cuirassiers in the ravine at Waterloo, their bodies fill to the brink the chasm of selfish incredulity. So is it with the uprooting of child labor. Once the pocket-book interest has twined itself about the evil, the wreckage of child life has to be mountainous, ghastly, and sickening, before the public can be stirred to the point of breaking the grasp of the employers on the throat of the legislature. The same obstacles delay the advent of mine inspection, tenement-house reform, the abolition of grade crossings, the enforced fencing of dangerous machinery. Thanks to the inertia of large bodies and the power of special interests, the relief inevitably comes ten to twenty years later than it should. To add, now, conscious "conservatism," is like setting the brake on an overloaded wagon being hauled up the bare western slope of a sandy hill on a July afternoon!

The delusion that the nonconformist is the real peril to society.

It is human nature to resent difference, and the time was when people could afford to go asunder on the width of a hat brim or the form of baptism. But such stress on the nonessential is sheer folly, now that the times summon us to close ranks and war down the Newer Unrighteousness.

Public opinion as lord of conduct is not old,—less than a century, in fact. It could not arrive until the weakening of caste, class, and local barriers allowed the "public" to form. Even to-day, the American public is too incoherent to make a good policeman. Besides the antipathy between whites and blacks, there is the friction between natives and immigrants, the feeling between Christians and Jews, Protestants and Catholics, the inter-denominational jealousies, the mistrust of the churchless, the gulf between Philistia and Bohemia, the chasm between alley and avenue. Although its class barriers are lower, American society is more deeply cleft by race and nationality than is western Europe. Interconfessional friction is greater here than in the all-Catholic or all-Protestant societies. Thus it is that in seeking to focus the indignation of the law-abiding, we are hampered by a lot of hold-over antipathies. "First things first." To-day the distinction between righteous and sinners is *the main thing*, for upon a lively consciousness of that distinction rests the hope of transmitting our institutions undecayed, of preserving our democratic ideals, of avoiding stratification and class rancor. Yet most people act as if something else were the main thing. They see conduct in the false perspective of a Chinese drawing, where a glance tells you that the man approaching in the middle distance will surely overtop the house in the foreground! Just as in the South the senseless agitation of the race question is delivering that section into the hands of the railroad corporations; just as in the far West Mormonism is a red herring to drag across the trail of some iniquity when the public is hot on the scent; just as "Catholicism in the schools" raises a dust behind which franchise grabbers can operate; so the

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divisions and cross-purposes of decent people give the sinner his chance to get away.

It is the honest man who falls into heresy. But the latter-day sinner is sleek, orthodox, and unoffending. He conforms in everything save conduct. No one can outdo him in lip homage to the law and the prophets. It is the law-abiding who are scandalized by one another's nonconformity. They split on beliefs and practices because they care for such things. But men who take the cash register for their compass are nobly tolerant. This is why, in these times that try men's fortunes, sinners rush to one another's aid, excuse and support one another under fire. The monopolists, small and great, local and national, grope their way to one another, strike hands, and as "captains of industry" present to their critics an unbroken front. The security jugglers, from the county-seat town to Wall Street, feel that as "authors of prosperity" an injury to one is the concern of all. Adulterators and commercial crooks rally as "enterprising business men." The puppets of the Interests, from the town council to Congress, stand together as "statesmen." On the other hand, the public they plunder, like Martha "troubled about many things," divides on race, creed, or style, pelts the nonconformist more than the sinner, and lays on a little finger where it ought to wield a fist. Thus the wolves hunt in packs, while the watchdogs snap at one another!

At a moment when the supremacy of law trembles in the balance, when our leading railroad magnate complains that it is not easy to carry on a railroad business, "if you always have to turn to the legal department and find whether you may or may not," how bootless seem agitations to put "God" into the constitution, to enforce strict Sabbath observance, to break up secret societies, or to banish negroes to the Jim Crow car! These fatuous crusades against Gorky and Madame Andrieva, against "Mrs. Warren's Profession," against "anarchist" immigrants, against the Mormons, against undraped statuary, or the "un-American" labor union, or the foreigner's Sunday beer, recall to mind the monks of Constantinople, wrangling over the nature of the Trinity while the Turks were forcing the gates!

In a national war, the common peril hushes petty discords and attunes differing men to harmonious efforts. *But to-day is war-time.* Our assailants are none the less formidable because they grew up among us and walked the same streets. While the wizards of smokeless powder and submarine boat have been making us secure against alien foes, we have grown into an organic society in which the welfare of all is at the mercy of each. The supreme task of the hour is to get together and build a rampart of moral standard, statute, inspection, and publicity, to check the onslaught of internal enemies.

The false doctrine that the repression of the vicious is more important than the repression of sinners.

By *vice* we mean practices that harm one's self; by *sin* we mean conduct that harms another. They spring from different roots and call for different treatment. Sin grows largely out of the relations into which men enter, and hence social development, by constantly opening new doors to wrongdoing, calls into being new species of sin. Rude law recognizes three kinds of stealing, developed law ten kinds, the law of to-day seventeen kinds. By the time it is abreast of our present needs, it will discriminate perhaps thirty kinds. The same is true of other types of wrongdoing. Vice, on the other hand, being personal, is less affected by social change. New forms, like the cocaine habit or bridge gambling, are *invented*, not developed by social growth.

As a disease of the social body, vice differs as much from sin as scrofula from *locomotor ataxia*. Vice encounters barriers fixed by nature; in the end its wage is death. Sin, on the other hand, flour-

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ishes if society does not make haste to check it. The unopposed sinner makes his way upward towards sunshine, whereas the unchecked vicious man gravitates toward night. The spectacle of vice, sleek, honored, and envied, is not possible, for a practice that works out this way is not vice. But the sight of the unpunished and unrepentant sinner, successful and honored, shocks the righteous, disheartens the weak, and demoralizes the young, who ought to cherish, for a few years at least, the ennobling illusion that the right always triumphs.

Like a ship with a foul bottom, a nation heavily weighted with lewd, drunken, and gaming members cannot keep up with its rivals, and hence the warfare against vice must go on. But efforts should be centred on the young, training and fortifying them to resist the lure of the perilous paths. It is for them we banish or regulate the vice shops, bar obscene literature, and watch the stage. Not so with adults. The effort we expend on persons who go astray with their eyes open is mostly wasted. Usually they cannot be saved, nor are they worth saving. Certainly let vice be made odious. But when the public exerts itself to stamp out drinking and the social evil, it slackens its war on sin, and, moreover, it simply forestalls natural process. Nature limits at last the spread of vice, and the sooner those of congenitally weak will and base impulses eliminate themselves, the better for the race. The go-cart for children by all means, but for adults the stern command, "Stand alone, or if thou canst not stand alone, then fall!" With respect to hell, there is something to be said for the open door. Self-interest, too, is quietly crowding the vicious to the wall. In the end the hard drinkers will be barred from all desirable employments.

Sin, on the contrary, is not self-limiting. If a ring is to be put in the snout of the greedy strong, only organized society can do it. In every new helpful relation the germ of sin lurks, and will create there a pus centre if social antisepsis be lacking. Then how tragic a figure is a victim of sin! To perish of diseased meat to make a packer's dividend is sadder than to perish through one's own thirst for whiskey. The invalid bled by the medical fakirs is more to be pitied than the "sucker" fleeced in the pool-room. For the man who is the prey of the evil inclinations of others surely has a better claim on us than the man who is the prey of his own evil inclinations.

Men rather than women are the natural foes of wrong. Men burn at the spectacle of injustice, women at the sight of suffering. "White," "decent," "fair play," "square deal," utter male conscience. Men feel instinctively that the pith of society is orderly struggle, competition tempered by rules of forbearance. The impulse of simple-minded men to put down "foul play" and "dirty work" is a precious safeguard of social order. But the impulses of simple-minded women are not so trustworthy. When they smother red-handed bandits with flowers they are anti-social; when they launch into random vice crusades they are often little better than pseudo-social. Now, the rise of great organizations for focusing the sentiments of millions of women has lately brought about a certain effemination of opinion. In the main, this has been salutary, for it has redressed many wrongs against women and children, and exalted the "home" point of view. Yet it has taught us to hail as "a great moral triumph" the spectacle of a corporation-owned legislature obsequiously aiming the terrors of the law at the grown man who gives another man a cigarette paper! In the end, values are so topsy-turvied that a branch of a famous women's organization deems it fitting to ask the President of the United States, "Did you receive sixty bottles of beer from the Brewers' Association, and did you or your representatives send the brewers a letter of thanks on White House stationery for the same package, and what became of the sixty bottles of beer?"

The loss of moral leadership by the

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clergy is often deplored; but what else is to be expected, when so many clergymen appeal to the feminine rather than to the masculine conscience? To-day the virile, who see in graft and monopoly and foul politics worse enemies than beer, Sunday baseball, and the army canteen, scoff when the pastor of the indicted boss of San Francisco pleads, "He never was known to smoke or take a drink. He never was seen in front of a saloon bar." In political battles, the sinister interests easily rally the religious people by standing for a "lid on" policy. This throwing over of the vice interests by the corporation interests is the secret of the "good government" that is the boast of latter-day commercial oligarchy. In the struggle of a city to free itself from corporation bondage, is not the psychologic moment always punctuated by a hectoring deputation of clergymen to summon Mr. Mayor to enforce to the letter the Sunday-closing ordinance, followed by a blast from the pulpits when the mayor declines to play the traction company's little game? Not long ago a reform mayor was discredited because, emerging late from his office, he descended into a basement lunchroom, and ate at the same counter with street-walkers and night-birds. The pastors of the strait-laced magnates who had never stooped to anything worse than stealing a street were scandalized at the mayor's elbow-touch with disreputables, and appealed with success to the ossified Puritanism of their flock.

Our moral pace-setters strike at bad personal habits, but act as if there was something sacred about money-making; and, *seeing that the master iniquities of our time are connected with money-making*, they do not get into the big fight at all. The child-drivers, monopoly-builders, and crooked financiers have no fear of men whose thought is run in the moulds of their grandfathers. Go to the tainted money colleges, and you will learn that Drink, not Graft, is the nation's bane. Visit the religious societies for young men, and you will find personal correctness exalted above the social welfare.

The standards the old Puritans battled for are now established. Organized opposition to them has ceased, and the tide of battle has rolled away to a new quarter. Satan's main onset to-day is on the side of sin, rather than on the side of vice. Therefore the strategy of the situation summons society to draft off more of its forces to the aid of the "social Puritans." Are the accredited leaders of moral sentiment good generals in so heavily shelling the trenches of vice? Are they not slow in recognizing the key positions in the Holy War of to-day?

Let him who doubts where the battle rages mark how fares the assailant of sins. To-day there is little risk in letting fly at the red light. What an easy mark is the "tenderloin"! Where is the clergyman, teacher, or editor, who can be unseated by banded saloon-keepers, gamblers, and madames? Their every "knock" is a boost. If you want a David-and-Goliath fight, you must attack the powers that prey, not on the vices of the lax but on the necessities of the decent. The deferred-dividend graft, the "yellow dog" fund, the private-car iniquity, the Higher Thimble-rig, far from turning tail and slinking away beaten, like the vice-caterers, confront us rampant, fire-belching, sabre-toothed, and razor-clawed. They are able to gag critics, hobble investigators, hood the press, and muzzle the law. Drunk with power, in office and club, in church and school, in legislature and court, they boldly make their stand, ruining the innocent, shredding the reputations of the righteous, destroying the careers and opportunities of their assailants, dragging down pastor and scholar, publicist and business man, from livelihood and influence, unhorsing alike faithful public servant, civic champion, and knight-errant of conscience, and all the while gathering into loathsome captivity the souls of multitudes of young men. Here is a fight where blows are rained, and armor dinted, and wounds succored,

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and laurels won. If a sworn champion of the right will prove he is a man and not a dummy, let him go up against these!

Because society develops, comes into new situations, runs into strange perils, finds old foes with new faces and enemies masquerading as friends, it is folly to train its guns ever on the same spot. Yesterday's battle-cries of conscience cannot thrill us, and so the battle-cries of to-day may have little meaning for our children's children. They, perhaps, will be worrying about the marriage of the tainted, or the two-child system. Every age has to reconnoitre its foes and mark where they are massing. Like a rudderless steamer on a river of savage Africa, society, caught in the current of evolution, dips, lurches, drifts, swings, exposing now port, now starboard, to the missiles of fresh enemies that present themselves in strange guise at every turn of the stream.

THE STATESMANSHIP OF CAVOUR

II

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

Camillo Benso, — Count Cavour, — who now, in 1848, rose rapidly above Piedmont and Italy, attracting the attention of all Europe, had been born in 1810, under the Napoleonic supremacy. Curiously connecting him with that period was his baptism, when he was held at the font by Napoleon's sister, Pauline, and received his first name from that of her husband, Camillo Borghese, at that time Napoleon's lieutenant in Piedmont.

The family of the young count was ancient and honorable, his father a marquis in high public employ and a sympathizer with the old régime; his mother, though a Catholic, descended from Swiss Protestants. Of his near relatives, uncles, aunts, cousins, some were among the highest nobility of Paris and some among that body of liberal thinkers who gave distinction to Geneva. Among the former was the ducal family of Clermont Tonnerre; among the latter, the De la Rives. Among his remoter kinsfolk were men eminent in science and in official life, some conservative, some radical, but all respected as patriotic thinkers; and his constant intercourse with them, the discussions he heard among them, their debates on current questions in which he joined, counted for much in his development, moral and intellectual.

As a second son, his rights to rank and fortune were greatly limited, and he seemed to rejoice that this was so. At ten years of age he was entered at the military academy at Turin, and at sixteen was graduated with especial distinction, receiving a lieutenancy of engineers, an honor rarely bestowed on one so young. An aristocrat in any evil sense he was not. Though never a demagogue in his utterances, his tendencies were, in the truest sense, democratic. Though made a page at the royal court at the age of fourteen, he so disliked court etiquette and made this feeling so evident, that he was soon discharged. His tastes were for mathematics, which, both then and in his after life, he pursued far, and also for history, political economy, and social science, and for the English language, as giving, at that time, one of the best keys to these. French he spoke with ease from his childhood, and English he came to speak, at a later period, with much fluency.

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As an engineer he was assigned to various duties, — mainly at Genoa, — and, though devoted to mathematics and social science, he did his practical work thoroughly well. But now came trouble. It was the period of the lowest debasement of Italy, and the period also of the second French Revolution, in 1830, which relieved France forever from the elder Bourbons. Naturally he brooded over the iniquities and absurdities which he saw about him, jotted down his reflections from time to time, and let his thoughts be known; as a result he was banished to nominal duties in the mountain districts, and, finally, to virtual imprisonment in the Alpine fortress of Bard, where, during eight months, his companions were of the rudest.

Returning from this captivity, he abandoned his military career, despite the bitter regret of his family. Charles Albert had just come to the throne of Piedmont, and, in view of his mysticism and vacillation, no chance of any public career for a man of liberal views was visible; indeed, the new king had already indicated his hostility to Cavour, declaring him the most dangerous man in the kingdom. Cavour therefore asked permission to take charge of one of the family estates, and became a farmer. At the beginning he was ignorant of the simplest rudiments of agriculture; but his power of thought and work now showed itself, and, before long, he attracted attention far and near by his success in this new profession. From the first, he applied scientific methods, but always under the control of that sound, strong common sense which afterward became so important a factor in his political and diplomatic activity. To the end of his life he cherished the love for farming thus begun, and even in the midst of his most active political services afterward, he continued the steady improvement of agriculture, and thereby deserved well of his country.

But this was by no means all. His activity seemed boundless. While managing great estates and bringing under cultivation large districts hitherto worthless, he established manufactories, mills, a railway, a line of steamers on the Lago Maggiore, a bank at Turin, and much besides. For a wonder, his enterprises succeeded; nine men out of ten, taking up so many avocations, would have ruined themselves and all their friends; but in all this work his foresight, his insight, and, above all, his keen, strong common sense carried him through triumphantly. Though caring little for money, refusing, in one instance, a great bequest, which he might have accepted most honorably, he accumulated in his various enterprises a large private fortune.

During seventeen years — the years between the resignation of his position in the army, in 1831, and the great revolutionary outbreak in Europe in 1848 — he threw himself fully into this practical work. Political life there was none which he cared for: — he was excluded from state service by the prejudices of the king, the aristocracy, and the clergy, but, most of all, by his own self-respect. His high rank, connections, and abilities made him eligible for the foremost offices of the monarchy, but an office-seeker he could not be; for office in itself, or for its emoluments he cared nothing; for power as such he cared nothing; and this was his spirit to the last hour of his life; for office and power he cared only as a means of enforcing his ideas for the good of Italy.

Despite his attention to work remote from political activity, he was constantly under grave and annoying suspicions, both from the government of his own country and from that of Austria. In 1833 the Director General of Police at Milan issued instructions to public officials at the frontier, warning them to be on the watch against one Camillo di Cavour, who "in spite of his youth, is already deeply corrupted in his political principles."

Still, even under the ban thus laid upon him, both by his own country and by its

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enemies, and in the midst of all this practical work so remote from politics, he had prophetic dreams. At this very time, he wrote a letter to an intimate friend, in which he said, "I can assure you that I shall make my way. I own that I am enormously ambitious, and when I am minister I hope to justify my ambitions. In my dreams I see myself already minister of the Kingdom of Italy." And this was written when he was twenty-four, when a "Kingdom of Italy" seemed utterly impossible, and the very mention of it was widely considered treasonable.

Yet, during all those seventeen years, he was preparing himself for far higher service. In the intervals of business he made extended journeys and long stays in Switzerland, France, and England. Visiting Paris, he entered fully into the society of the foremost thinkers, writers, and statesmen, discussed current political problems with them, frequented the parliamentary bodies and studied closely their procedure, attended lectures by the foremost men of science at the Sorbonne and elsewhere, examined thoroughly farms, factories, mines, prisons, — every sort of man or place likely to give him knowledge of value to his country.

In England, also, he made vigorous studies, especially of parliamentary procedure, methods in agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, dealings with pauperism, crime, and every branch of national economy. He also devoted himself, early and late, to British history, — studying carefully, not only the dealings of living statesmen with large questions, but the struggle of Pitt with Napoleon, of Chatham with the Bourbons, and even the policy of Cromwell and the Stuarts in its relations to British freedom and power.

Thus he absorbed ideas of Anglo-Saxon liberty, and strengthened his faith in free government; in after years this became of vast value to his country, but it brought at first some obloquy, and, especially, the nickname of "My Lord Camillo." Though there was never a nobleman who cared less for distinctions of rank, and prized more highly eminence in character and attainment and patriotic service, this nickname, for a time, served well the purposes of knaves and fools, for, during a considerable period, it aided in making him the most unpopular man in his country.

Returning home, he redoubled his efforts to improve agriculture, manufactures and commerce, and, what was yet more important at that epoch, to promote discussion, economic and political. To this end he founded an agricultural club and even a "whist club," — mainly for the purpose of bringing together thinking men, — published articles in newspapers and reviews, and, among these, studies on agriculture, pauperism, and above all, in 1846, in the Paris *Revue Nouvelle*, a masterly article on railways. That was the period when railway development on the continent was beginning, and beginning very slowly. Franz List, one of the most gifted of political thinkers, had urged it in Germany, failed, and died impoverished and broken-hearted. But Cavour was of sterner stuff; he aroused thought throughout Europe, but especially in Italy, for he dwelt upon the value of railway communication as an agency in the conveyance, not merely of bales and boxes, but of ideas. That which led various Italian princelings and, above all, the Papal Government, to hate them, led him to promote them, for he recognized in these communications a power not only for the introduction of better ideas but also for the unification of his country.[1]

In the midst of all this work, which required an amazing activity, he found time to cultivate some beautiful friendships and to keep up correspondences which remain among the treasures of literature. His letters to the elder De la Rive, wise,

[1] For a very striking passage regarding the early foresight of Cavour in promoting railways, and its effect upon Italian unity, see Zanichelli, introduction to *Gli Scritti del Conte di Cavour*, Bologna, 1892, p. xlv.

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witty, suggestive, are among these; but most striking, perhaps, of all, is his correspondence with the Countess de Circourt. She was of Russian birth, married to a man of eminence in France, and, though she was a hopeless invalid, her *salon* at Paris was the centre of a large circle of eminent men of various nationalities, among whom was Cavour. With her he found time to discuss all sorts of subjects, grave and gay, light and severe; and their letters, as given to the world by Count Nigra (in his early life one of Cavour's secretaries, since so distinguished as ambassador to France and to Austria, and, more recently, as president of the Italian delegation at the Peace Conference of The Hague), throw a beautiful light into the depths of Cavour's character.[1]

In December, 1847, he founded, at Turin, a newspaper, — *The Resurrection*, — *Il Risorgimento*, — and he pressed into the service with him a majority of the leading thinkers of upper Italy, and chief among them, Cesare Balbo, who had already done so much for his country with his famous pamphlet, the *Speranze d'Italia*.

As a writer, Cavour felt himself lacking much. He confessed that he had never had any adequate training in literature, and his writings certainly lacked largely the beauty which made so many of his contemporaries famous; but his patriotism broke through all obstacles. His style, rough at times but always clear and forcible, held his readers; his knowledge of events and his experience among men convinced them, and his earnestness, rising at times into fervent eloquence, conquered them.[2]

At first he wrote mainly on large subjects, economical and social, of general value to his country; but more and more he turned to political questions, and was soon recognized as a leader. He was neither a demagogue nor a doctrinaire. He avoided revolution and revolutionary methods; but he believed in revolution when nothing short of it would do, and when it could be controlled by men of thought and knowledge. He believed in the steady development of better institutions rather than in vague declamation, in open discussion rather than in conspiracy, and in right reason rather than in fanaticism. He hated the despotism, not only of tyrants but of mobs, and he disbelieved hardly less profoundly in carbonarism and the plots of Mazzini than in the methods of Francis of Austria and Ferdinand of Naples.

Opposed to him were extremists on both sides, — men calling themselves "Monarchists," who had ruined or were destined to ruin every monarch who trusted to them; and men calling themselves "Democrats," or "Republicans," who had brought to naught every effort in Europe for rational liberty. Revolution was to him the last remedy in the most dire extremity.

Therefore it was, as we have seen, that, when the revolutionary leaven of 1848 began working throughout Europe, and revolutionists in Genoa and elsewhere began declaiming in favor of this or that quackish panacea, Cavour, to save liberty from mobs on one side and monarchy on the other, threw all his power into an effort to secure a constitution. His success was immediate, and the *Statuto*, advocated by him and issued by King Charles Albert, became at once the corner-stone of Piedmontese liberty, and, finally, of Italian liberty and unity.

The *Statuto* was no mere makeshift, no worthless promise made by a despot in trouble. Promises made by the Bourbons had come to count for nothing, and promises made by Hapsburgs were little better; pledges from either of these houses had come to be regarded much like those made two centuries before, by Charles the First of England, who had

[1] For the De Circourt correspondence, see the English translation by Butler, London, 1894.

[2] For a brief but excellent statement regarding the influence of Cavour's life as a journalist upon his life as a statesman, see Zanichelli, *Cavour*, pp. 166 and following.

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lied to all parties until it was found that putting him to death was the only remedy. But a promise from the House of Savoy was of sterling value, not only in the eyes of Italy, but of Europe. How much it meant was to be seen later, not only in Italy but in Spain and throughout Europe.

The revolutionary movement in Europe spread rapidly and irresistibly. Louis Philippe fled from his throne in France, the King of Prussia was humiliated by the mob in his capital; from every part of Europe despots, great or small, rumbled along the high-roads toward England.

In this general scramble for safety, absolute rulers began to offer reforms and even constitutions, but, erelong, nearly all the petty princelings of Italy fled from their states. Even Rome moved. Pope Pius offered, finally, various reforms, among them a ministry containing, for a wonder, three laymen, and even a parliament, — but this parliament subject to a secret committee of cardinals.

Best of all for Italy was the revolution at Vienna. Milan and Venice rose immediately, and each drove out the Austrian oppressor; Italian patriotism seemed irresistible, and the whole nation rose in aid of these two city-centres of effort for national independence.

Up to this time Cavour had in all his work sought to develop Italian resources, to promote education, to stimulate the arts of peace, to resist everything like revolution. Now comes a sudden change. In all his utterances he is now for war; he declares that, no matter how inferior in forces Piedmont may be, she must march to the aid of Milan and Venice.

To this pressure King Charles Albert yielded, marched his troops against Austria, was, in the first main battle, — Goito, — successful, and entered Milan as a conqueror. As he had promised, his sons supported him bravely. Of one of them, the world was destined to hear much, — as Victor Emmanuel II; the world now began to hear also of one Joseph Garibaldi, fighting in the mountains at the head of volunteers.

But King Charles Albert was no general; his first victory was not vigorously followed up, and calamities came on all sides. Pope Pius, having yielded to the Roman people so far as to send troops to keep the Austrians out of his dominions, began to show an utter unwillingness to do more; he would give no further help to his fellow Italians rebelling against his old friend Austria. Ferdinand of Naples, who had at first, after the Neapolitan-Bourbon fashion, made every sort of patriotic pledge and proclamation, and had sent ships and troops against Austria, now turned traitor and secretly issued instructions to his admirals and generals, nullifying all their patriotic efforts; other Italian princelings followed his example; in the minds of all these rulers there was working not only a hatred of constitutional liberty, but a jealousy of Piedmont as the head of the new movement, — as the kingdom whose monarch had begun to lead Italy to victory and who might profit by it.

But there came things worse by far than these, — political fooleries of the sort which have generally ruined revolutions. At Milan, the great centre of Lombardy, after days of heroic bravery, came a reign of utter folly, — long and bitter discussions as to what sort of government should be established when Italian liberty should be finally achieved, demands for a constituent assembly, for a convention, for all the fine things which had thitherto brought every European revolution to ruin. It was a folly only comparable with the scenes at Constantinople, nearly five hundred years before, when the leaders gave their time to impassioned debates on theological points, while the Turks were storming the walls of the city. Nor was this all. At Rome things were even worse. Pius IX had wisely selected, as the head of his cabinet, Pellegrino Rossi, a political thinker whose abilities had received the highest recognition in Switzerland and France, a states-

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man who, though a refugee from Italy, had been made an ambassador at Rome, by the government of Louis Philippe. No thinking man denied Rossi's high character and great ability, and it was certain that all his influence would be thrown in behalf of constitutional liberty; but meantime had come declarations of schemers and dreamers, demanding fruit on the day the tree was planted, stimulating every sort of outbreak, glorifying every growth of quackery, demanding "government by the people," —by which they meant the sovereignty of the city mob, — and denouncing Rossi as an incarnation of evil.

The natural result of such denunciations followed, — the same result of unlimited calumny which our own Republic has seen in the deaths of Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley. Rossi was assassinated at the door of Parliament, and the Pope, a prisoner at the Quirinal, insulted, terrified, gave up all hope or effort for liberty and fled to Gaëta. From that date, through his entire reign, the longest in the history of the Papacy, Pope Pius remained an utter disbeliever in free government; and not only this but a disbeliever in all freedom of thought, destined, in his famous "Encyclical," to make the most reactionary declaration against everything like human freedom which the world has ever known.[1]

[1] For interesting and brilliant descriptions and statements of the various episodes in the struggle both before and after the battle of Novara, see W. R. Thayer, *The Dawn of Italian Independence*, Boston, 1899.

For a convincing exhibition of these revolutionary follies, see Cantu, *Histoire des Italiens*, vol. 12, livre 18. For some redeeming characteristics of the Italian revolutionists, see Countess Martinengo Cesaresco, *Italian Characters*, especially the chapters on Bassi, Bixio, and others.

For a succinct but striking picture of the earlier political follies of the mob at Milan in Bonaparte's time see Lemmi, *Le Origini del Risorgimento Italiano*, pp. 118 and following. For curious details regarding the earlier patriotic activity of Rossi in Italy see same, pp. 427 and 437.

Thus it was that "the fool reformer" — the worst plague of thinking statesmen, in all times — had done the work of Austria and the Italian tyrants thoroughly, — as thoroughly as did similar "reformers" in Russia thirty years later, when they assassinated Alexander II., the Czar Emancipator, in the midst of his efforts to give his people constitutional liberty, — and as they are doing it now, under Nicholas II. At this cruel murder of Rossi, all Europe and, indeed, all the world, was disheartened and even disgusted. Charles Albert tried to fight on, but, in July of 1848, at the Battle of Custozza, he was overcome and there came a truce. Now was the time to call in Cavour; but the king still distrusted him, the people misunderstood him, the Turin mob had its way, another period of political folly set in, and, as a result, the Piedmontese army marched once more against Austria, and in March, 1849, at Novara, was soundly and thoroughly beaten. The king abdicates his throne, even on the battlefield, takes refuge in Portugal, and soon dies. Full reaction succeeds throughout Italy, and, indeed, throughout Europe. Austria, in spite of her own troubles elsewhere, is jubilant in Italy. Again her troops enter Milan and Venice; still worse, if possible, a French garrison enters Rome, nominally to control reformers of the sort who had murdered Rossi; and there it remained for nearly twenty years.

All seemed lost. Piedmont, under its new king, Victor Emmanuel II, seemed utterly at the mercy of Austria. The material distress of the little kingdom was of the greatest, but, in spite of it, she showed a moral elevation which from the first indicated that she would finally rise above all this calamity; and the main agent in this new effort was Cavour. Up to this time, though recognized as a powerful journalist and man of affairs, he had taken no official part in political life. He had been a candidate for election to parliament and had been beaten; but the people, taught by adversity, see-

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ing that his counsels had been prompted by patriotic foresight, finally elected him. The new king's ministry was led by D'Azeglio, but, at last, after various ministerial changes, came a personal catastrophe which ended in a way most unexpected.

Holding the Departments of Agriculture, Commerce, and the Navy in the ministry was Santa Rosa, a patriotic writer and scholar, respected and beloved throughout the kingdom. Suddenly, in August, 1850, he was taken with mortal illness. As a writer he had been one of Cavour's main colleagues in the editorial work of the *Risorgimento;* as a minister he had aided to carry out one of Cavour's main ideas, by bringing into Parliament a bill abolishing the mediæval powers of ecclesiastical tribunals. Against this, though the Church had long before agreed to a similar reform in France, there came fierce ecclesiastical protests, and, in his dying hours, Santa Rosa, though a devout Catholic, was refused the last sacraments, by order of Monsignor Fransoni, the Archbishop of Turin. To men of these days such a matter would seem of the least possible consequence, but, to the devout populace of Turin, it seemed an awful catastrophe and they held the archbishop responsible for it. The hatred thus engendered lasted long. It was brought to bear in various ways upon those whose petty spite had caused it and upon the Church at large, but its most noteworthy immediate result was that patriotic pressure now obliged the young king to name Cavour as Santa Rosa's successor. The king yielded gracefully, but with the jocose warning to all the other ministers that Cavour would some day occupy all their places. As we shall see, this prediction proved virtually true: with the exception of one ministry, that of Justice, Cavour was destined, at various periods, to occupy all the positions in the royal cabinet, and not infrequently several of them at the same time.

Various difficulties followed; but the country soon recognized Cavour as its leader. The special work of his new office was done admirably. The Department of Agriculture he developed as never before; commerce and manufactures he strengthened by the most intelligent scientific and practical methods; as to the navy, there came a stroke of genius, for he placed the great naval arsenal at Spezzia. People complained that it was on the extreme edge of the Piedmontese dominions; but he made little if any reply, treasuring in his heart of hearts the fact that for a future united Italy it was the best site possible.

A dissolution of the ministry having come in 1852, Cavour gave up office for a time, visited France and England, made a closer acquaintance than ever with their leading statesmen, and, most important of all, met for the first time Napoleon III, and had an opportunity to impress his ideas regarding Italy on that monarch, formerly a Carbonaro, now in all his glory as Emperor of the French,—not yet shown to the world by Bismarck as "a great unrecognized incapacity."

Returning to Turin and again entering the ministry, Cavour's work became greater than ever. There were more and more trying questions to be settled with Austria; difficulties even more subtle with the Vatican and the clerical party, who sought to save every old ecclesiastical abuse which Cavour wished to remedy.

Nothing could be more unjust than their attacks upon him, for from first to last, against all provocations, he was singularly faithful to the Church. When he felt that the old monkish abuses must be stopped and sundry revenues of bishops diminished, he used the revenues then obtained, not for civic purposes, greatly as they were needed by the state, but to increase the stipends of the poorer clergy. No maltreatment by the Church ever succeeded in provoking him to take anything like revenge.

The annoyances from the clerical party were, indeed, vexatious. The bad har-

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vests, the coming of the cholera, which science had not yet disarmed, and the death of the queen, with two other members of the royal family, all were exhibited by clerical orators as a divine punishment of Cavour's government, for its crimes against the Church.

But Cavour presses on none the less vigorously. He begins the new system of Italian railways, makes commercial treaties with the leading European powers, alleviates the suffering of the poor by wiser adjustment of tariffs, visits the cholera hospitals, cheers the patients and sees that the best care is given them, and in the midst of ten thousand matters of business, great and small, carries on continuously his negotiations with France and England looking to the driving of Austria out of Italy.

Three serious difficulties beset him ever more and more. A strong industrial party, vexed by his commercial treaties, which had interfered with their profits, insisted that he was ruining the country financially; the extreme revolutionists, vexed by his coolness toward feather-brained fanatics, insisted that he was ruining the country politically; the all-pervading clerical party, vexed by his suppression of sundry monasteries and church abuses, insisted that he was ruining the people religiously. Calumnies of every sort were invented, — he was making a vast fortune out of the people; he was wrecking the liberties of the people; he was destroying the souls of the people.

He took it all cheerily and pressed on, taking it for granted that the sober second thought of the country would do him justice.

The calumny regarding his self-seeking cleared itself away when the fact became known that on his accepting the post of finance minister he had sold all his stocks and shares which could be directly affected by legislation or by governmental policy.

His method of working through the various parties in parliament also exposed him at times to attack, and even to obloquy. From first to last, he refused utterly to violate the constitution of his country, but he never hesitated to violate party lines and precedents. If he could not work with one party, he made alliance with another; if he could not carry the whole of any one party with him, he found his supporters in various parties. To a man of less genius this would have been perilous, but it was by this means, especially, that he carried through many of his most important measures, and it was soon felt that his aims were those of his country, and that he rose superior to all parties.[1]

In January, 1855, he made the first in a series of great moves, not only as an Italian, but as a European statesman. The Crimean War had come. Nicholas I of Russia, a fanatical absolutist, had brought together vast and showy armies and navies, had concentrated great power in the Black Sea, and had, in various ways, shown a determination to take possession of the Turkish Empire in Europe and along the Eastern Mediterranean. Against this, France, England, and Turkey had united and had sent their armies into the Crimea. Suddenly, in January, 1855, Europe was amazed to find that Cavour had joined Piedmont with the three powers against Russia, and had pledged his country, with its four millions of inhabitants, to send 20,000 troops to aid them. Never was there a bolder stroke of policy. Against it were arrayed all his old enemies in parliament and press, and, joined with them, many who had been his oldest and best friends. The aristocracy naturally favored autocratic Russia; the democracy naturally dreaded imperial France. In the debates conservatives and radicals bitterly attacked him; indeed, the argument seemed against him. How absurd to plunge his country, with

[1] For an able discussion of this characteristic in Cavour's statesmanship, see Zanichelli, Introduction to his *Scritti di Cavour;* also, one of the later chapters in Dicey's *Cavour*.

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its four millions of people, into a war against Russia, with her hundred millions! How wicked to join in a war with which Piedmont had nothing to do! How slender the chances that the little Italian army could accomplish anything! How certain that the only possible result would be the impoverishment of the little kingdom! How inevitable that the great powers, having used Piedmont, would, in any treaty which might close the war, ignore her claims and fling her aside!

Against these the arguments of Cavour seemed slender. His main reasons — the necessity of obtaining recognition of Piedmont as a European power, of securing an alliance with the two great powers of Western Europe in order to counter-match Austria, of training an Italian army for a new struggle for independence — he could not avow. Those which he could avow were anything but convincing. Of what avail to say that little Piedmont did not wish Russia to become too strong in the Mediterranean?

But, despite all this, Cavour defeated his adversaries, won over King Victor Emmanuel and a small majority of the parliament, and sent the little Italian army to the Crimea. At first Europe was inclined to laugh at it. The fable of the Frog and the Ox was recalled in countless satires and caricatures. Ill fortune came; the cholera sadly depleted the little force; there was much delay in its operations; but, finally, came news that it had won a real victory, demanding skill and hard fighting, at the Tchernaya. The effect was magical. The pride of all Italy was aroused; more widely than ever Cavour was now recognized as the Italian leader; the people at large began to divine his reasons and to do him justice; more and more the idea spread throughout Europe that Italy was determined to have her independence and freedom, and that somehow Cavour would secure it.

At the close of the war, in 1856, came a first open triumph of his policy, for Piedmont, with Cavour as her representative, despite all the opposition of Austria, was admitted to the Congress of Paris.

To many, his position as representing so small a state, among colleagues who represented great empires, seemed ridiculous, and he, knowing that it must be so, was at first very quiet, — not interfering while English, French, Russian, and Austrian statesmen discussed their main interests. But, as these questions grew deeper and broader, his opinion was sought; and, joining in the debate, he was soon seen to be a master. This recognition obtained, he secured a sort of personal alliance with the emperor and his minister, Walewski, and so was able to bring the condition of Italy and the conduct of Austria toward her before the Conference. Naturally Austria protested bitterly; naturally, also, nothing decisive for Italy was then done; but the great thing was that Cavour had spoken, through the Conference, to all Europe. More and more it was seen that the condition of things in Italy was a menace to European civilization; that every town in the Italian peninsula was a centre of fanaticism, and that revolution might spring forth at any moment, to plague all the great powers.

This work done, Cavour returned to Turin and opened a new era in the industrial history of southern Europe by beginning, in 1857, the first of the three great tunnels under the Alps now connecting Italy with the north, — that of Mont Cenis.

But in January of the following year came a calamity. Certain Italian fanatics, at their head Felice Orsini, enraged at Napoleon III, who, in his youth, had taken the oaths of the Carbonari, and, at the height of his power had forgotten them, flung a bomb beneath his carriage. The immediate result was that many innocent people were killed and wounded, while the emperor escaped. The remote result was a decided check to the better feeling toward Italy, a bitter distrust of

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Italians, a feeling that, after all, Austria might be right in aiding to keep down a people which resorted to such cruelty and folly.

There was a sequence of events and change in sympathies such as we have seen in the whole world of late regarding Russia: at first, strong sympathy with her people and its representatives, but finally, disgust at their folly and cruelty, and a preference for the old despotism over the new. To meet this feeling Cavour felt obliged to bring into the Piedmontese Parliament strong laws against conspirators and assassins. This brought upon him increased hostility from the fanatical element in Italy; but one thing served powerfully to recover the confidence of Europe, and that was the distinction which Cavour drew most powerfully and clearly between a rational evolution of freedom, on one side, and a wild plunge into revolution, on the other. In this he was thoroughly honest. Even in his youth, sketching in an essay his hopes for liberty in Italy and his ideas as to the best means of realizing them, he had declared against sudden and revolutionary changes; to put it in the language of our day, he supported evolution rather than revolution, and, in this new declaration of his creed, Europe recognized him as a true statesman; more than ever it was felt, even by conservatives, that an epidemic of destructive and sterile revolution could best be avoided by releasing Italy from her oppressors.

Six months later came a turning-point. Very privately — indeed, under an assumed name — Cavour visited Napoleon III at the little French watering-place of Plombières. There he brought to bear on the emperor all his skill, in showing that the existing order of things was a menace to the Napoleonic throne as well as to European order, and so cogently that the French monarch entered into a secret agreement with him against Austria.

Returning to Italy, he met at Baden-Baden the Prince Regent of Prussia, one of the most thoughtful of men, who had every reason to dread and hate revolution, and who afterward became William I, Emperor of Germany. Undoubtedly, in the conversation which then took place, an impression was made which, at the critical moment during the struggle which followed, did something to prevent the Prussian ruler from interfering in behalf of Austria.

Of course, in all this effort by Cavour, especially with the Emperor Napoleon III, the Italian statesman had to encounter the open hostility and the secret intrigues of the clerical party in France as well as in Italy. Through the Empress Eugénie, a Spanish woman devoted to the Church, they had a hold upon the French court, and in a thousand ways were able to promote what they considered the interests of Austria and of the Vatican.

But, on the first of January, 1859, a speech made by the Emperor Napoleon in the presence of the ambassadors at the Tuileries foreshadowed war with Austria, and in a similar speech at Turin, King Victor Emmanuel, some days later, showed the same intention. Warlike preparations followed, on both sides, Cavour being especially active. His greatest trouble was now due to the vacillation of Napoleon III. The emperor had many misgivings, and did not know his own mind. At times he was bent on peace. England blunderingly interfered and offered her good offices. Worst of all, Russia interposed and urged a special conference of the European powers, thus influencing the emperor so far that he telegraphed Cavour, insisting that he must agree to this. Probably, of all the moments in his life, this was to Cavour the most trying. He telegraphed to the Emperor his agreement; but so bitter was his regret that his friends feared his suicide.

For a moment all his plans seemed wrecked; but he now made a master stroke. Skillfully he provoked Austria

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to insist that Piedmont should disarm before the assembling of the council, and to declare that if she did not disarm Austria would begin war. Then Cavour simply refused to disarm, — put Austria in the wrong, forced her to fight, and forced Napoleon III to lead French troops into Piedmont against her. Fortunately, too, the generalship of Austria proved as bad as her diplomacy. By a rapid movement the Austrians might have occupied the Piedmontese capital; but there was delay, the allied armies made the most of it, and, on the 12th of June they won the terrible battle of Magenta, and the allied sovereigns entered Milan as conquerors. Shortly afterward came the battle of Solferino, and, while Napoleon III showed none of the military qualities of the man whose name he bore, King Victor Emmanuel gained especial credit for bravery. Austria was completely beaten and it seemed certain that she would now be expelled from the Italian Peninsula. Suddenly came a catastrophe. In his proclamation at the beginning of the war, Napoleon had declared that Italy should be set free, from the Alps to the Adriatic, but, after these tremendous battles, he halted. He evidently feared that Prussia, with her great power, might interfere. He also saw that his army had, probably, gained more prestige in the battles of Magenta and Solferino than it was likely to secure thereafter. There was a vein of sentiment in him, such as the first Napoleon had never shown; the heaps of dead and wounded sickened him, and he dwelt plaintively on the fact that he had lost ten thousand men. The Austrians had retreated within the strong "quadrilateral" formed by their four great fortresses in Northern Italy, and thenceforth war must be a slow, painful effort against Austria, the Papacy, Naples, and, possibly, Prussia.

Therefore it was that suddenly, without notice to Cavour, Napoleon III arranged a meeting with the Austrian emperor at Villafranca, and patched up a peace. In this he set Lombardy free from Austria and virtually gave it, with Milan as its centre, to Piedmont, but he allowed Austria still to retain her hold upon Venice, agreed that the principal petty despots of Central Italy might return to their dominions, and provided for a Central Italian Confederacy, to be presided over by the Pope.[1]

For a time, Cavour felt that all was lost. He seemed stunned and dazed. He had, indeed, taken Lombardy out of the clutch of Austria; but he had expected far more. He had relied upon the emperor's word that Italy should be free, "from the Alps to the Adriatic." In a stormy interview with Victor Emmanuel he denounced the whole procedure, protested against the treaty, begged the king to refuse to sign it, to resist it, and to press on with the Italian army alone. Fortunately Cavour was in this unsuccessful; and now, sooner than attach his signature to the treaty, he retired from the ministry and, apparently, gave up political life. He even left his country, went to Switzerland, and settled down for a time with his old friends on the shores of Lake Leman. But soon his old vigor — indeed, his old cheerfulness — returned. We have the testimony of those who were then with him, to the effect that he soon recovered all his elasticity and devoted himself even more earnestly than before to thinking out new ways and means of accomplishing his great purpose — despite the emperor's treachery.[2]

[1] For letters and dispatches of Cavour and his agents, revealing his skill in disentangling and solving the enormous difficulties before and during the war of 1859, see Bianchi, *La Politique de Cavour*, pp. 334 and following.

For a thoughtful statement of the motives of Napoleon III, in negotiating at Villafranca, see Zanichelli, *Cavour*, cap. ix; also Mazade.

For curious details, see General Fleury's account of his secret mission from Napoleon III to the Emperor Francis Joseph.

[2] For an intensely interesting account of Cavour's retirement to Switzerland, at this time, written by one almost constantly with him there, see De la Rive, *Cavour*, cap. xiii.

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At the Zurich Congress which followed, Napoleon III made proposals utterly incompatible with Cavour's idea of a united Italy. The emperor, evidently affected by the need of conciliating his French priesthood, suggested various plans, differing from one another in details, but all containing hints, more or less vague, at carrying out his version of Gioberti's old idea and establishing a confederacy mainly of four states: namely, Piedmont, including Lombardy; Venice, with the minor principalities put back under Austrian slavery; the Papal dominions; Naples, with Sicily; and, possibly, in addition, a little kingdom to be carved out of Tuscany and its neighbors, for his wretched cousin, Prince Jerome Napoleon, — the Pope to be president over the whole.

Curious was it, in connection with this, that Gioberti himself, the renowned author of the confederation idea, had now fully renounced it, had, indeed, avowed a sort of loathing for it, and, in his final book, his *Rinnovamento*, published shortly before his death just at this time, in 1859, had demonstrated that in his old plan there was no longer any hope, but that Italy must be united as a single kingdom, with Piedmont at its head.

Happily, events in the Italian Peninsula were now far beyond Napoleon's reach. Though the Villafranca arrangement had contemplated the restoration of the Austro-Italian princelings, it had provided no means of accomplishing this, and the people throughout Middle Italy —indeed, throughout the whole of Italy — had determined that they would not be put back under the old tyranny and would never allow the Austrian satraps to return.

Events followed fast. Cavour was soon drawn out of his retirement. In March, 1860, eight different districts elected him to the approaching Italian Parliament, and again he began his labors. There was much difficulty in keeping the hands of Napoleon III off the growing movements for independence and liberty in Middle Italy, but Cavour was skillful and vigorous, and the main districts of the Papal Kingdom, Tuscany, and adjacent divisions of Italy, by overwhelming majorities, voted themselves out from under Austria, the Pope, and their various princelings, and into the new Kingdom of Italy.

This came as an embarrassing argument to Napoleon III. For when, as President, he had sought the imperial power in France, he had appealed to the French people, and his title to sovereignty rested upon just such a great poplar majority as this which the people of Central Italy now gave Victor Emmanuel. The *plebiscite*, in these regions of Italy which Napoleon III sought to give back to their old masters, now did its work thoroughly well against him; in every case the vote against the old order of things, and in behalf of annexation to the Italian Kingdom, was virtually unanimous.

Meantime, in the spring of 1860, revolution had broken out in Palermo, and was rapidly undermining Bourbon power in Sicily. On the 11th of May, Garibaldi, with his famous "Thousand," landed in the island, and having defeated the armies of the Neapolitan king at Palermo, declared himself dictator in the name of Victor Emmanuel.

In this matter, without doubt, Cavour swerved exceptionally from his fundamental creed, for, while he did not promote the beginnings of Garibaldi's invasion of Sicily, he had not opposed it, and, when it was under way, he had aided it.

More than this, he now promoted insurrection in Lower Italy, partly to prepare the way for Garibaldi, partly, no doubt, to make good the claims of United Italy against a Garibaldian dictatorship.

Southern Italy was fully ripe for revolution; every sane mind in Europe must have expected it. As far back as 1850 and 1851, Mr. Gladstone, making a long stay in Naples, closely studied the methods of King Ferdinand II, and revealed

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them in his "Letters to the Earl of Aberdeen," which, in pamphlet form, were circulated throughout Europe and America. Gladstone had attended the treason trials, visited the prisoners, talked with men of light and leading, and his revelations were damning. The administration of the law was a cruel farce, the government freely suborned witnesses, the prisons were filthy and crowded with men merely suspected of liberalism. Former members of the king's cabinet, professors in the University, respected citizens of all professions, were languishing in dungeons or working in the chain gang. Among these, one who attracted especial attention was Baron Carlo Poerio, a former minister, whom Gladstone characterized as "a refined and accomplished gentleman, a respected and blameless character," and who was imprisoned, with fifteen others, in a room less than fifteen feet long and only eight feet high; and there these men lived night and day, always chained two by two. Still another was Settembrini, one of the most beloved and respected professors in the University of Naples, who had sat with the king in council, but who, having incurred the monarch's dislike by his liberalism, was, at this time, brought out to work in the chain gang in front of the Royal Palace, — His Majesty occasionally going out upon the balcony to enjoy the sight of him.[1]

Gladstone's denunciations of this whole system culminated in the declaration that it was "the negation of God, erected into a system of government." But all opposition was unheeded by Neapolitan royalty. The Holy Alliance found no fault with it, and the Emperor Nicholas of Russia especially honored it, petted its envoy at the Winter Palace, and sent the king two colossal statues in bronze, representing powerful steeds conquered by strong men and typifying the curbing of resistance to authority. These were placed at the entrance of the Royal Palace and there they remain even to this day. It may be added that within a short distance of them now stands a noble statue of Carlo Poerio.[2]

In 1859 Ferdinand had died and there had come to the throne his son, Francis II, a poor creature, moulded as nearly as possible in his father's image by his eminent tutor, Archbishop Apuzzo, and by his Jesuit instructors; and, during his reign of two years, he proved himself their apt pupil.

In the summer of 1860, he gave a famous exhibition of tragedy and farce. Garibaldi, with his "Thousand," having conquered King Francis's realm of Sicily, despite the 30,000 troops stationed in the island, invaded the mainland, and the young despot attempted to make headway against them by time-honored Bourbon methods. Bringing out one of the old constitutions which his father and grandfather had sworn to and violated, he avowed his willingness, nay, his wish, to swear to observe it. But, alas for him! his fathers had taught the people of Southern Italy the worthless-

[1] Of all the memoirs of this period, those of Settembrini seem to me to throw the clearest light into the methods of Italian tyranny. The account of his rescue by his son is one of the most vivid and fascinating recitals in all history. See Settembrini, *Ricordanze della mia Vita*, vol. ii, pp. 356 to the end.

[2] A similar pair of statues was sent by Nicholas to his brother-in-law, Frederick William IV, of Prussia, in approval of that monarch's opposition to constitutional liberty. To one of these statues the Berlin wits gave the name "Progress Checked," and to the other, "Retrogression Encouraged;" and they have adorned the entrance of the Royal Palace at Berlin from that day to this. The originals, by Clodt, stand on the Nevsky Bridge at St. Petersburg.

The favor shown King Ferdinand's minister at St. Petersburg was a matter of jocose remark in the diplomatic corps during the first official residence of the present writer in that city. The representative seemed intellectually well suited to his duties, which were, apparently, little more than to assure the Czar of King Ferdinand's fidelity to the most extreme theories and practices of despotism.

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ness of Bourbon promises. More than that, it was speedily made known how this poor young king had been educated. The *Catechismo Filosofico*, as edited by his tutor, Archbishop Apuzzo, was republished and circulated far and wide, and it called the attention of Italy and the world to the fact that the king, with the approval of his father, had been taught by this ecclesiastical tutor that no oaths sworn by a sovereign to a constitution are binding, not even those made to secure a throne; that the moment a man is made king he is responsible to God alone, and that no oaths to his people can hold him. Jesuit casuistry now recoiled upon its authors; the movement for Italian liberty in Naples carried all before it. In the first days of September, 1860, King Francis fled to the fortress of Gaëta; and, while he there showed himself to be feeble and worthless, his young German queen won the admiration of Europe by virtually taking command and holding that fortress during six months. Then the royal couple escaped, and, having for a time settled in Rome, were able to punish their former subjects by sending bands of brigands among them, robbing, burning, and murdering; but this being finally ended, they retreated to Paris, and were heard of no more save in a romance which exhibited them to the mingled derision and pity of the world.[1]

On September 7, 1860, Garibaldi entered Naples; and now began a new complication, — for Cavour perhaps the most wearisome of his whole life. With the Garibaldian army had come Italian extremists of every sort, in the midst of them Mazzini, and these, in the interest of their vaguely dreamed republic, did their worst against the annexation of Naples and Sicily to the Italian Kingdom, and won to some of their most troublesome ideas the support of Garibaldi.

The Pope, too, gave great trouble. He obtained an army by summoning foreign volunteers, among them many dismissed from the French army, put them under Lamoricière, who had won respect as a French general, and did his best to make Italian unity impossible. It was serious, indeed, for Cavour to find arrayed against him this triple foe, — the Pope, appealing to the religious world, Mazzini, appealing to lazzaroni republicans, and Garibaldi, flushed with his great victories; but with each and all these foes he at once grappled vigorously. Next to the French alliance it was his greatest stroke of policy. Not waiting for Garibaldi to come northward, he sends an Italian army into the Papal States, and, at Castelfidardo, defeats Lamoricière and disperses the last of papal armies. He strikes no less boldly at Naples, — pushing on Italian troops, with Victor Emmanuel at their head, to cooperate with Garibaldi, but, at the same time, to assert, against the great adventurer, the rights of united Italy to disperse anarchic forces, and establish the claims of right reason. Unmindful of the pretended republican or democratic proclivities of the Neapolitan lazzaroni, who had shown themselves as ready to murder and plunder with hurrahs for liberty as with cheers for King Bomba, he carries through Parliament measures incorporating into the new nation Naples, Sicily, the main part of the Papal territory, Tuscany, and the rest, until he has brought into it all Italy save Venice and Rome.

And now, early in March, 1861, having assembled in Turin the first Italian Parliament, he fully committed it to all his great measures, and, above all, to a United Italy and to Victor Emmanuel as its constitutional king.

The rapidity, vigor, and inspiration of Cavour's measures carried everything before them. He was now president of

[1] As to the Apuzzo Catechism, the edition in my possession is that of 1861; the title page, however, speaks of it as a reprint from the edition of 1850.

The romance referred to is by Daudet, *Les Rois en Exil*.

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the new Ministry of the Italian Kingdom, and summoned to his side as colleagues the foremost men of the whole peninsula, among them such men as Minghetti, Peruzzi, and de Sanctis.

There was, indeed, a painful side to all this, for Cavour had, by some of the measures which he had felt obliged to take, separated himself from many old and devoted friends; and especially had he given offense to some of the best of these by his apparent relinquishment of his old ideas against revolutionary methods.

Even more painful to him was the course of Garibaldi, who bitterly resented various things in Cavour's statesmanship, and, above all, his surrender of Nice to Napoleon III. In that town Garibaldi was born, and he complained that Cavour had made him a foreigner in his own birthplace. Garibaldi urged the king to dismiss Cavour from the ministry, issued letters against him, and finally entered Parliament in order to attack him.

All this was, indeed, disheartening. Nearly a year before, Cavour, in one of the most powerful and brilliant speeches in parliamentary history, had shown why the cession of Nice and Savoy to France was an absolutely necessary condition to the establishment of Italian unity. ,At times pathetic, at times humorous, at times eloquent, he had defended his policy and convinced the country. He, indeed lamented the necessity of ceding these territories, and this feeling he expressed most nobly; but, as a matter of fact, both Savoy and the city of Nice had long been more French than Italian. In both, French was the language mainly spoken, and many of their deputies in parliament could speak no other. The commerce and the sympathies of both were largely, if not mainly, French. Savoy, though the cradle of the royal house of Italy, was largely in the hands of priests, and constantly in opposition to Italian aspirations. Nice was rapidly becoming a French pleasure ground. That speech of Cavour had, to all appearance, settled the question and opened the way for other questions far more pressing; but now all must begin again and in a way that was discouraging and even exasperating.[1]

Despite all this, the triumphant general now loudly denounced the triumphant statesman as one who had flung away Italian territory, had made war between brothers, had betrayed liberty; and he united with those who denounced Cavour for selling to France Savoy, the cradle of the new Italian monarchy. Parts of the debate were very painful; but Cavour thoroughly controlled himself and rose quietly above all passion and bitterness. He allowed that the resentment of Garibaldi for the sacrifice of his birthplace was natural, declared that he could not blame him for it, and, at the crisis of the attack, he remained silent. But others came to his defense. The cruel injustice of these charges was manifest to every thinking Italian. The speech of Ricasoli, discussing the whole situation and Cavour's part in it, has taken its place among the masterpieces of Italian eloquence; and among those who followed him on the same side were men who had long differed with Cavour.

It looked for a time as if civil war between Northern and Southern Italy might ensue; but leaders on both sides showed a determination to allay this bitterness, and finally, in April, 1861, there came a reconciliation, — Cavour and Garibaldi continuing to revere, and to distrust each other.

Now drew on Cavour's final struggle, — his effort to secure Rome as the national capital; but the Vatican rejected every proposal, and the emperor, to please the clerical party in France, interposed ob-

[1] For Cavour's main speech in full, with indications of his sway over his audience by his wit, humor, knowledge of affairs, and eloquence, see Artom e Blanc, *Cavour in Parlamento*, pp. 557 and following.

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stacles to every measure tending to make Italy united and independent. There constantly rose in the emperor's mind the old vague dreams of an Italian confederacy with the Pope at its head, with a restoration of Bourbons here and Hapsburgs there, and, perhaps, a Bonaparte in Tuscany,—all keeping the country disunited and weak, making it for ever an easy prey to French intrigue or force. But against both Pope and Emperor Cavour steadily maintained his policy of a United Italy under a single head and with a liberal constitution, and he gained steadily upon his adversaries.

But while the steady opposition of the Vatican to every proposal for placing the national capital at Rome was vexatious, and the attitude of the emperor still more so, there came a piece of great good fortune to the Italian cause. This was an occurrence apparently most trifling, and in a Roman provincial city, yet of all things that ever alienated public opinion, — Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, — throughout the world, from the Papal policy, this proved the most powerful. On the 24th of June, 1858, a devout servant, Anna Morisi, entrusted with the care of a little child, Edgar Mortara, in a Jewish family of Bologna, and anxious to save the child's soul, had entered into relations with the Holy Inquisition, — the result being that a priest was sent who baptized the infant and then carried off both the maid and the child.

The agonized parents begging for the return of their son, the pontifical authority threatened to put into force against them certain obsolete laws which punished Jews for employing Catholic servants. The parents were not allowed even to see their child. These facts were concealed until about the end of August, 1858, when the story came out and ran like wildfire throughout Italy and, indeed, throughout Christendom. Everywhere the press protested against this monstrous iniquity, save in Austria, where the government forbade any public mention of it. In France the remonstrances became especially bitter, and Veuillot, the most eminent of French ultramontane editors, made matters still worse by defending the abduction of the little Mortara as in conformity with the traditions of the Church, and by calling attention to the fact that this right of abduction had been claimed, as against Protestant children, by some of the most eminent authorities of the French Church, under the old Bourbon monarchy.

All this served to increase the indignation of Christendom, and public opinion became so strong that both France and Great Britain made remonstrances at the Vatican. All to no purpose. The Papal Government simply inserted in their official organ — the *Civilta Cattolica* — a note declaring the question "purely spiritual;" the Pope had no response to make to foreign powers. This increased the general indignation, crippled the French clerical party in its efforts to prevent the union of France with Italy during the following year, — and vastly increased the number of those who hoped and prayed that the war of 1859 might result in the substitution of lay for clerical government at Rome.

Two years later the Mortara family brought suit against Anna Morisi for the abduction. To this the Papal Court simply answered that the young woman had entered a convent, and that the whole matter was "purely spiritual." Finally Prussia showed a disposition to intervene. This seemed so serious that, in some mysterious manner, the Mortara family were persuaded to withdraw their suit, and were even offered restitution of the boy if they would consent to be baptized. Meantime he had become fully converted and the matter ceased to occupy public attention; but probably nothing did more than this apparently petty matter to produce the feeling which at last enabled Italy to make its capital at Rome, without the slightest effective remonstrance from any human being.

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Nor was this the only result. Whenever any European nation since that time has established unsectarian public schools and the priesthood has protested against them, in the name of the "Rights of Parents" as regards the education of their children, the Mortara case has been cited as a sufficient answer.

But in these efforts for Italian Unity Cavour sacrificed his life. His daily work was a wonder to all who knew him. During various periods he held several of the most important ministries at the same time, and constantly had to deal with intricate problems in every part of Italy and in many parts of Europe. At these he wrought night and day, — in his bed-chamber, at his work-table, in the audience rooms, in the King's Cabinet, at the various ministries, in the parliamentary debates, — everywhere; but so easily, so cheerily, that he and all about him were deceived as to his physical condition.[1]

Arrived at the age of fifty, in full middle life, he suddenly found himself unable to go on. There was a painful illness of a week, — his powers had at last completely failed him. Pathetic were his attempts to grasp again the various pressing Italian questions. Touching were his final interviews with his dearest friends and with the king. Italy and its future were in all his thoughts. During the last visit of Victor Emmanuel to his bedside, the dying statesman dwelt long upon the difficulties yet to be encountered, but always hopefully. In all his last conversations he held steadily to his declaration, "Italy is made," — "*L' Italia e fatta.*" Most earnestly he urged that no despotic measures should be used under any pretext. Especially touching was his reference to the Neapolitans, his plea for patience with them, corrupted as they had been by centuries of despotism.

Most touching of all was the final scene. Some years before, in the time of the cholera, bearing in mind the refusal of the Archbishop of Genoa to grant the last consolations of the Church to Santa Rosa, Cavour had secured from a kindly friar, "Brother James," a promise to attend him in his dying hours. This promise was redeemed, and, in the final moment, Cavour grasped the friar's hand and uttered his last words, — "Brother, brother, a free Church in a free State" (*Frate, frate, una libera chiesa in libero stato*).

Thus, in leaving the world, he asserted the great principle for which he had so long labored and which he felt sure gave the best of guarantees to religion as well as to patriotism.

In thus showing his respect for the religion in which he had been born and bred, he was, undoubtedly, actuated both by patriotic and by religious motives. During his last hours he had said, "I die as a good Christian; I have never done evil to any one."

Sad is it to record the fact that the good priest was severely punished for his kindly act, — was summoned to Rome, removed from his little church, and sent to end his life in a distant monastery.

The completion of Cavour's work for the unity of Italy followed as if under a natural law. He was succeeded by noble men who, in their turn, were succeeded by men sometimes of high and sometimes of doubtful character. During the nine years following his death, the struggle for complete unity continued and became a fearful tangle of motives and events, — at times heroic, at times scandalous, but all tending toward Cavour's ideal. During this whole period Garibaldi continues to play his astonishing part, sometimes brilliantly, sometimes absurdly, but ever determined to set Rome and Venice free. He is defeated

[1] The present writer knew personally three of Cavour's colleagues, Minghetti, Peruzzi, and Count Nigra, and was informed by each of these that Cavour very frequently summoned those who worked with him, between four and five o'clock in the morning. Each of these statesmen dwelt on Cavour's enormous capacity for work, on his quickness, his skill, his thoroughness, and on the fact that, toward the last, he virtually gave no time to rest.

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by the Italians at Aspromonte and by the French at Mentana, but finally sees his dream of United Italy fully realized. For, in 1866, by an alliance with Prussia, Italy wins Venice, and, in 1870, owing to the prostration of Napoleon III by Bismarck, is able to make Rome her capital. The work and the prophecy of Cavour were thus fulfilled.

Not merely by what was done in his lifetime, but also by what followed it, his place in history was made secure. Well was it said by one of the most broad-minded, skillful, and truthful of English diplomatists in the nineteenth century, — a statesman who had known Bismarck and Cavour most intimately, and who had studied their careers from every possible point of view, near and distant, — that of the two great statesmen of Europe in the nineteenth century, Cavour was the greater.[1]

Not at first sight so imposing a figure as Bismarck afterward became, not, apparently, gifted with such prodigious force to make all men bend to his will, not a dictator to the nations about him, crushing all opposition, Cavour's was a nobler will and power, the will and power to lay the foundations of Italian unity in Italian liberty; to work by means of right reason and not by force; to preserve faith in freedom and justice; to fit the nation for freedom by education; to inspire Italians to win liberty by sound thinking, and to preserve it by political sobriety. All this combined to give him the foremost place not only among Italian statesmen, but among the statesmen of the European Continent, during the nineteenth century.

Since Cavour's death Italy has taken him to her heart as during his lifetime she never did. His services were of a sort which, while he lived, won respect rather than popularity. He was obliged to injure many interests and to offend many men. He never sought popular plaudits, and, at times, was exceedingly unpopular; more than once his speeches in parliament were drowned by hisses from the galleries. Beloved he indeed was, — deeply beloved by a wide circle of friends; admired he was by a large and ever increasing circle of political thinkers; but other men, during his lifetime, won far more of unthinking applause. Just at the end of his life there did, indeed, come a rapid change. All men of patriotic instincts recognized more and more his supreme service. More and more it was seen that what other statesmen, generals, philosophers, poets, could not do, he had done. More and more the nation came to understand him and, therefore, to love and revere him.

This newer growth of feeling has continued since his death, ever deepening in the convictions of the newer generations. Throughout all the greater districts which he brought into United Italy, now stand noble monuments to his memory; but among all these, the most impressive is the simplest.

Several years before his death, in the thick of his labors and struggles for his country, he had visited the Campo Santo at Pisa; and there, standing upon

[1] The English diplomatist referred to was Lord Odo Russell, afterward Lord Ampthill. He had long diplomatic service in America, in many parts of Europe, and, especially, in Italy and Germany. Both Cavour and Bismarck he knew intimately, and was beloved and trusted by both; but, on being asked at Berlin by the present writer which of the two men he considered the greater in his character and work, he made the statement above referred to.

For a masterly development of the reasoning which proves Cavour greater in true statesmanship than Bismarck, see W. R. Thayer, *Cavour e Bismarck*. Roma, 1906.

I may add to Mr. Thayer's exhibition of Bismarck's scorn for popular rights and hatred for parliamentary government that, having heard the great German statesman address the German Parliament on various occasions, I cannot remember one of his speeches which did not, on the whole, betray contempt for his audience and dislike, if not hatred, for its most distinguished thinkers. How far all this differed from Cavour's feeling may be seen by any one who will take up his parliamentary speeches, as given in Zanichelli and elsewhere.

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sacred earth brought from Palestine, amid the frescoes of Orcagna and the memorials of great Italians, he had mused over the future of Italy, and his relation to it. He was not destined to be buried there; his body lies in the little church at Santena, near the homestead he loved so well. But, in the Pisan Campo Santo, among far more pretentious monuments, has been placed his simple bust in marble; and upon the ancient walls behind it have been festooned the colossal chains with which Pisa once prevented the access of Florence and Genoa by the Arno. Having been torn away after a fearful struggle, and displayed for centuries as trophies, at Genoa and Florence, they have, in these latter days, been returned to Pisa, and a simple inscription records the fact that they are restored to United Italy, in token that the ages of disunion are past. No better place could have been found for them, and no more worthy tribute could have been paid to the man whose great genius ended more than a thousand years of internecine struggles among his countrymen, and who, more than any other, finally established Italian independence, unity, and freedom.

THE FINANCIER

BY ETHEL ROLT WHEELER

A CLERK brought me up for signature a number of cheques already drawn. The clock on the mantelpiece pointed to eleven. The meeting of the directors of the Deep Rand Mines was to be at twelve.

My private office opened out of the Board Room. This den of mine was plainly but solidly furnished. I had made scarcely any change during the thirty years I had occupied it. The American ticker, it is true, had been replaced by a valuable Empire timepiece,—I had a passion for *objets d'art* and this was crowded out of my house in Park Lane for positive want of space. But the shabby upholstery and dingy appurtenances had grown to have a dear familiarity, — they were part of the history that had been made in this room. For here was the centre of a web which spread its intricacies to the farthest parts of the earth, — a spider's web, my enemies called it. Infinite ramifications of wire ran from this nucleus through air and under sea, bearing the autocratic message of my will,— a system of nerves responsive to my least dictation. So multiple were my interests, and so vast my resources, that it was no exaggeration to say I could control empires. A loan from me made war possible; by refusing financial aid I brought about the downfall of nations. And since all my deals had been planned and negotiated from this room, its very furniture came to be associated in my mind with the triumphs of my career. I would not even let the cheap looking-glass be removed which had reflected my face when I first came to the office, — a smart, dapper, pretty self-satisfied youngster of twenty-five, the discoverer and sole proprietor of Hermaphrode, that Mexican earth now so largely used to cheapen various manufactures, which had been the foundation of my fortunes.

A man in my position is bound to have bitter enemies: success creates jealousy. As I advanced in power there were not wanting busybodies eager to rake over the ashes of my past. It was hinted that I had gone behind, and finally ruined, the German company whose interests I was supposed to serve in Mexico. It was suggested that I had obtained my con-

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cessions through false representation, that the evictions of the natives from the land were carried out with unnecessary cruelty, and that the conditions of the labor I employed were a disgrace to civilization. Now every trade and profession has its own code of honor, and it is absurd to apply to the commercial code a standard that belongs to mediæval chivalry. The aim of commerce is not philanthropy, though in increasing the scope of employment it goes far beyond philanthropy. Commerce is at once autocratic and scientific: it succeeds best where huge interests are centred under one control, and where those interests are pursued with ruthless determination, unhampered by sickly sentiment or flabby altruism. The law of nature works through commerce as through life: the weakest goes to the wall; the cripple falls behind in the race. The outsider, prejudiced, limited in his experience, could not measure the stupendous difficulties that had encumbered my operations: if there had been any cruelties in my administration, they had been necessary and inevitable cruelties; if people chose to make ducks and drakes of their money, their ignorant greed was the primary cause of their ruin.

Hermaphrode gave me the means of entering the financial arena. My instinct was sure, and whatever I touched proved fortunate. There were at the moment few successful speculations on the market with which I was not directly or indirectly connected. The biggest of all was the Deep Rand Mines, — it was controlled by a ring of some ten of us, who kept the complete holding in our hands, and year after year the concern yielded over one hundred per cent. Unfortunately we had been obliged to admit among us one or two representatives of rival firms, who had threatened blackmail and exposure; there were, as a matter of fact, circumstances connected with our negotiations that were not intended to become public; but gorged with plunder, these doubtful elements were easy enough to handle, and at the Board meetings our whilom competitors generally remained dumb with admiration at the ingenuity of our devices.

I went over to the looking-glass in the corner, arranged my tie, and looked at myself critically. I showed my fifty-five years, though I was not bald, and my black hair was only beginning to turn gray. My face was heavy in type, and the skin somewhat coarse in texture, scored with deep lines. My eyes, overhung with bushy eyebrows, had a very useful power of making people quail; my nose gave token of my somewhat remote Jewish origin, but my physiognomy showed no trace of my German ancestry; I was the son of a German farmer, and was born at Elbingerode in the Harz Mountains.

It was half past eleven. I returned to my desk, and continued signing the cheques.

Suddenly I heard a distant carillon of bells, faint and liquid, seeming to come nearer: a run of notes, the phrase of some melody repeated over and over again, more compelling with each iteration. I saw the cheques before me, the familiar room, and was aware that this sound was wholly and entirely in my mind, heard, not by the physical ear, but by some subtler organ. And carried on the sound, came a poignant sense of freshness, of pure air and mountain spaces; and hosts of old memories seemed pressing at the door of consciousness, asking for recognition. Then for a while I lost myself.

The next thing I remember was the clock striking the quarter, and a feeble face with sandy-colored hair — the face of one of my clerks — bending close to mine. There was a loud sound of voices in the adjoining room. "Should I send for the doctor?" gasped the clerk.

"What have you seen? Have you told them anything?" I whispered hoarsely.

"I came in — to say they were waiting — and found you sitting — like as if you were in a daze —" he stuttered, "quite still and queer-like."

"Now understand this," I said em-

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phatically. "I had a bad night last night, and took some sleeping-stuff that disagreed with me. And mind you hold your tongue about it," I added harshly, "or out of this place you go, bag and baggage. I'm not going to have any sneaking gossiping behind my back. And let me tell you that if that happens, I'll take care that you don't find it easy to get another bed of roses to repose on."

I pushed past the fellow, who went quite white. I was quite safe with him. My subordinates had a wholesome terror of me, and my word was law. It would never do for rumors to get abroad, — people might say I had had a stroke; and confidence in my ventures rested solely on the public's confidence in me. My association with any business enterprise was regarded as giving it the hall-mark of success, and if I ceased to be looked upon as a kind of financial Atlas, I should soon be buried in the ruin of my own undertakings. I pulled myself together as best I could, and went into the Board Room, showing little trace of the strange possession that had overcome me.

That evening in my smoking-room I considered the matter in all its bearings. It seemed to me a case of some abnormal recrudescence of memory. I had been brought up on my father's farm until the age of fifteen, and had spent much of my boyhood wandering among the hills, picking up here, there, and everywhere the legends with which the countryside teems. It is practically a pastoral country: the cows are led out in herds to graze along the rich riversides, and on the mountain meadows. As in Alpine pastures, each cow has a bell at its neck, so that the herd moves to a faint unending clash of music, which in the distance runs into a reiterated memory. But why should this trivial recollection of the sound of cattle-bells, which had lain dormant for so many years, suddenly recur with such overwhelming persistence?

I traced out the reason for this, too. My little boy, the only creature on earth I had cared for, had died some months before. When he lay there, ill and white and patient, he asked me to tell him some stories; and searching about in the forgotten parts of my mind, I found they were full of such absurdities as a child delights in, — legends of goblins and pixies, and gnomes working in the bowels of the earth, — tales of the Rhine Maidens, and dwarfs and dragons guarding elfin gold, lore of the witches who danced on the Hexentanzplatz, and held wild revel on the Brocken. Every square inch of my native country is crammed with fairy history, and all unknown to myself this was stored in the recesses of my mind, whence there came to amuse my little sick child an unending host of lovely and grotesque creatures; and while I talked to him the cattle-bells seemed to be chiming all the while through my words, as they had been the continuous accompaniment of my walks in the old days.

Well, the boy was dead, and the door closed on that love and that suffering. But it would be a hard thing if this one weakness of mine were to prove the ruin of my career, — if in admitting this one softness into my nature I had opened the way to all manner of incongruous distractions and flimsy sentimentalities, to a whole army of false idealisms and bombastic heroics, suitable enough to the ages of childhood and boyhood, but absolutely fatal to the clear judgment and unswerving decision essential to a man in my position.

For this obsession, which after that day came upon me frequently, was undoubtedly accompanied by a slackening of fibre. The music of the bells became at once detested and desired: detested, as a positive symptom of nerve disease that complicated the simplicity of my way by suggesting all manner of ridiculous hesitations and scruples, — desired, as a mental intoxication, a kind of crystal exhilaration, inducing a wide sense of purities and freshnesses, as unreal, as impossible, as paralyzing as the dreams of the opium-eater.

My fear was so great that these illusions

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might become known, — illusions damning in their childishness, — that for a time I refrained from consulting a specialist. When at last I sought him out I took every precaution that my visit should remain secret, though of course I was too well known to conceal my identity from the doctor himself.

His keen questioning defined to me my condition more clearly than before. He elicited that the music of the bells was only a vehicle carrying on it a whole tide of sensation. At times the sounds called up scenes of undimmable brightness, — green and sunny tracts of mountain, valleys hoarding shadowy sweetness, grave smooth cattle coming down lanes in grave twilight and separating to their several byres; faces, whether of man or of fairy I knew not, wrinkled with elfin humor and with elfin wisdom. Moods also were induced by the melody, — always that same repeated phrase, — moods of exaltation, of reckless adventure, of splendid sacrifice.

Next I explained the havoc that this obsession was playing in my career: how it would take me at the most critical moments, once even at an important meeting of shareholders: how it clouded my judgment and unsettled my convictions, and how I was willing to do everything in reason toward effecting a cure, — even to the taking of a short rest, or going a sea voyage.

The specialist asked me if I had read Professor William James. He said that a certain school of psychologists were inclined to regard these so-called illusions as realities. In my case, he added, a suppressed and yet vital part of my nature seemed to be bodying itself forth in the first mental images that came to hand. These moods that I described, of heroism, of sacrifice, suggested capabilities still inherent in my being. I had assured him there was no artificial stimulant at work, — no alcohol, no drugs, no undue brainwork even. I told him that recently I had been through a crisis of excessive sentimentality —

He nodded. "I saw about that in the papers, — your little son; but after all, the pain you suffered was natural emotion, purging and salutary, — an emotion which would no doubt enlarge your sympathy, and give you an increase of fellow-feeling." I thought I detected a note of sarcasm in his voice. "I'm afraid we doctors can't be of much use to you," he added; "it's a question of the ancient fight between two antagonistic constituents of character, — the constituents that were uppermost in youth, and the constituents that are uppermost now — "

"Do you mean to imply that this illusion is a reality, — do you suggest that I hear the actual bells that tinkled forty years ago?" I asked indignantly.

"The obsession, as you call it, merely clothes itself in the sound of bells, because you are a modern German born in the Harz Mountains. If you were a mediæval monk it would clothe itself, perhaps, in the voice of St. Michael. The particular image is variable and unimportant. All that matters is the spirit animating it. Sir Thomas Browne asserts, you remember, that any miscellaneous dust will serve God to build up the body on the day of resurrection."

He was playing with me, of course, trying to make me feel my lack of culture, mocking at my nationality, which is supposed to love metaphysical subtleties, and making a flank attack upon my commercial methods. "Since you choose to clothe your diagnosis in theological terms," I said, "I gather that you imply that these two antagonistic elements represent what are known theologically as the principles of good and evil. I might perhaps ask you to which period of my life you assign the supremacy of the good principle, and to which period the supremacy of the evil."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Into that it is not for me to enter. I can only point out that you are guided alternately by two entirely different sets of aims and ideals, one having manifested itself in youth and the other in manhood; and

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that the elimination of either of these is outside the domain of science. Either your life will continue to the end a conflict between these two principles, or by some violent means, some terrible struggle, you will succeed in killing out one or other of these principles. It is for you to consider which of them you deem the more worthy of preservation."

This I thought gross insolence, considering the object of my visit. "That is all you have to say?" I asked.

"That is all."

The memory of this conversation was bitter to me. I had been a fool to go to the man, — a fool to unveil my secrets to him, — and all to no purpose. Recent newspaper attacks I had not minded, — mere pinprick criticisms on technical points; but this wholesale condemnation of my business career as evil, — for such I took to be the tenor of his observations, — a condemnation based on assumption, without evidence, unjust, untrue, did grievous hurt to my pride, to my confidence, to my sense of commercial honor. The man was evidently a fanatic, self-bewildered in fine-drawn metaphysical subtleties, — an idealist dazzled by the shimmer of his bubble-blowing, and lacking the most primary knowledge of life. Anything more inept than his definition of my obsession as a reality, as a guiding principle fighting for recognition, could not well be imagined.

He evidently wished to turn me into another Don Quixote, obedient to the phantoms of my own brain. If it had been possible, without revealing our connection, to expose him as a dangerous enemy to society, who on the plea of curing nervous diseases drove his patients straight into the madhouse, I should have considered it a public duty to do so. But in the circumstances this satisfaction was out of the question. I must rely upon myself, — must make large draughts upon my will-power to clear my way of obstacles and justify my career by still further successes in the eyes of the world.

Next to the haunting bells — whose music continued and even increased in frequency and persistency after my visit to the specialist — the Deep Rand Mines were my chief anxiety. I had been obliged to miss one board meeting, owing to this wretched infirmity of mine, and I had heard that a good deal of discontent had shown its head, with a very ugly look. I recognized that my presence on these occasions was vital just now, if my stupendous undertakings were to weather the time of crisis.

After some months of continuous labor I allowed myself to accept an invitation to a week-end's shooting in Wales. On the Sunday, after an excellent day's sport, I was just preparing about midnight to go to bed, when a confidential clerk brought me a letter from the managing director of the Deep Rand Mines, informing me that certain cablegrams from the mines, involving serious consequences, had necessitated the immediate calling of a special board in London on Monday at ten o'clock. The letter added that some ugly rumors had got into the Sunday press. Consulting the time-table, I found there was a train leaving Llangwydyr Junction at 4.30 A. M. There was no local train service at that hour, but as Llangwydyr Junction was only a little over ninety miles off, I could catch the train easily by motor car. It was essential for me to be at that board.

I drove myself, and went alone, as no chauffeur was immediately available. The roads were in a bad condition, and on the way I had a break-down. Providentially it was a matter I could attend to myself, but it caused me nearly an hour's delay. This made me exceedingly tight for time, and I knew I could only just catch the train if I drove the car for all it was worth.

The moon was down, and the world dark before dawn. I had just whizzed past a village when the car went over something.

It might have been a sack of flour on the road, or a sheep, — it was unlikely that any child would be abroad so early.

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The impetus of the car carried me along, and it hardly occurred to me to stop. What was done was done, — I would make inquiries to-morrow, and put all right; the train must be caught, — if I were not at the meeting everything would collapse and bring wholesale ruin. So the car continued its mad career, swooping down the roads like a flying demon, and filling my ears with the noise of its rush.

Then suddenly there jangled through my brain the sound as if all the bells of the world had been struck at once, — a discord piercing, maddening, terrifying, mingled with cries and shrieks. I felt as if a phantom hand were placed upon my hand to turn the car, and as if the whole air were alive with shuddering whispers, bidding me go back. But my will was fierce to pursue its goal unhampered by unnecessary compunctions, and as I drove I seemed to be mowing a way for the car through hosts of intangible presences, — moving whitenesses, like the mists of morning, which flung themselves in the path, moaning and with wringing hands. And through the din the cattle-bells sounded in little snatches of melody, infinitely peaceful, calling me away, away, out of all this turmoil.

The car was really slackening in speed. The phantom voices and bells were gaining direction over my movements. I was driving like one who is drunk, swaying the car from side to side, as if in some confused dream trying to turn her. What did the train matter? What did the Deep Rand Mines matter? If I turned, I should ride straight back into a new country, — into the Country of Youth, — into Fairyland.

One faintest swerve more at the cross-roads would have brought the car round, and made of me a hopeless dreamer, a futile altruist. But the instincts, the habits of forty years were not to be lightly set aside. In quick revulsion there flashed across my mind the reckless folly of sacrificing enormous interests to some problematical pig or sack of oats, — a folly accompanied by such grotesque associations that it verged on insanity. Reason suddenly assumed sway over my delirious fancy, — hard common sense, showing me the duty of commercial obligations, pointing out the only road it was possible for me to take. I was the pilot intrusted with a galleon of incalculable riches, and I must be at the helm.

The car steadied; a fierce determination kept it to its course. The clang of bells and sounds of weeping were left behind in the distance.

At last I was being jostled over the streets of a waking town. The clocks chimed the half hour. The train steamed into the station.

I caught the train. I attended the board meeting and managed to pull everything into shape again. The Deep Rand Mines continue to pay over one hundred per cent.

It was a child I had run over and injured. He died a few days after. The poor little brat had been sent out to feed some pigs that had been forgotten. I had the relatives well compensated, but it did not prove necessary to make myself known, as I was able to keep the thing out of the papers.

Strangely enough, that night worked a complete cure in me. I suppose that headlong dash through the air had a salutory effect upon the nerves. I never again heard any remotest sound of the cattle-bells with their accompanying illusions, and thenceforward I was able to pursue the path I had marked out for myself without hindrance or disturbance of any kind.

So I have reached a calm and venerable old age, trusted by my colleagues, and enjoying that universal respect which preëminent success always commands.

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FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE

BY IRVING BABBITT

FEW men have ever crowded more intense activity into a life of fifty-seven years than Brunetière. There are few more striking examples of what may be achieved by a frail physique when sustained by an indomitable will. After having in his youth been refused admission as a student to the *Ecole Normale*, he finally entered as a teacher into that inner citadel of French higher education. He became member of the Academy in 1893, and almost at the same time, after long service in a subaltern post, editor-in-chief of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. His trip to this country early in 1897 was only one of his many appearances as orator and lecturer. For over thirty years he was indefatigable as a critic. Yet after publishing nearly forty volumes, he died before finishing the *History of French Classicism* that promised to be his real monument: *Pendent opera interrupta*. The completed chapters of this work (covering most of the sixteenth century) are suggestive of a greater mellowness, or at least of some toning down of the logical asperity of his style. The study of Montaigne, which is the last thing he did, is also one of the best, a truly remarkable achievement for a man in the last stages of a wasting disease, especially remarkable for a man so different in temperament from Montaigne as Brunetière. Pascal makes a celebrated distinction between the *esprit de géométrie*, the love and gift for logical reasoning, and the *esprit de finesse*, the sensitiveness to life in all its infinite complexity. Montaigne, a notable embodiment of the *esprit de finesse*, has rarely if ever been better judged than by Brunetière; yet one can scarcely admit, as M. de Vogüé claims in his commemorative article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, that there was a perfect balance in Brunetière's mind between the two elements defined by Pascal. His real kinship in the sixteenth century is not with Montaigne, but with that master logician, John Calvin. There is the same lack of delicacy, amenity, charm; but one should add of Brunetière's style, as he himself says of Calvin's, that "its severity has after all its own nobility, and its very angularity and tension its own special majesty."

Calvin is the first eminent example of the *esprit de géométrie* in French prose, but the same turn for dialectic is visible in the earlier scholastics who wrote in Latin. One cannot read writers like Brunetière and Taine without feeling how much scholasticism still lingers in the land of its origin. This passion for logical consistency has been from the start the chief merit of the French mind, or, when indulged in at the expense of the facts and common sense, its most serious failing. The French readiness on occasion to oppose ratiocination to plain evidence reminds one of M. Jourdain and the skill in fence that enabled him to kill a man *par raison démonstrative*. Perhaps the most irritating example in the case of Brunetière is the attitude he assumed during the Dreyfus affair. Yet in a general way Brunetière's logic shows more respect for the facts than Taine's. Facts that enter Taine's mind are like rays of light passing through a bit of Iceland spar, — they are refracted and polarized along the lines of his theory. There is less real science in Brunetière than in Taine; there is also less pseudo-science. Brunetière's criticism offers no equivalent to the determinism that pervades the whole of Taine's work, and imposes upon him a method that is not only unliterary but positively anti-literary. One

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might enlarge on the dangers of Brunetière's *Evolution des genres* (or Darwinism applied to literature) for a man of scholastic temper, were it not that Brunetière was himself so well aware of these dangers. "We should take especial care," he says, "not to transform what are, after all, simple metaphors into sovereign laws of criticism. In the midst of these ambitious generalizations the sense of the individual is lost. We become accustomed to value in the men and works of the past only the way they can be made to serve our own theories, and life in its diversity and rich complexity escapes us, and eludes the rigid formulas in which we seek to confine it." There is a valuable germ of truth in Brunetière's evolutionary theory, but it is already contained in a simple phrase of Aristotle's *Poetics:* "Tragedy, after passing through various transformations, finally attained its true nature." Brunetière is not a scientist, but a logician with a keen sense of historical development.

The sense of historical development is the main point of contact between Brunetière and Sainte-Beuve, and this point of contact only emphasizes their differences. Sainte-Beuve, who was endowed in a supreme degree with the *esprit de finesse*, had almost as great a passion for the particular as Brunetière had for the general. He aims, as he puts it, to *particularize* everything, and when he generalizes it would seem that he does so only under protest. No man was ever more on his guard against the deceit that lurks in universals. Yet if, in Emerson's phrase, "nature resents generalizing," what is highest in human nature resents the lack of it. We are justified in demanding a compromise between the multiplicity of the facts and the craving for unity. The epigraph of Brunetière's *Evolution de la poésie lyrique* was evidently directed against the method of Sainte-Beuve: "Whenever we are trying to get at the meaning of a complex phenomenon, it is useless, if not dangerous, to go too minutely into details." The volume on Balzac that Brunetière wrote for an American series shortly before his death is almost bare of details about Balzac's life; this too is a protest against the tendency of the modern school to substitute biographical small-talk for the serious business of criticism.

Brunetière is admirable as a historian of ideas when his logic is tempered by a sufficient knowledge of the facts, as is the case for nearly the whole of French literature from the sixteenth century to the present day. Throughout this whole field his erudition is immense and is aided by a marvelous memory. He is at his best in tracing main currents of ideas; in such articles, for example, as the one on the Formation of the Idea of Progress. This is a kind of writing which is thoroughly worth while in itself, and of which we have only too little in English. Brunetière, however, knew practically nothing at first hand about Greek, very little about the Middle Ages, and not enough of other modern literatures besides French. He is capable of saying that Lessing wished to rid Germany of Greek and Latin, that Burns *and Shelley* were at the opposite extreme of the social scale from Byron, and that Plato "argues like a sophist and thinks like a child." We may suspect that a man who pronounces such a judgment on Plato is not a trustworthy witness to some of the higher things of the imagination. For the critic who is himself unimaginative lacks the "fit key," as Chapman expresses it, "with poesy to open poesy." Brunetière lived neither for the senses nor the imagination, but solely for ideas. One might say of him, reversing Gautier's familiar remark about himself, that he was a man for whom the visible world did *not* exist. "He was possibly," says M. de Vogüé, "the only great man of letters of the nineteenth century for whom Rousseau had never lived, nor Rousseau's eldest son, Chateaubriand, and who did not have in his blood a single drop of their delicious poisons." He is in curious contrast in this respect to Taine, who had what some one has called

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a "violent and carnal imagination," and who at any rate indulges in almost a superabundance of picturesque details.

If Taine mixes his logic with local color, Brunetière's logic is militant and oratorical. The title of one of his recent volumes, *Discours de Combat*, would be equally appropriate for his collected works. He is fond of saying of the great French writers of the seventeenth century that they had a "spoken style" — that they did not "see themselves write," but "heard themselves talk." This remark holds good of his own style, which always has the movement of the spoken word without having anything of the ease of conversation. The arguments are clamped and mortised together by logical connectives, and pushed forward in menacing array, in a manner that suggests the advance of Roman legionaries with interlocked shields. "Behind his battering rams," says M. Lemaître, "there is always a reserve of catapults." He reminds one of the old saying about Aristotle, the father of logic: he is ever eager for a fight. "A man would not feel himself alive," Brunetière remarks in the course of a plea for Christianity (!) "if he did not have adversaries." His rude and imperious temper has been likened to the testiness of the neo-classical Aristarch, a Boileau or Dr. Johnson. But, unlike Brunetière, these men had an underlying geniality of nature that saved them, even when most severe, from seeming atrabilious.

The history of Brunetière's criticism is in a large measure the history of his polemics. Renan urges us not to get ruffled, but "to suffer the destinies of the planet to be fulfilled. Our outcries will be of no use, our ill-humor would be quite out of place." This comfortable philosophy is the exact opposite of Brunetière's. He liked to quote Comte's saying that humanity is composed of more dead than living. He so champions the opinions of this dead majority as to come into conflict with nearly all the main tendencies of his own age. He defends the general sense of mankind in such a way as to isolate himself from his contemporaries. "It is a sort of joy," he remarks, "for a man to stand apart in the midst of an indifferent or hostile society that he lives in and belongs to, but that he judges." Of this somewhat austere joy Brunetière must have had his fill, especially if, as his friends claim, he was very far from being steeled to the inevitable reprisals. Possibly Brunetière's sympathy for Alfred de Vigny was due, not only to a common pessimism, but to the fact that, like Vigny, he concealed a great sensitiveness under outer coldness and reserve. A Stoic, born into a somewhat neurasthenic age, Brunetière looked on it as his special mission to pursue every form of epicurean relaxation; and according to Pascal, when men judge by their natural lights, and in the absence of true faith, they are inevitably divided into Stoics and Epicureans. There was, then, an almost necessary conflict between Brunetière, the least Gallic of Frenchmen, and contemporaries whom he describes as "Epicureans of the decadence;" between Brunetière and M. France, whom he deemed to be no better than a literary voluptuary; between Brunetière and Renan, who seemed to him bent on turning the intellect itself into a means of refined enjoyment.

Brunetière's great problem becomes the search for a standard and definite discipline that he might oppose to this universal laxity and self-indulgence, or, as he terms it, to this "monstrous and morbid development of the me." The reactionary tendencies of the last ten years of his life follow naturally enough from the assumptions that one finds in his earliest work. He assumes first that there is needed a principle of restraint in human nature (*un principe refrénant*), and that this principle cannot be evolved by the individual himself, but must be "exterior, anterior, and superior" to the individual; in other words, it must be sought in the total experience of the race as embodied in tradition. As a result of its loss of traditional standards, modern

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society seemed to him to be plunging into a bottomless morass of impressionism. His whole work may be best defined as a warfare upon impressionism, political, literary, and religious. The purpose of his polemic with the scientists (*la faillite de la science*) was to prove that science could give the world no real equivalent for the rule of life it had forsaken. For a similar reason, his attitude was in the main hostile to both the romantic and naturalistic movements which, springing from a common source, divide between them the nineteenth century. Of course the modern school gets round Brunetière's difficulty by offering as a substitute for the principle of restraint the principle of brotherhood; each man is to give a loose rein to his own instincts and "originality," and then temper this explosion of egoism by sympathy with an equally free play of individual impulse in others. This is the theory of fraternal anarchy that one finds in Rousseau, and in his American congener, Walt Whitman. But modern France, according to Brunetière, has, in following the leadership of Rousseau, taken a madman for its guide. He thinks we may make fine distinctions about different kinds of individualism, but in practice they are all synonyms for egoism; they all offer an undue opening to "the mobility of our impressions, the unruliness of our individual sense, and the vagrancy of our thought."

In other words, Brunetière fails to escape from the vicious dilemma of nineteenth-century thought which would either sacrifice the individual to society, or society to the individual; which fails to find a middle ground between anarchical self-assertion and a collectivism that would crush individual initiative. Brunetière's point of view suggests an interesting comparison with Emerson, because Emerson, like Brunetière, had immense confidence in the collective wisdom of humanity, in what he calls the "constant mind of man." But, unlike Brunetière, he believes that this wisdom needs to be supplemented by the living insight of the individual. To be sure, Emerson says that "the individual is always mistaken," and Brunetière would heartily concur; but when Emerson says elsewhere that a "true man is the centre of things—he measures you and all men and all events," Brunetière and he part company. Bru netière denies that the individual man can thus be the measure of all things, not only in the sophistical sense that M. France gives to the maxim, but in any sense whatsoever. Emerson would affirm a standard that is both within and without the individual. The standard is entirely outside the individual, according to Brunetière. According to M. France, there is no standard at all, but only universal illusion and relativity. Sainte-Beuve, as usual in questions of this kind, is non-committal, and confines himself to the comment: "The moral world, thrown from its ancient orbit, is rolling without counterpoise toward an unknown future." The points of view of Brunetière and M. France, which would seem to embody opposite extremes, have at least the merit of reflecting faithfully a main line of cleavage in contemporary French thought. Indeed, one can scarcely speak of the need of respect, authority, and discipline in France without at once being set down as a reactionary. If France does not get beyond this stage, and yet prospers in a large way, all the saints and sages of the past will have been convicted of error in their views of human nature; and this in itself will be a result of considerable interest. Perhaps the examples of an individualism that is disciplined in the Emersonian sense are not extremely numerous even outside of France.

The reasons that led Brunetière into the Catholic Church should now be clear. It alone seemed to him to afford the discipline and the definite standard that could protect society against the individual. The reasons for his conversion, as he himself says, were "social;" they are certainly as far removed as possible from the reasons of those who are drawn into

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the Church by the æsthetic charm of its ritual. Of this form of epicureanism he remarks contemptuously that "sensuality is not religion." He turned to Catholicism simply because it seemed to him to hold out the hope of a better-ordered social progress, of a more thoroughly disciplined collectivism. It is misleading to say, as is often done, that Brunetière had a "seventeenth-century soul," or, like M. de Vogüé, to compare him to Bossuet and Pascal. Brunetière's constant preoccupation with the humanitarian problem — the future of society and the relations of man to his fellow-man — savors of Auguste Comte rather than of Bossuet. In his inner mood, again, he has more in common with Schopenhauer than with Pascal. It is enough to compare Brunetière's "social reasons" with the bit of parchment found sewn into Pascal's coat, on which he had recorded the details of his conversion (night of November 23, 1654). Pascal sums up this sudden illumination in the words, often repeated, "Joy, certainty, peace." Brunetière lacked vision; he did not possess, like Pascal, any inner sanctuary of peace into which he could withdraw from the "tumult of the time disconsolate." He had little experience of that wisdom which Joubert defines as "repose in the light." He was a true child of his age in that he sought salvation in work and not in meditation; or rather, for the stoic Brunetière as for the epicurean Sainte-Beuve, work was, by their own avowal, a means of escape from the abyss of metaphysical despair. "As for Brunetière," some one is reported to have said, "one of these days it will be found that he has hanged himself before a crucifix."

Brunetière's lack of inwardness impairs not only his defense of religious tradition, — it also impairs his defense of tradition in literature. One is tempted to say, at the risk of being misunderstood, that he did not take sufficiently into account in either religion or literature the aristocratic elèments that make directly for the perfecting of the individual, and only indirectly for the perfecting of society. What Sainte-Beuve lamented in the decay of humane letters was the disappearance from the world of delicacy and distinction, and not simply the weakening of a discipline. The point may be made clear by comparing the attitude of the two men toward Balzac. Both Balzac and Victor Hugo are indeed veritable touchstones for the critic, being, as they are, writers of immense power, but a power Titanic and Cyclopean rather than human. Brunetière ascribes Sainte-Beuve's hostility to Balzac to personal pique and jealousy. Personal pique there certainly was, but the underlying ground of Sainte-Beuve's hostility was his humanism — the fact, as he himself says, that "he still belongs in spite of everything to the classical school." Sainte-Beuve shows himself a better humanist than Brunetière, when he admires Balzac's exuberant creative energy, but at the same time is repelled by his violence and lack of measure.

Many American readers of the volume on Balzac have doubtless been puzzled by Brunetière's warmth of admiration for a writer who, as he truly says, had immense influence in promoting the whole French naturalistic movement, from Taine to Zola. Did not Brunetière begin his career as a critic by an onslaught on the naturalistic novel, and is he not always urging us to react against the "naturalism that we still have in our blood," and become "idealists"? The difficulty will be at least partially solved if we remember that Balzac and Brunetière both became Catholics, and for somewhat similar reasons. Balzac, like Brunetière, fails to find in the individual life any resource against itself; he depicts it, not as a struggle between one's higher and lower nature, but merely as the unfolding of a master-impulse that is determined in turn by the pressure of an infinitely complex environment; he was unable to conceive of any inner avenue of escape for the individual from his own egoism and sub-

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jectivity, and so he opposes to individualism a social solidarity that receives its ultimate sanction from the Church. Like Brunetière, he sides with society against the individual. In their return to the discipline of the past, Brunetière and Balzac both take their point of departure in naturalistic pessimism. If we had no other evidence in the case of Brunetière, his sympathetic study of Schopenhauer would suffice.

An inevitable question arises in dealing with this difficult relationship between Brunetière's "naturalism," and his "idealism:" How did he reconcile his keen sense of historical relativity with the need imposed by his logic, of an outer absolute? His most evident ambition as a thinker is to combine the faith of the past in what is stable with the modern idea of development. Even dogma itself evolves, he asserts, and in all this part of his thought it is easy enough to trace the influence of Cardinal Newman. His plea for a Catholicism that would develop in harmony with some of the aspirations of modern democracy seems to have found favor with Leo XIII, but to be far less acceptable to the present Pope. Some of the arguments that he brings to the defense of tradition are certainly surprising. In fact, one suspects in Brunetière a violent love of paradox, which he gratifies, not by attacking the general sense of mankind, but by the means he employs in defending it. It is, he confesses, an undertaking at once hazardous and novel to press into the service of Catholic orthodoxy Comte's *Positive Philosophy* and the *Origin of Species*. He identifies the scientific doctrine of heredity and the dogma of original sin, draws a parallel between the American Constitution and the Roman Church, and brings Darwin to the aid of St. Vincent de Lérins. We may well refuse to follow him in these bizarre associations; yet we must recognize that he is wrestling manfully all the while with what is after all the central problem of contemporary thought, the problem how to adjust the rival claims of "being" and "becoming;" how to retain the conquests of naturalism and at the same time assert the integrity of that part of man which is above phenomenal nature.

Brunetière, indeed, has an almost unerring instinct for the large and vital questions, even when he misses the right solution for them. He is instructive in his errors, even in his failure to recognize that the remedy for the excesses of individualism must be a higher individualism, that the lance of Achilles can alone heal the wound it has made. There is no better antidote to impressionism than to read him through with a view to refuting him. He may be recommended as a corrective to those who suffer from epicurean indolence and unwillingness to think. It is some distinction to have attained, as Brunetière did, even to a logical cosmos in an age whose current philosophy would seem to be what a Harvard undergraduate, replying to a question as to the religion of China, described as *confusionism*. The atmosphere that surrounds his work has the stoic bleakness; yet he is tonic by the very faith he feels in the virtues of clear and consistent reasoning. "Who of us," says Brunetière, "has n't his weaknesses? Mine — one of mine — has always been to love doctrinaires; and see how indulgent I am for them: I pardon them not only for having had doctrines and for having defended them sturdily, but for having changed doctrines, every time that they have given good reasons for so doing, — I mean good doctrinal ones." He is convinced that it is "ideas that govern the world." Herein he differs from M. Faguet, a really distinguished thinker, who has no belief in the practical efficacy of thought; and that is perhaps why M. Faguet's work, brilliant as it undoubtedly is, fails to leave its sting. "Take Rousseau from the history of the eighteenth century," writes Brunetière, "and you put off the Revolution by perhaps twenty or twenty-five years; take from his writings the *Social Contract*, and you make the Jacobin programme impossible; take

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from the *Social Contract* itself merely the sixth and seventh chapters of the fourth book, and you suppress Robespierre." Fortunately the connection between logic and life is not always so close.

Brunetière has only contempt for those who would divorce scholarship from ideas, or who, having ideas, fail to subordinate them to some serious end; contempt for the dilettantes and impressionists who see in literature only the occasion for an agreeable vagabondage of the intellect or sensibility; likewise for those who lose themselves in over-minute investigations: for instance, the man who devoted a volume of five hundred pages to proving that Molière died at No. 40 and not at No. 34 Rue Richelieu; or the man who searched through the records of Paris churches — eighty manuscript volumes — in order to determine the exact date of the birth of Ninon de Lenclos! In one of his most vigorous papers (*La Fureur de l'Inédit*) he assails what is perhaps the main fetish of modern scholarship, — "original" research. "Science and conscientiousness," he exclaims, "delicacy of taste, tact, the art of selection and composition, feeling for style, felicity of expression, art or grace, eloquence or strength, all that formerly went under the name of talent, or even genius, — do any of these qualities really count in the eyes of a decipherer of texts or an editor of unpublished documents? And public opinion, which they have already more than half corrupted, seems likely soon to side with them." Brunetière waged continuous war on this tendency of scholarship toward Alexandrianism, toward what Bacon termed, in speaking of spelling reform, "unprofitable subtleties." No one in his generation so emphasized the relationship between literature and thought, the relationship between thought itself and life.

> "Le vrai Dieu, le Dieu fort, est le Dieu des idées."

The example Brunetière set in this respect is needed in this country even more than in France.

A QUESTION

BY ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY

Was it by chance or with intent this jar
Of all its fellows missed the furnace flame,
And from the potter's hand so plastic came
None other now may touch it but to mar?
A perfect fruit, loosed from the parent vine,
That may not now God's gentlest sun withstand, —
A soul dropped, unawares, from out His hand
Into the lees of Life's dissolving wine!

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MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE: THE CASE FOR THE AGENT

BY FLOYD ELMER DE GROAT

FOR two years public columns have contained much in criticism of life insurance management; much also in commendation of life insurance, the institution. Are we to conclude that in theory life insurance is a boon, but that its benefit, through mismanagement, must necessarily miscarry? Or shall we agree with Judge Francis C. Lowell, who declares in the January *Atlantic* that the defects inherent in the existing system demand sweeping reform; and that the elimination of the insurance agent is the greatest need? Unless acquainted with life insurance by close association, by study into its theory and its practice, no man is competent to judge it; not more than is the layman to instruct publicly as to the inefficacy of courts, or the miscarriage of justice.

A mutual life insurance company was described by Judge Lowell as "a very large aggregate of property." It was defined as "a corporation for the management of property deposited with it, having characteristic but comparatively unimportant peculiarities related to insurance." Is such conception true or false? When first it came to being, it was not an aggregate of property. It was a charter, making it lawful for a corporate body, through their responsible managers, to insure their respective lives; to make, execute, and deliver contracts appertaining to life risks; calling for contracts equitable as between members, but at cost not greater than the specified obligation; further providing that all persons insuring be taken as members of the corporation, and that the right to change the management shall reside with the members.

Since the law of life is the foundation scheme, the contract should be perfectly adjustable to the changing conditions affecting human life; perfect nonforfeiture of equity mathematically accrued must be secured to those forced to discontinue membership; the contract must be such that the individual cannot profit at the expense of the general body, nor vice versa; nor must one member be treated more favorably than another; based upon the law of mortality, which is the law of God, the contract must conform to statutes governing property, which is the law of man; maturity being certain as death, such sums as are mathematically necessary, when safeguarded and improved at a fixed minimum rate of interest, to discharge all contract obligations, must be determined in advance; to these net or mathematical rates, as part of the contract premium, must be added such sums as may be necessary for the safe conduct of the business. It follows that any diminution of the contract price or premium, possible through experience of mortality less than expected by the table, or through gaining an interest rate higher than assumed, or through the conduct of the business at expense less than provided by premium loadings, must be mathematically ascertained and regularly applied. In mutual life insurance then, the matter of first importance, and for all time thereafter of supreme importance, is, the mathematical principles involved. Life insurance is in its essence scientific. It is a business of contracts involving the finest mathematics, the nicest calculations. It acquires property under contract, and comes to have, in due course, characteristic but always relatively unimportant peculiarities respecting finance.

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If we are to find better bread than is made of wheat, we must analyze wheaten bread, and compare with it all other kinds. If mutual life insurance is to be attacked, if its inherent weakness is to be discovered, we must not judge by weakness or wrong existing in organizations which are non-mutual, in theory, in practice, or in charter. Companies which treat one policy-holder more favorably than another are surely non-mutual. Yet tontine insurance can mean nothing else than the profit of a few at the expense of the many. And most American companies have had to do with tontine. Industrial insurance as such does not claim to be mutual. A stock company is non-mutual in charter, and will not serve as a criterion.

It is indisputable that correct mutual life insurance has had grafted upon it in many quarters various excrescences which have either subverted or destroyed the mutual idea.

Tontine is perhaps the most deadly, but there are others that are poisonous. "Special contract," "advisory board," "agency stock," all are destructive of the equitable and economical, the mutual plan. Such schemes, veiled in mystery, offer or purport to offer something to the one not to be had by the many. They are productive of volume, for be it remembered that, "To surround anything, however monstrous or ridiculous, with an air of mystery is to invest it with a secret charm and power of attraction which to the crowd is irresistible. False priests, false prophets, false doctors, false patriots, false prodigies of every kind, veiling their proceedings in mystery, have always addressed themselves at an immense advantage to the popular credulity, and have been perhaps more indebted to that resource in gaining and keeping for a time the upper hand of Truth and Common-Sense than to any half-dozen items in the whole catalogue of imposture."

But to go back. A mutual life insurance company transacts an insurance business, a business peculiarly mathematical and exact. It must, therefore, not depart from active control by its mathematical or actuarial heads. Very largely in proportion as it does so depart, does it leave behind its mutuality. The so-called mutual companies of New York furnish apt illustrations in the testimony before the Armstrong Committee. For the testimony itself is one long proof positive that the financial managers had usurped the functions of the mathematicians, except in so far as the latter might serve their selfish purposes. But why had the financial departments become predominant, you ask? Consider the nature of "tontine" for a moment. Under the tontine contract each member agrees that his share of interest gain, from year to year, over the assumed rate; his share in mortality gains, from year to year, through experience of death rate less than provided for in the premium charged him; his share of gain through expense less than the load section of the premiums; all, plus its accumulation by interest, shall be neither paid nor credited to him, but withheld for a period, and under a clause subjecting the entire sum to forfeiture, should he die or fail to make payments when due, at any time during the period. Further, the tontine contract binds each member to accept, if living at the end of the period, just what the company offers.

But what effect upon the financial department of the company has "tontine"? Simply this, — a constantly increasing sum comes to hand, which need not be husbanded or improved at any fixed minimum rate, because no definite contractual responsibility rests for the return of it. It is but natural to draw on the tontine fund to get more business, thereby to increase the fund itself. It is but a step farther to contemplate the fund with the eyes of proprietorship. And — the descent to Avernus is easy — but one step farther to intrench behind it, by prostituting the perfectly innocent and normally useful proxy system. A tontine life insurance company becomes nat-

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urally enough, by the simple process of involution, a corporation for the management of property deposited with it, having, thereafter, characteristic but comparatively unimportant peculiarities related to insurance. In a fashion exactly similar, the practice of "special contract," "advisory board," "agency stock," etc., throws into ascendancy the agency department, and in the same degree destroys mutuality. It has been proved again and again, at home and abroad, that the mutual principle can be kept intact only when active control remains where it belongs, in the hands of trained, competent, and honest mathematical men, truly representative of the general body; but with the right to change the control residing in that body.

Mathematics is an exact science, and amongst all scientific men the mathematician is least ready to forsake principles that are fixed. In mutual life insurance the mathematical department supplies, by computation and tables, the entire framework upon which the business rests. The maintenance of this framework in its integrity, the daily adjustment of all the varied conditions involved, to its requirements, are duties most delicate and responsible. The financial, the medical, and the agency departments must remain in subservience. British companies have long been so conducted. It is a recognized principle in Germany. Likewise, it has ever been the rule of action in at least two very old and very successful American companies of national scope.

The idea has gone abroad that the life insurance agent is a burden to the premium-payer. It is undeniable that many companies have paid, and are paying, commissions that are too high. But the cause does not lie in any inherent defect of the structure, mutual life insurance. It lies directly in an abandonment of its basic principles. Extravagant commissions can be paid only for the procurement of policies that are non-mutual in the proper sense, that have had grafted upon them some provisions or stipulations which will work a forfeiture of the holder's equity, either in surplus, or reserve, or both. High commissions cannot be paid, and are not paid, for the procurement of business in a company which, mutual in its premium charges, writes its contracts guaranteeing to its members, all alike, automatic nonforfeiture of the mathematical reserve equity; which further agrees to distribute annually in equitable reduction of cost to each member that portion of surplus earnings which his own policy has mathematically contributed. Large commissions have not been paid in a company which insists upon having its policies valued, and its solvency tested, by the mathematics of the business, even though the laws of states permit of lower valuations and lower tests of solvency. Yet we have such companies in America.

But we are told by some that correct life insurance means annihilation of the agent and his commission entirely; that life insurance companies most resemble savings banks. And who ever heard of a savings bank paying commission to secure deposits? First, it may rightly be answered that the savings bank is not without expenditure for business-getting purposes. But wherein does a life insurance company differ from the savings bank? Right here: the savings bank has only one legitimate source of gain, interest upon investments. It deals in interest solely. An increase in deposits, beyond a certain point, will not increase the net interest rate per cent. Precisely so with the mutual life insurance company. But the life insurance company has another and most important source of gain: namely, from mortality. The life company deals then in mortality, plus interest. It is only by the constant addition of newly selected lives that a company may keep from realizing the full tabular death rate. Manifestly then the agent may lessen the burden of the premium-payer, but only provided that he receives in commission a sum consistent

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with the gain to be realized through his efforts. The Armstrong Committee, granted full recognition to this fact. And the Armstrong laws have attempted to fix for all companies doing business in New York the amount which may be expended for new business, advantageously to the general membership.[1] But it is worthy of note that the amount allowed by this law is greater than the sums used by several mutual companies in America. There are certain companies which have ever preferred the lesser new business, unless the greater was to be had without sacrifice of the principle.

Again, it is claimed that people should spontaneously insure their lives in numbers sufficient to gain in mortality without the agency medium. The answer is, experience. It has taught that an abstract proposal, to gain public favor and hold its interest, must be constantly put in concrete form to the individual. It has taught that public press advertisement is more expensive because less productive. Especially has experience taught that people generally will not voluntarily seek out life insurance. It will be mainly those in imminent need of its service. Adverse medical selection directly results. The records of British offices employing no agents do not show more favorable mortality or lower net cost. They do show higher premium charges than are employed by the best American mutual life insurance companies. The elimination of the agent in life insurance is unscientific. It is non-economical. It is opposed to growth. Certainly, it is un-American. No man has a more proper place in his community than the true representative and exponent of correct life insurance. In a hundred different ways he is of constant and unremunerated service to his present policy-holders. But in getting new, and keeping old insurance, he is a positive economical force. For he helps to solve one of the world's greatest problems, the elimination of pauperism, ignorance, degeneracy, and crime, that so often follow in the wake of insolvency.

Does life insurance cost too much? Companies differ widely in premium charges because of differing reserves; and still more because of different expense loadings; more widely still do they differ in point of net cost to members, due to the foregoing, plus the method and amount of dividend payments. But life insurance of the strictly mutual variety does not cost too much. For there are mutual life insurance companies in America holding for each policy the maximum reserve, and employing, moreover, the minimum scale for expense loading, which, by means of annual dividends arising from favorable mortality, favorable interest, and low expense, are rendering to-day perfect non-forfeitable and non-discriminatory protection to members, at a cost less than is theoretically possible; that is, at a cost less than the net or mathematical rates fixed by the bare table of mortality and interest. Surely such is a fair test.

Does correct mutual life insurance compare favorably in results with the savings bank? An examination of the records of two mutual life insurance companies, one domiciled in New Jersey, and one in Connecticut, shows that the rate of interest earned and annually credited to policyholders' funds, by accretion to reserve and by overplus as a dividend, exceeds the savings-bank rate. Examination shows that beneficiaries under matured policies are leaving their funds in the company's keeping, subject to withdrawal by them, and are enjoying net interest greater than the savings-bank rate. But as a total since organization, what is a fair comparison? One of

[1] The wisdom of fixing so delicate a point, by law, alike for all companies with their differing premiums, differing loadings, differing reserves, and varying amounts of life, endowment, and term, is doubtful indeed. It tends toward the shifting of responsibility from company managers to the state itself. It is as though the state, having licensed the physician to practice within its borders, yet should prescribe by law the maximum dose — of quinine, for example, in cases of malaria.

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the greatest savings banks of New York has through seventy-two years received from depositors five hundred and thirty million dollars. The sums paid back to depositors, or their representatives, plus the sums now in keeping for their future use, exceed the total deposited by nearly eighty-one millions. This sum, eighty-one millions, represents depositors' gain. Two strictly mutual life insurance companies have through sixty-two years received in premium payments by members, five hundred and thirty-eight million dollars. The sums that have been returned to members, or their beneficiaries, plus the sums now in keeping for their future use, exceed the total payments of members, by more than one hundred and twenty million dollars. This sum, one hundred and twenty millions, represents the gain to members and their beneficiaries. Or it might be viewed in this light: two mutual life insurance companies have, through more than sixty years, so administered their sacred trust, that interest earned has not only paid the entire cost of management, but added to the policyholders' funds one hundred and twenty million dollars.

Close scrutiny of the history of these same companies reveals no high commissions to agents, or bonuses; no high salaried executives; no syndicate participation, or speculation with policyholders' funds; no breach of trust by directors; and no abuse of the proxy system; on the contrary, plentiful demonstration of its usefulness.

Is then mutual life insurance on trial? Or is it life insurance that, purporting to be mutual, has grafted upon itself foreign and destructive excrescences? Plainly the latter. And what is the remedy? Not the elimination of agent, president, or director. No. Positively, No. Does it lie in legislation? To a degree, yes. The law must not interfere with the right of contract; but it must not license fraudulent contract. And so far as mutual life insurance is concerned, the remedy lies in compelling, by law if need be, the observance of those mathematical and certain principles which are the structural foundation of mutual life insurance. The policy contract is the embodiment of those principles. Let the law then properly define mutual life insurance, and let there be no masquerading in its name. Let the law secure unconditionally to the mutual member his full equity in the contract. The law at best should act as a deterrent. If there be a definite contractual obligation to safeguard and return funds in keeping, in that case responsibility is fixed, and becomes straightway the dominating impulse of management. Full publicity will do the rest.

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BYRON IN OUR DAY

BY J. F. A. PYRE

It is now some years since the "revival" of Byron was widely announced; but, thus far, the potency of the revival has been evident chiefly in certain valuable new editions of Byron's poems, and of his letters and journals. Nor is it clear that the import of such a revival has been broadly estimated, even by those whose vocation is the creation, or the criticism, of literature; still less, by those who merely find in literature the fuel and the kindling spark of their mental excitement. The contrast between Byron's vogue in his own day and its rapid and apparently conclusive wane has been an obvious theme for comment. Many reasons, some wise and some shallow, have been assigned for both. No writer was ever more unreservedly praised by the judicious of his own generation; and no writer of equal reputation was ever so uncompromisingly disparaged by his successors, so pitilessly expunged from the roll of honor by the masters of his craft. Is there anything to be learned from the rise and fall of the Byronic empire? And is there, at present, anything to be gained by restoring Byron to a position of eminence? Was there any virtue of permanence in that strange apparition of human energies which, by turns, astonished, dazzled, and wounded the imagination of his countrymen, and led all Europe captive? Or was it a mere sport of time, "a school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour," which has no relation to the deep-seated principles of society and of art?

Many a literary specialist still smiles, charitably, at the critic who ventures to discuss, *au grand sérieux*, the claims of so faded a superstition to rational analysis and valuation. He may explain Byron's contemporary power in England and America as an accident of the "Zeitgeist," his continued reign on the continent of Europe as founded on an obsession, not so soon shaken off abroad as at home; when well cornered, he may resort to the query of Mr. Saintsbury,— why, "as it was doubted by a great thinker, whether whole nations might not go mad like individuals, . . . it should be regarded as impossible, that whole continents should go mad like nations." Surely, such rhetorical peregrinations help us but little to understand a genius which was ranked by Goethe as the first of its time; which was a regenerative force in its effect upon the literatures of modern Germany, France, Italy, and Spain, and creative with respect to those of the Slavic peoples; which, if in one aspect it moulded the revolutionary literature of the early nineteenth century, was in another aspect not without its formative relation to the revolutionary literature of the latter part of the same era. Is it a paradox, or is it according to some law of literary evolution, that the people who got their *Hamlet* back from Germany at the beginning of the nineteenth century should, at the beginning of the twentieth, be going to the continent for the true content of their *Don Juan*?

The truth is, that nothing less than a readjustment of the principles upon which poetry is produced and estimated will have to precede a just estimate of Byron's poetry, of Byron as a force in the society which speaks the language he wrote. An instance of the cocksureness of each provincial generation of men, is our assumption, latterly, that our standards of taste have settled to a constant. The principle upon which poets, critics, and cultivated readers now mostly proceed is about as follows: a certain very

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lovely group of emotions is set aside from others, and we are instructed that these are the emotions which are awakened by poetry; whatever awakens any other sensations may be all very well, but it is not poetry. "It's clever, but is it art?" This standard of poetic emotion is accompanied by a standard of delicate craftsmanship, pertaining particularly to details, skill in versification and in verbal melody, preciosity or *simplesse* of diction. With these standards in full sway the subject-matter of the poet is naturally limited to what can be best treated in such a manner. The result we all know. Poetry — contemporary poetry — has ceased to have any sufficient relation to life. Its "dead but sceptred sovereigns still rule us from their urns;" but the living voice is seldom heard. Meanwhile, our criticism has become flaccid and over-tolerant; we do not hear, so often as formerly, the sturdy protests of "men who are competent to look, and who do look, with a jealous eye, to the honour of English Literature;" such men as Keats was so nobly willing to "conciliate." Rather, we adopt an elegiac tone; we set the seal upon the usefulness of poetry, regretfully owning that the world has changed and that the divinest of the arts has become the trivial pursuit of the esoteric and the delicate voluptuary; the poet is a meaningless ornament of society, "the idle singer of an empty day." The world has changed! There is the old Alexandrian cry. With a culture more widely disseminated than the English-speaking peoples have ever enjoyed, we are without one single writer of verse of the first magnitude.

The decadence of modern English poetry began from Keats. Pure Romanticism attained its highest excellence in the *Christabel* of Coleridge and in Keats's *St. Agnes' Eve*. Cut off before his ardor for beauty had time to ripen under a sound and adequate experience of life, Keats left to his successors a vessel of art, full to overflowing with rich and sensuous appeal, and upon the rim of the bowl which held the Circean draught, he inscribed this motto: —

> "'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,' — that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

With this were the followers of Iacchus made drunk. In other words, the influence of Keats determined the main direction of English poetry. Tennyson in his early period owed too much to Shakespeare and Milton, and to his own temperament, to be regarded as directly imitative of Coleridge and Keats; but he is like them in æsthetic method and quality. No one else lamented Tennyson's abandonment of the Lotus land so much as FitzGerald. Perhaps this was not an accident in the critic who was also the poet of the Omar Quatrains, — lovely verses, full of exquisite sensualism and unfaith. Some facts lie outside of the movement, of course; but even Browning was not untouched by æstheticism, and only his fullness of intellect and rugged individuality preserved him strong and single.

Next, the Pre-Raphaelite Brothers, Rossetti in chief, made even religion voluptuous, allied English poetry as never before with the sister arts, searched with a new and morbid sensitiveness alike into the sensuous elements of the Arthurian Legend and the Christian Myth, and overlaid them with a filigree of rare detail. Mr. Swinburne, somewhat swayed by Shelley, and flushed by the eroticism of some of the French Romantics, carried technique, particularly that of sound, to the point where meaning merges into music. He was by no means lacking in passion and ideas of his own; but from him the creed of poetry as a verbal art received powerful and "damnable" iteration. From this time on, thin and quavering parodies innumerable fill the air. Tennysonian maidens and Pre-Raphaelite damosels, and angels "in bright aureoles," "gleam and glimmer in shimmering shoals." Poetry begins to be confused with choir-stalls, organ-lofts, tapestry-hangings, peacock-screens, and variegated backgrounds; deep chloral

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fumes settle over *The City of Dreadful Night;* we get farther and farther from normal human experience, into a region where white peacocks wander about in gas-lit gardens of green chrysanthemums and yellow carnations, and other perverted vegetables; finally, we have for gain the patchouli and *lingerie* of *London Nights.* One would like to hear at last the large laugh and primitive bestiality of Rabelais, or even the hearty blasphemies of *Don Juan,* clearing through this atmosphere of insipid and effeminate pruriency. But our revolt to the natural world finds us nothing more new than a plaintive little band of Gaelic minstrels "sitting on a green knoll apart," piping a slender Irishism, remotely reminiscent of the posy, "Beauty is truth, that is all you know."

> The gleam,
> The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration and the poet's dream,

appear, after all, to him who has his eyes upon life, not to him who turns from it. Those who pursue the vision of beauty and pleasure too deeply into the wilderness of dreams, grasp only the Dead Sea apples of inspiration, strain after the mirage of poetry, glimpse at last but the corpse-light above the place where it lies buried. Romanticism has run out. It has gone, not to seed, but to a seedless pod; and no out-crossing can regenerate the species. We require a new stock.

"Æstheticism," said Ibsen, in a letter written as long ago as 1865, "is as fatal to poetry, as theology is to religion." In the recognition of that principle, there lay the promise of a *man* in literature, not a mere musician, or bundle of nerves, quivering tunefully to each wandering air and sighing tremulously after a "land of heart's desire." Here is promise of a poetic instrument, stretched with strings of iron, to be struck by a mighty hand. In our own poetry, only one manly voice has been heard for a generation; it is not a great voice, and yet how Mr. Kipling has called to the heart of his time, we all know, perfectly well! The health of poetic art, more than of any other, depends upon a close and nourishing connection with the society which gives it being, and when that relation ceases to exist the art is doomed to perish.

In order to state properly Byron's place in such a scheme of criticism, it is necessary to state, first, his relation to his art and to society.

The most damaging things that can be said of Byron as a writer are that he had an unsatisfactory philosophy, that his scholarship, though wide, was superficial, and that he was an imperfect artist. But if there is one thing certain about Byron, it is that he would have scorned the proposition that philosophy, scholarship, and art are the most important things in life. Neither would he have admitted that the two first are particularly important ingredients of poetry. And finally, he would have scouted the imputation that he himself was primarily an artist. That he was so, he rightly regarded as a mere accident of necessary self-expression. The professional artist, as such, he despised. He would, perhaps, have agreed with Johnson's view of the artistic temperament, which came out so cruelly in his half-truth about Garrick: "After all Davy is only a monkey." Byron is full of jibes concerning writers as a class, and literature as a trade. He instinctively refused, at first, to profit by his copyrights; but necessity and humorous good sense combined to convince him that he was quite as well entitled to the incidental profits of his publications, as a cluster of parasites, most of them ungrateful, like Dallas and Coleridge. One of the chief sources of his aversion for Wordsworth was the smugness with which (as he saw it) that poet assumed the rôle of professional good man and priestly bard. In due time he learned to drive a snug bargain with Murray; but this was chiefly due to an amused sense of the fitness of things, resulting from the discovery that writers of inferior merit and popularity were being better paid

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by the same publisher. Nevertheless, he always regarded his poetry as only a limb of himself, or at most a natural emanation, — as indeed it was. And yet, though Byron was an imperfect or unequal artist, though he never acquired, for example, any sureness in blank verse, — still, he had, from the beginning, a literary knack of extraordinary cleverness and versatility, and he got by use a command of at least some forms of verse which belongs to genius, and to genius only. Scholar he never became, to be sure; but his reading was generous and of a surprising range, and he had an eye for salient points, and a memory superlatively retentive and ready. Nor had he, indeed, any sane or consistent philosophy; he was not, perhaps never could have been, one of the truly wise; but he did a vast deal of thinking, and he thought shrewdly, clearly, and with great freedom.

Against Byron as a social being, the fundamental charge is that of insincerity and theatricality. He had, truly, a certain histrionic instinct for "doing the part;" as when, at the height of his early lionship, he out-dandied the dandies of London, for a season or two. But his posing was mostly harmless, — as superficial as the swagger and millinery of the soldier, — merely adventitious to the genuine strength and gallantry underneath. It is true that he was often whimsical and unreasonable; that he indulged in ungenerous outbursts toward and concerning friends; that he was not careful enough to ascertain the facts before passing judgment; and that he was rather revengeful. On the other hand, his violences were usually the signs of fearlessness rather than disloyalty, and disdain of a lurking meanness often led him to ignore conventional chivalries. He was given to strong language; but about the worst thing he could say of anybody was what he said, probably with justice, of Coleridge, whom he had signally befriended and who repaid him by snuffling scandal: "No more of him. He is a shabby fellow." It must be granted, finally, that, though capable of fine magnanimity, of lively and inspiring companionship, even of intense affection, he was apt to slip into arrogance and inclined to be distrustful. Equal friendship with him, though possible, was precarious.

His inferiors he seems to have treated with practically uniform firmness and kindliness, overshot, no doubt, with occasional flashes of irritability. He had a lavish hand for charity and disbursed one quarter of his income in this way, during his residence abroad. To be weak or unfortunate was to disarm him in a moment. He inspired in his servants the most dog-like trust and fidelity. The valet, Fletcher, who went with him on his boyish travels, remained at his side through all his fortunes and in many climes, was with him when he died at Missolonghi, saw to the embalming of his body, and was its guardian until it was laid away, three months later, in the church at Hucknall Torkard. One of the most affecting documents among the many painful memorials of Byron's life is the letter, full of cockneyisms and bad spelling and without commas, but also without vulgarity, in which Fletcher transmitted to Murray the news of his master's death at Missolonghi. "After twenty years of service, he was more to me than a father," wrote the heart-broken valet.

For his unfairness toward women as a class and for his conduct toward individuals, it is impossible that Byron should ever be forgiven. Women were always indispensable to him, on a high, as well as on a low plane; yet he was almost habitually cynical in his observations on the sex as a whole. He is full of shrewd comments and had a keen eye for feminine foibles; but his general interpretation of the sex is shallow. The portraits of women, in the serious poems, are mostly favorable, but are, with few exceptions, romanticized out of all resemblance to life. He was too well satisfied to class women with such solaces of

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life as music, flowers, and wine, and too ready to sympathize with the Turk. "The Turks shut up their women and are much happier; give a woman a looking-glass and burnt almonds, and she will be content," is one of his random cynicisms. Intellectual women, blue-stockings, prudes, precisians, and mathematical prodigies, he mostly turned to laughter, as "benign ceruleans of the second sex."

> Yet some of you are most seraphic creatures,
> But times are altered since, a rhyming lover,
> You read my stanzas, and I read your features,
> And — but no matter, all those things are over;
> Still I have no dislike to learned natures,
> For sometimes such a world of virtue cover;
> I knew one woman of that purple school,
> The loveliest, chastest, best, but — quite a fool.

That much of this sort of thing was mere banter, is clear, if we compare such utterances with the apostrophe to Astarte in *Manfred*, and the characterization of Adah in *Cain*, and recall the profound tenderness with which he tells the story of Haidee, and the exalted mood in which he almost invariably addresses his sister Augusta.

In his many *liaisons*, there was usually some heart, — more or less, — but his moral code was certainly not that of a Meredithian hero; it was more nearly that of the average young man of fashion of his day. And yet, it may be doubted if the critics have done justly, in treating his delinquencies less leniently than those of Shelley and Burns. There was less of cowardice and cruelty in Byron's treatment of women than was the case with either Burns or Shelley, — more adherence to the code of the man of the world, — not a high standard, certainly, — but Byron chose to see things as they were and lacked the sustained sentimentalism of the one, and the blinding self-righteousness of the other. It must be remembered, too, that if ever a being was the quarry of the Superman, it was he.

Upon the subject of Byron's separation from his wife, volumes have been written, but it need not detain us here. There was much wrong on both sides in that matter. The important thing is, that this event and his subsequent unpopularity and expatriation had more effect on Byron, for better and for worse, than any other event in his life. It shook him to the last fibre, and stimulated, if it did not actually awaken, his genius.

However one may see fit to dispose the lights and shadows in the character and conduct of "this unfortunate great man," what remains, after any and all deductions, is a superb personal force; powerful, and on the whole splendid; imperfect, but fearless and free; weakened by pride, but by that very quality hardened to keep its identity intact; "a personality, in eminence such as has never been yet and is not likely to come again," said Goethe; a "fiery mass of living valor," hurling itself upon life, with unparalleled emotional energy. Both mind and will were of more than common force; irony modified all his perceptions; yet his passions lifted him and whirled him away. Rage, love, hatred, pity, laughter, convulsed him by turns. When he unexpectedly met Lord Clare in the road near Bologna, he became shuddering and speechless, overpowered by the recollections which thronged upon him, of their boyish friendship and the days at Harrow. La Guiccioli tells a similar story of a meeting with Hobhouse at Pisa. On one occasion, enraged over a tradesman's bill, he dashed his favorite watch into the fireplace and ground it to pieces with the tongs. His wife was present; no wonder she thought him mad. Kean, as Sir Giles Overreach, Alfieri's "Myrrha," threw him into hysterical sobs, so that he was compelled to leave the theatre. In one of his sister's letters, written at the time of the separation, a sort of report to Lady Byron, we come across this mysterious sentence, "The screams have

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ceased." He was not mad; he was merely "eaten up with passion." This fountain of passion, usually under control, was the source of his inspiration and of his influence over others. "All other souls in comparison with his seem inert," says Taine.

And with Byron passion was not merely a gift; it was a doctrine. In one of his letters to Miss Milbanke, there is an observation which comes very near to expressing the central principle of his existence. "The great object of life is sensation — to feel that we exist — even though in pain." To him, one of the chief curses of society was its *ennui*, the futility of its conventional pursuits, which all recognize, but most endure. He was for fanning the coal of life into a blaze. The vitality of his emotions demanded this. Hence, when friendship stagnated, when love lapsed back into the inevitable mediocrity and torpor, he fretted or fled. In ordinary terms, he was fundamentally and abnormally impatient of being bored.

A being thus constituted, and cherishing so dangerous a doctrine, naturally found no peace in this life, but was goaded on from pleasure to pleasure, or from one violence to another. Passionate friendships, savage quarrels, gaming, carousing, travel and adventure, hard reading, hard riding, flirtations, and intrigues of varying intensity and duration, playing the social and literary lion, parliament, marriage, occupied but did not satisfy him. Avid of sensation, avid of power, he threw himself impetuously into his pursuits, lavished his life with the reckless waste of a cataract, and seemed as inexhaustible. He was too clear-sighted not to perceive the triviality of many of his occupations, and though too willful to change his ways, or employ his ample will power in self-restraint, he was not sordid enough to be happy so. Hence, he became a malcontent. Love soothed him, nature appeased him, for a time; and in the presence of either, he soared into realms of serene delight and contemplation. But "he could not keep his spirit at that height;" say, perhaps, he was not a dreamer; his passion called for outlet in action, in enterprise; and he became — a writer!

It has been said that Byron had the making of a matchless orator, possibly of a great publicist. The career was open to him. From the age of ten he had been a peer of England, and at his majority he became entitled to a seat in Parliament, and a share in its deliberations. He took his seat, and made a speech or two; but his vanity was not tremendously gratified, and he scarcely entered the hall again. After all, he was too impatient ever to have made a statesman. The truckling, the compromises, the checks and balances by which nations are ruled, would have been maddening to a spirit so haughty and intolerant as Byron's in his youth. "Strength of endurance is worth all the talent in the world," he once said; but he added, "I love the virtues that I cannot share." And yet, during the last months of his life in Greece, he showed to a remarkable degree the fortitude and self-possession of an executive. Still, paradoxical as it may seem, fate and instinct probably led him to the field which offered the best scope for his vehement and random energies.

Fate and instinct, — for Arnold is somewhat misleading when he tells us that Byron "threw himself upon literature." The very title, *Hours of Idleness*, which the young lord affixed to his maiden volume, sufficiently indicated the lackadaisical spirit in which he came before the public, and he further promised in his preface not to offend again. Of course this protestation is not to be taken too seriously, for Byron periodically resolved never to publish again; but it was his resentment at the severe handling of his first volume by the *Edinburgh Review* which really committed him to literature. Like Don Juan, when surprised in a compromising situation, —

> His blood was up; though young, he was a Tartar,
> And not at all disposed to prove a martyr.

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"They knocked me down; but I got up again," he boasted, many years later. Elsewhere, he recalls, with relish, the counsel of his old boxing-master, Jackson, with reference to conduct in a *mêlée:* "Mill away, right and left; don't stop to pick out your friends." These instructions Byron followed faithfully in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* His third volume was the result of his native impulse to expression, a series of descriptive sketches and reflections, poured out in verse during his travels through Spain, Greece, and the Levant, and dominated by a thinly veiled, somewhat theatrical portrait of himself. Convention is probably right in attributing the success of this volume to the fact that it precisely met the taste of the time. Byron's faculty for hitting out telling phrases is nowhere better illustrated than by the now hackneyed words in which he described the suddenness of the sensation produced by *Childe Harold:* "I awoke one morning and found myself famous." Henceforth, whatever he chose to write was sure of an immediate audience. Now, indeed, he "threw himself upon literature." It was not alone that his vanity was flattered by the reception of his works; more and more he found in poetry an outlet for his fiery opinions; in the world of his own creation, he lived the life of sensation, of boundless energy, of unmitigated intensity, for which he burned.

> 'T is to create
> And by creation live a being more intense,
> That we endow with form our fancy.

From this time on, there was no question of his vocation; he wrote voluminously and with steadily increasing power, to the time of his fatal expedition to the fever camps of Greece, which was to terminate his energies at the age of thirty-six. Taine is certainly wrong when he says that Byron was worn out, that his power flags toward the close; Byron himself was certainly wrong on this point. Some of the most vigorous, most sincere, and most engaging verse he ever wrote is to be found in the last cantos of *Don Juan,* and his prose of the same period is glorious for its swiftness, lucidity, and strength.

Byron's was not one of those great, unselfish imaginations, like that of Shakespeare, or even like that of Goethe, which can take up into itself all that it finds in the life of the world, and recreate it into splendid wholes of artistic consistency and loveliness. But his mind was of the same general order. It is true, he could not get away from himself; but this does not mean, as some have asserted, that he had no imagination; it means only that his gift was not dramatic. The power which seizes with a mighty grasp upon the salient realities of the world and subdues them to unity, he had in a high measure; but the law to which he subdues them is the law of his own being. On the one hand, this is the source of all that is pitiful and childish in him; but, on the other, it is the source of all his might. We find something ennobling and stirring in the arrogance which sees, in all the enterprises and all the convulsions of nature and of society, the prototypes of his own fiery life. One man stands up and says to all the world, "This is I: I am one with the storm! The rolling thunder-stone, reverberating through the abysses of the Alps, is the echo of my own soul! All desolate lands and cities — Greece, unhappy Greece, Venice with her faded grandeurs, and Rome, a plundered ruin — *express me.* But I am greater than these symbols, myself, one and indivisible, — a tortured human soul, unconquered, unsurrendering." This it was which made conquest of reviving Europe. To an age of awakening individuality, he proclaimed the dogma of rebellion, of freedom and defiance. And he became as a pillar of fire to superannuated peoples who had but to doff the lethargy of custom to find themselves young.

It has been urged that his genius was all destructive, that he had no constructive wisdom. But his sense of the unsatisfactoriness of life is in itself recreative.

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One does not hate the false, unless his eyes, however bandaged, have had some glimpse of the truth. Byron is allied to the great minds of tragedy and comedy by his alertness to the incongruities of life, the grand and the trivial. What conformed to true design he could set forth with noble eloquence, and, at times, with superb poetic beauty; but he was more at home in the passions of discontent. Over what seemed but splendid failures in the scheme of things, he grieved with incomparable melancholy; the trivial, he lashed with diabolic mockery and scorn. His flippancy arises out of those moods in which all things seem trivial, — moods to which a Shakespeare or a Goethe never succumbs. Yet when all is said and done, such is the effect of his delight in the exercise of his own force, his own "boldness, dash, and daring," that we are not depressed but exhilarated; the total effect is not that of despair but of defiant will. We come out of the tumult, the vastness, and the gloom, energized, lifted up, electrified, as he himself came from the embraces of the sea, the caress of the night and the storm.

But his eloquence lacks the sustained distinction, his comedy the light-heartedness, of the very greatest. "The mind in creation is as a fading coal," said Shelley. In Byron, the poetic fire often fades suddenly and leaves us staring at blackened spots in his creations. He was dependent upon his volleying passion for illumination, and this failing, he had no assured art of style, or lacked the patience, to patch up his transitions or overlay with conciliating decoration the blotches where inspiration cooled. And this grave defect is very unsatisfactorily remedied by representing him in extracts, such as those chosen by Arnold. One must feel the long sweep, the general buoyancy of Byron, in order to understand him. It is this which is exhilarating, which carries us triumphantly over many a flagrant delinquency of metre or of diction. The critic who comes "to peep and botanize" will find nothing but misery in Byron's style, unless, indeed, he come, as many critics do, to gloat. There are few single lines of magical appeal, as in Keats and Coleridge. It is almost impossible to select a single stanza, even from the best parts of *Childe Harold*, that is not disappointing if examined too closely. And yet, somehow, we are sustained and swept onward.

> Awaking with a start,
> The waters heave around me and on high
> The winds lift up their voices. . . .
>
> Once more upon the waters! Yet once more!
> And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
> That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!
> Swift be their guidance wheresoe'er it lead!
> Though the strained mast should quiver as a reed,
> And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,
> Still must I on; for I am as a weed,
> Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam to sail
> Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

This is rhetoric, perhaps, — call it what you will, — but it is rhetoric which attains its object. Here is the feel of the wave, the sound of the wind, the passion of the traveler, conveyed in words that shout and sting, in verse that swells and billows with the sea.

There is a now famous article by Mr. Swinburne, in which, infuriated at the villainy of Matthew Arnold in ranking Byron above Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats, he threw himself upon Byron with a determination to eradicate him, root and branch. The article is a powerful and a cunning one, though weakened by hydrophobic symptoms, here and there. It contains numerous instances of the unfair kind of criticism by which the fame of Byron has been injured. For example, to prove Byron's deafness to style and metre, Mr. Swinburne selects a rather crude passage from one of the less mature poems, *The Siege of Corinth*, and not satisfied with wrenching the four wretched verses from their context, he insults over the sense and breaks the metre with marks of exclamation and parenthetical (*sic*). Considered as an ex-

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ample of verbal melody, the lines are poor enough.

> Mount ye, spur ye, skirr the plain,
> That the fugitive may flee in vain,
> When he breaks from the town; and none escape,
> Aged or young, in the Christian shape.

But let one read these verses in their context, — the description of a scene immediately preceding a cavalry charge, — particularly let him read them aloud, and he finds that what seemed crude and inert is awakened to life by the energy of the whole, and plays its due part in a general effect of somewhat coarse and melodramatic, but indisputable, vigor and reality. Had the critic wished to be only half fair to his victim, he might have chosen some lines from the description of the preceding night, about a page back, the passage beginning, —

> "'T is midnight; on the mountains brown
> The cold round moon shines deeply down."

But no one would think of basing the title of Byron to poetic importance upon poetry of this class. It was in *Don Juan* that he found himself. "I see you still insist on regarding me as a gloomy personage," he once wrote to Miss Milbanke. "The fact is I am a very facetious fellow." "We have laughed for four days," he wrote after one of Moore's visits, many years later. The grand, gloomy, and self-torturing misanthrope who dominates all Byron's early romances, as well as *Childe Harold*, *Manfred*, and *Cain*, illustrates only one phase of an exceedingly complicated and variable temperament. When Byron discovered himself in *Don Juan*, his mind had matured, his way of life had become more wholesome, his technical ability had reached its height; what was of particular importance, he had learned to write more slowly and with greater patience; his daily stint was two octaves of *Don Juan*. The scheme of the poem was such as to allow him to deploy all his powers. Flesh and blood narrative, description which *is* the thing, satire in all keys, sentiment, trenchant reflection, are woven together with a mastery and ease which continually astonish, and never tire, though they sometimes shock. He is, by turns, comical and savage, pathetic and terrible, romantic and burlesque, earnest and reckless, intellectual and voluptuous; he laughs and weeps, prays and blasphemes, sings, shouts, threatens, cajoles, caresses, stabs right and left. Half a dozen stanzas as cleverly keyed and turned as the one quoted above to illustrate his satire of the blue-stockings would be sufficient to make the fame and determine the bent of a minor poet, such as Praed; and this represents only one of a thousand moods. And yet, *Don Juan* is not a series of passages; the narrative swims forward without effort; our eyes are continually on the hero; our heart aches with the meaning of it all. It is a shallow view of this poem which regards it as a mere string of studied disenchantments, lewdnesses, cynicisms, and blasphemies. It is the panorama of life as Byron saw it, "with all its imperfections on its head," a mixture of good and evil, which he was bound to render frankly as it appeared to him, and as he lived and judged it,—not well perhaps, but passionately, fearlessly, and as a citizen of the world. Byron's recent editor is not wrong in calling *Don Juan* the "epic of modern life."

Byron's view of life was, after all, essentially moral. He was deeply and sincerely interested in the moral aspect of things; only, he laid the stress elsewhere than on the conventional morality of his day. That conventional morality — often a mere matter of appearances — he stigmatized as cant; he hated that cant, not comically, at bottom, but earnestly, savagely; and he assailed it with furious blows, shocked it without mercy or caution. There is no doubting his sincerity when he cries out in his letters, "It is the most moral of poems;" his contempt is as genuine as it is bitter, when he says to the British nation, —

> "You 're not a moral people and you know it,
> Without the need of too sincere a poet."

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But he was less interested in private, domestic morality than in public, political morality. Nothing could more clearly present this contrast than his terrible arraignment of George III, in *The Vision of Judgment*. And herein, he took a large, a continental view, — not an insular, British view. Perhaps he was wrong, but he was sincere. Further, his treatment of this theme is essentially poetical. He creates a myth, a political myth. His assaults on individuals are not, for the most part, the result of personal rancor, though this sometimes added to the zest of his attack. He erected a mythus of political devildom, and its heroes were Castlereagh and Wellington and George III, and, most of all, Southey, the recalcitrant laureate, the idealization, in his mind, of pusillanimous time-serving, of scribbling, prosperous British cant.

There is no doubt that *Don Juan* is often shocking; perhaps the sum total of its impression is that of a terrible disorder of enormous and varied powers, often ill-directed. There is no mistaking the inferiority of Byron's force to that of Shelley, in attractiveness, in sweetness, radiance, and charm; but there is, likewise, no mistaking Byron's superiority in massiveness, in variety, and in effectiveness. Shelley, who understood Byron thoroughly, was not deceived on that point; he well knew which was the mightier spirit. Shelley, too, not being one of the canters, readily saw that in *Don Juan* the immense talent of his great contemporary had first found the means of freely rendering itself effective.

If we seek, now, to illustrate the qualities of this poem, we realize, at once, how surprising is its range, by the very absurdity of such an attempt. There is room for a single extract which will show the poet in one of his better moods; the language is simple and clear and direct; but the result is thoroughly poetical. These are the three stanzas in which the poet dismisses the story of Haidee, and then, as if dashing a tear from his eye, turns, with a subtle bravado, to Juan; if we read in this transitional stanza only a piece of brutal bathos, if we cannot see the poet smiling through his tears, we have no business to be reading *Don Juan*.

The isle is now all desolate and bare,
  Its dwellings down, its tenants passed away:
None but her own and father's grave is there,
  And nothing outward tells of human clay:
Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair,
  No stone is there to show, no tongue to say
What was: no dirge, except the hollow seas,
Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

But many a Greek maid in a loving song
  Sighs o'er her name; and many an islander
With her sire's story makes the night less long.
  Valor was his, and beauty dwelt with her:
If she loved rashly, her life paid for wrong —
  A heavy price must all pay who thus err,
In some shape; let none think to fly the danger,
For soon or late Love is his own avenger.

But let me change this theme, which grows too sad,
  And lay this sheet of sorrows on the shelf;
I don't much like describing people mad,
  For fear of seeming rather touched myself —
Besides, I 've no more on this head to add;
  And as my muse is a capricious elf,
We 'll put about and try another tack
With Juan, left half-killed some stanzas back.

Byron has been accused of childishness by latter-day writers, because of his admiration and defense of Pope, and his stout adherence to classical theories of poetic art. Yet he was more than half classical himself, as his recent editor, Mr. More, has pointed out. Revolutionary though he was in his opinions, and many points as he had in common with the romantic school, he is classical in the directness and simplicity of his methods, in the large lucidity of his aims, in his subordination of means to ends, in the roundness and sonority of his execution, his indifference to decoration. And I suspect that, even as a critic, if any one will take the trouble to read him, he will be found to have known what he was talking about, rather better than the æsthetico-romanticists have been disposed to admit. "I said we were on a wrong tack,"

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he once wrote to Moore, "but I never said that we did not sail well. Our fame will be hurt by admiration and imitation. When I say 'our,' I mean all (Lakers included) except the postscript of the Augustans . . . the next fellows must go back to the riding school and the *manège* and learn to ride the 'great horse.'" Great as was the contrast between Byron's theories and his practice in poetry, it was not so great as has been represented. And unsatisfactory as his total output, in many ways, is, the power which he showed in literature was of a high order; only a narrow creed of poetry, a too narrowly æsthetic conception of its aims and its means, can exclude a large body of his work from that class.

It has often been accounted a strange divagation of judgment in Matthew Arnold, that he saw in Byron one of the greatest poetic forces of modern times, a conviction which he uttered not once, but many times. The ranking of poets is a precarious and not always a profitable pastime, and yet it is not likely that Arnold's critical reputation will ultimately suffer to the degree that Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Saintsbury have presumed, from the fact that he chose Wordsworth and Byron as the two names of surpassing importance in the poetry of the nineteenth century. The sooner we escape from the bondage to æstheticism which forces a writer like Mr. Saintsbury to approve the saying of a brother critic, that "the first ten lines of Beddoes's *Dream Pedlary* contain more pure poetry than the entire works of Byron," the sooner will there be a sound hope that the "future of English Poetry" may be, what Arnold loved to say it would be, "immense." Despite the present disposition on the part of many clever little men to disparage our great standard critic, his approval will always be a strong card for Byron. Arnold was not only a critic; he was an advocate. To inculcate in his nation "the sense for style" was the mission which he took upon himself and which he so nobly discharged. Considering his aim, he might have been pardoned had he erred in applying his standard somewhat too drastically to such a writer as Byron. It is evidence of his admirable sanity as a critic, that, in spite of his aims as a teacher, he saw clearly the place to which Byron was entitled, not by the perfection of his style, but by the "eminence" of his personality, by virtue of his personal force and fire and freedom and saliency.

These truly valiant qualities, which made Byron so enormously effective in his generation, may still give us pause. In our days of poetic puttering, when we can point to hundreds of clever technicians in verse, but not to one singer or maker who sways the time, we can ill afford to despise the memory of one who accomplished so much in his way and day. Though a great deal of Byron's subject matter is obsolete, though many of his ideas no longer interest us, so much, at least, is of perennial interest. Byron's liveness, Byron's directness, his intellectual dauntlessness, his ethical cogency, his wholesome contempt for social and artistic futility, his reckless valiancy of spirit, his very faults even, will be educative always, will always cry rebuke to the putterers and patchers of poetry.

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MR. SHAW AS CRITIC

BY H. W. BOYNTON

Too many words, it will be said, have already been printed around and about the busy journalist and critic Mr. G. B. Shaw. Seldom has a more lively pother been stirred up by the long spoon of virtuosity. Ten years from now he will, no doubt, be well on his way toward oblivion; but for the moment he is a phenomenon to be reckoned with, whether as the Pulcinello, the Cagliostro, or the mere bogey-man of the literary hour. He has made sure of our attention if only, as it were, by putting his feet in our laps. This has appealed to some of us as an act of genius, to which we have hastened to pay a ready tribute of round eyes, if not of worship. Here is the ardent and ingenious Mr. James Huneker picturing Mr. Shaw as an unfathomable being, a man of mystery, hidden from mortal eyes by innumerable concealments and disguises. "He has spoken through so many different masks that the real Shaw is yet to be seen. Perhaps on his deathbed some stray phrase will illuminate with its witty gleam his true soul's nature. He has played tag with this soul so long that some of it has been lost in the game." All this is amusing, but it does not mean overmuch. In the light of the present volumes [1] Mr. Shaw does not appear to be a difficult puzzle to solve, if, indeed, he is a puzzle at all. By race and nature a wit, he has indulged himself in paradox and other verbal mystification to the top of his bent. His temperament is all mercury, but his mind is firm enough upon its foundations, such as they are. None of his bodily or mental addictions are strong enough to arrest his flow of spirits; he is a joyous socialist, a boisterous Fabianite, and, yet stranger portent, an exuberant vegetarian. He is extravagant by instinct as well as by policy. So far as questions of good form are concerned, he appears at first glance to be quite untrammeled by any consideration of taste. This is more obviously untrue of his attitude toward questions of higher importance than good form. However obscured by its fantastic dress of impudence and irreverence, paradox and persiflage, the most characteristic utterance of this self-confessed mountebank proceeds from a singularly rigid morality.

By his most characteristic utterance I do not mean the plays; they represent a phase of heightened self-consciousness and diminished self-command. Mr. Shaw is at his sanest in the dramatic criticisms contributed weekly to the *Saturday Review* during the years 1895–98, and but now republished in two rather thick volumes. From the outset he is frankly impatient of conventional restraint, and contemptuous of the cautious methods of urbane criticism. "In this world," he cries presently, "if you do not say a thing in an irritating way, you may just as well not say it at all, since nobody will trouble themselves about anything that does not trouble them." When this was written, a dozen years ago, Mr. Shaw was already a man of middle age. People were beginning to trouble themselves more or less about what he said in his irritating way. A few earnest persons (at whom he laughed) were disposed to hail him as a prophet. The youthful mind began to rejoice in him as an insubordinate and a cynic. The powers that were regarded him with the sidelong eye, half ashamed, half amused, with which responsible members of society are wont to look upon the not always seemly antics of an *enfant*

[1] *Dramatic Opinions and Essays.* By G. Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's. 1906.

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terrible. Already in America had been heard the sound of that wild horn on Piccadillian echoes borne.

Mr. Shaw's training had not been of a sort to breed the amenities. He began life as an electrical engineer. "You must not suppose," he remarks blandly, "because I am a man of letters, that I never tried to earn an honest living. I began trying to commit that sin against my nature when I was fifteen, and persevered, from youthful timidity and diffidence, until I was twenty-three." His last professional experience was connected with an unsuccessful attempt to establish the Edison telephone in London; in the end Bell's machine proved too much for it. Thereupon the young Irishman deliberately betook himself to the literary life of idleness. "Just as people with social ambitions will practice the meanest economies in order to live expensively, so the artist will starve himself through incredible toil and discouragement sooner than go and earn an honest week's wages." For the next few years Mr. Shaw so starved himself, writing five novels (surely a liberal experiment) for which no publisher could be found; and was presently driven, according to the best traditions, to the forlorn hope — criticism. Pictures, music, contemporary literature, became in turn his prey. To all of these tasks he brought an open mind, an honest impulse, a keen eye, unlimited diligence, and immovable self-confidence. Eventually, after some twenty years, he entered upon the experience as dramatic critic the results of which are now before us. This three years' service, he complains, nearly killed him. Pictures and music were bad enough, but "the theatre struck me down like the veriest weakling." At all events, in 1898 he retired, physically ill and mentally exhausted, from his critical post on the *Saturday Review.* He had fully expressed his opinions of what the modern play is and should be; and these opinions he had reinforced by the purely negative means of his satirical farces, the best of which were already written. "Up to that fateful day," he says in one of his characteristic prefaces, "I had never stopped to spoon up the spilt drops of my well into bottles. Time enough for that when the well was empty. But now I listened to the voice of the publisher for the first time since he had refused to listen to me. I turned over my articles again; but to serve up the weekly paper of five years ago as a novelty — no: I had not yet fallen so low, though I see that degradation looming up before me as an agricultural laborer sees the workhouse. So I said, 'I will begin with small sins: I will publish my plays.'" So the plays were published, with spectacular prefaces, which represent, at least, a less perverted exercise of the critical faculty than the plays do. The writer's irritated audience was greatly enlarged by the publication, notably in America, which is not so easily mystified by rhodomontade and hyperbole, and is a good deal at home with Mr. Shaw's humor. Might not Mark Twain have said the same thing, to a comma, about the man of letters and the honest living?

I do not see that much is to be said for the positive value of the plays, even as wholesome irritants. Their quality is negative. One is interested in them, if at all, because of what they refuse to be, what they suggest; because, in short, of their critical property. On their sparkling griddle is done to a turn all the sham and banality and false flutter of the popular drama; but there is nothing else. Mr. Shaw's vaunted normality of vision does not prevent his being self-deceived on this head, for it is clear that he regards himself as a writer of genuine plays. "Not," he says, in speaking of the difficulties involved in his first attempts to get a hearing — "Not that I lacked the dramatist's gift. As far as that is concerned, I have encountered no limit but my own laziness to my power of conjuring up imaginary people in imaginary places, and making up stories about them in the natural scenic form which has given rise to that curious human institution, the theatre."

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Mr. Shaw's features probably take on an expression of bland amusement when it is intimated that there is nothing in the least "imaginary" in his farces. The people are aspects of his own mind, and the place is where he chances to be; the story is an illustrated lecture. The lecturer, whose themes are serious enough, and who is not a fool, is unable to keep his head before a crowd. The result is a fiasco of criticism gone astray. This fact seems not to have been generally observed, even by assiduous students of the Shaw phenomena. In his Introduction to the present volumes (Mr. Shaw has already said his say in his preface to *Three Plays for Puritans*), Mr. Huneker remarks briskly, "He now produces plays instead of rowing in the critical chain-gang; why cannonade cockchafers when you can demonstrate that the possession of the critical faculty does not oust the creative?" If this fact needed proof (one seems to recall such respectable instances to the contrary as Dryden and Goethe and Coleridge), Mr. Shaw's plays would certainly fail to supply it. His is an instance of a criticism, creative in a minor sense, seeking to enforce itself by a process of purely artificial construction. At best the so-called plays can be said to give inferior, erratic, and partial expression to a fundamentally sound critical instinct, which it would have been a delight to see embodied fully in some "creative" form, as the phrase goes. That they fail to present this full embodiment is precisely our cause of quarrel with them. They are not generous, they offer nothing. They sneer at the common cant and would substitute a cant of their own. If beneath their ridicule of conventional sentiment and morality there appeared, however dimly, some sort of reverence for something, we might have in them a group of comedies instead of a series of bitter farces.

In the body of his critical work such a reverence, such a sense of responsibility plainly inheres. Criticism is Mr. Shaw's "job," as distinguished from what we may call his super-jobs, the scorn of virtue and the praise of Shaw. And he has a perfectly dignified conception of the critical function: "Even Louis the Eleventh," he says, "had to tolerate his confessor, standing for the eternal against the temporal throne. Democracy has now handed the sceptre of the despot to the sovereign people; but they too must have their confessor, whom they call Critic." What finer ideal of criticism does one recall than this of "standing for the eternal against the temporal throne?" Furthermore, Mr. Shaw rightly believes that the critic qualifies for his office by an experience of rational enjoyment. With his contemporary, Mr. Walkley, he holds that the ideal spectator, ὁ χαρίεις, is not the average spectator, but the accomplished spectator: the critic, in short. "The drama's laws the drama's patrons give," he quotes derisively after hearing Mr. Henry James thoroughly "booed." "Pray, which of its patrons? It is the business of the dramatic critic to educate these dunces, not to echo them." This, then, is Mr. Shaw's task as he conceives it, to educate the dunces. And in order to educate them it is first of all necessary to wake them up, to jostle and hustle them into some semblance of attention. Dignity of critical method may be thrown by the board. What is the use in a criticism written for critics? "Criticism is not only medicinally salutary, it has positive popular attractions in its cruelty, its gladiatorship, and the gratification its attacks on the great give to envy, and its praises to enthusiasm. . . . It may say things which many would like to say, but dare not, and indeed for want of skill could not, even if they durst. Its iconoclasms, seditions, and blasphemies, if well turned, tickle those whom they shock; so that the critic adds the privileges of the court jester to those of the confessor."

This puts the whole situation before us as Mr. Shaw sees it: his aim in criticism is to defend the eternal from the temporal by frankly temporal means. Not even "vulgarity and impudence" are

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to be neglected by the critic "whenever they are the proper tools for his job." The gospel is to be disseminated at all hazards, — by blaspheming it, if necessary. Mr. Shaw has declared himself a mountebank, blowing his mercenary trumpet at the cart's tail. He is much more like a salvation laddie, sounding his drum and bellowing rag-time in the name of the Lord. Such performers are prone to be seduced by their own rude music, and they who came to preach remain to play. In the long run, Mr. Shaw's gospel has not fared very luckily at his hands; for it must be said that vulgarity and impudence are tools with which nature rather than art has endowed him. They have helped qualify him, in a vulgar sense, as satanic functionary, the useful adversary who brings home to us our silly prides and hypocrisies. Why not ignore the laddie's manner, and consider, for a moment, the truth that is in him?

First it is to be noted that he is more powerfully obsessed with the notion of his own exceptional normality than are most men of unusual ability. On top of his failure as a novelist, a physician chanced to pronounce his sight normal; that is, as he defined it, such as only one person in ten possesses. This explained everything: "My mind's eye, like my body's, was normal: it saw things differently from other people's minds, and saw them better." Something very like this we feel to be true of geniuses of the first order. Of Mr. Shaw it may be said that his primary impulses are normal; his virtue lies in what he instinctively feels rather than in what he consciously sees. His utterance as a whole is a witty and petulant protest against the world's denial of its birthright. His criticism, with all its violences and all its trivialities, is as much as any thing else the expression of a belligerent honesty and a long-suffering but by no means defunct idealism. This is why the critic in him so often shifts to the satirist. This is why his critical faculty so often fails to exercise itself at all, leaving him to brandish his shillalah in the market place, to the amusement or disgust of the tenth who chance to possess normal manners as well as morals. Unless one understands that Mr. Shaw's work (yes, *Widower's Houses* and all) is based upon a painfully uncompromising morality, one must altogether miss its animus. It is only necessary to compare him with his compatriot, contemporary, fellow-exile, and fellow-protestant, Mr. George Moore, to do him this kind of justice. Mr. Moore runs amuck against religion, and moral standards, and marriage, out of sheer wantonness. Paganism is the word which he absurdly connects with the attitude. On the other hand, while Mr. Shaw declares that he has "no taste for what is called popular art, no respect for popular morality, no belief in popular religion, no admiration for popular heroics," the stress is all upon the epithet. It is the stupidly conventional *form* of things that drives him into his Berserker fury, as it drove Swift and Carlyle before him. At the extreme of the mood he finds it a relief to pretend that he is amused, and not enraged at all. He attacks marriage because it is so often a cloak for cupidity and license; he attacks the clergy because so many of them are mere "blind mouths;" he attacks romance because it is popularly taken to be the same thing as sentimental cant. In all this iconoclasm his impulse, at least, is perfectly healthy and normal.

In matters of taste (a word which Mr. Shaw repudiates) the situation is measurably the same; not absolutely, since æsthetic impulses are so much less to be relied upon than moral impulses. Most of us are provided by nature with an ethical rule of thumb upon which we can rely; as for æsthetic sense, we have, at best, an obscure instinct to start with. In Mr. Shaw this instinct was strong and sound; strong enough and sound enough to survive, and even, in a way, to thrive on, the incessant reactions incident upon a running fight with temperamental in-

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subordination and intellectual "cussedness." That Mr. Shaw's education was of a decidedly casual sort is a fact hardly to be regretted. The academic experience could have done little for him. He was born to be the *advocatus diaboli* of a generation somewhat in need of the prosecuting brief.

As for the individualism or impressionism of his method, it can scarcely be condemned in this age on the ground of irresponsibility. It has, in fact, been the method of most modern dramatic critics of note, — Lewes, Archer, and Walkley; Sarcey, Lemaître, and Anatole France, — M. Brunetière standing well-nigh single-handed for the "objective" tradition of Aristotle, Horace, and Boileau. Ours is the generation in which M. Lemaître has phrased the already famous definition of criticism as "the adventures of a soul among masterpieces;" and in which M. Anatole France has declared, "To be frank, the critic should say, 'Gentlemen, I am going to talk about myself apropos of Shakespeare, or of Goethe. Could I have a better opportunity?'" The Shaw egotism has plenty of precedent, it seems. Read Mr. Archer's collected reviews, and you will find no avoidance of the first person singular, nay, even an occasional ebullition of Caledonian sprightliness which is evidently felt to be in order. Read Mr. Walkley's, and you will not find him deficient in audacity. Pick up one of Mr. Sarcey's feuilletons, and you have the ripest opinion uttered with the least possible ceremony, a cheerful flow of colloquialisms, topical allusions, slang of the boulevard and of the theatre. Mr. Shaw is not a monster in that sort, at least.

Nor is he an interpreter of no school. There has been plenty of comment upon his modernity, his revolutionary aspect, his Ibsenism, and so on. The real explanation of the man lies in the fact that he is a survival, in his indignant and perversely expressed conservatism. This public prosecutor of convention, of romance, of idealism, is a stubborn pre-Raphaelite. His confessions of faith have been clear and frequent enough. "Educated people," he says, in one of his early criticisms, "have ceased to believe that architecture means 'ruins by moonlight' (style, ecclesiastical Gothic); that the once fashionable admiration of the Renaissance and the 'old masters' of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has been swept away by the growth of a genuine sense of the naïve dignity and charm of the thirteenth century work, so that nowadays ten acres of Carracci, Giulio Romano, Guido, Domenichino, and Pietro di Cortona will not buy an inch of Botticelli, or Lippi, or John Bellini — no, not even with a few yards of Raphael thrown in; and that the whole rhetorical school in English literature, from Shakespeare to Byron, appears to us in our present mood only another side of the terrible *dégringolade* from Michael Angelo to Canova and Thorwaldsen, all of whose works would not now tempt us to part with a single fragment by Donatello, or even a pretty foundling baby by Della Robbia. . . . Burne-Jones has made himself the greatest among English decorative painters by picking up the tradition of his art where Lippi left it, and utterly ignoring their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff. . . . William Morris has made himself the greatest living master of the English language, both in prose and verse, by picking up the tradition of the literary art where Chaucer left it, and Morris and Burne-Jones, close friends and coöperators in many a masterpiece, form the highest aristocracy of English art to-day." How remote all this seems from the bellicose and vulgar strain which, as such strains will, has carried farthest, — the petulant and rude utterance, it is not uncommonly supposed, of a bounder and a Goth. This man's hero is William Morris, not Ibsen or Nietzsche. The least farcical of his plays has a confessedly pre-Raphaelite motive. "To distil the quintessential drama from pre-Raphaelitism mediæval or modern," he says, apropos of *Candida*, "it must be shown in con-

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flict with the first broken, nervous, stumbling attempts to formulate its own revolt against itself as it develops into something higher." In the young poet-idiot "Marchbanks," then, we are expected to see "the higher, but vaguer, timider vision, and the incoherent, mischievous, and even ridiculous unpracticalness, which offered me a dramatic antagonist for the clear, bold, sure, sensible, benevolent, salutarily short-sighted Christian Socialist idealism," as embodied in "Morell." In effect, Marchbanks is an etherealized Sartorius, Valentine, Bluntschli—Shaw; the voice of disillusion crying in a metropolis. The old things are passing away, and a new world is at hand; a blessed world of Supershaws, in which shall be neither marrying nor giving in marriage, nor good manners, nor conventional morals, nor the building of churches, nor lying, nor folly, nor meat. A delightful plan this, which has appealed to other philosophers than Mr. Shaw from time immemorial. What more thorough-going remedy than, having discovered that the present human race is a failure, to set about the creation of a new one?

As a matter of fact, every other page of Mr. Shaw's criticism confesses the existence of an extant and tolerably respectable humanity. It is pleasant to find this supposed iconoclast perpetually betrayed into bursts of indignation against not only stage cant, but stage lubricity, brutality, and unchivalrousness. "To laugh without sympathy is a ruinous abuse of a noble function; and the degradation of any race may be measured by the degree of their addiction to it." So, between grimaces, speaks our maker of farce, honestly deaf to the quality of the laughter he himself oftenest excites. He sincerely wishes to "stand for the eternal against the temporal throne." Sincerity is the touchstone applied to the business of the playwright, manager, or actor. The man who is not an artist, Mr. Shaw somewhere intimates, "regards art as a quaint and costly ring in the nose of Nature." For himself, he is never so uneasy as in the presence of petty contrivance and elaborate convention.

"It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that what most of our critics mean by mastery of stage-craft is recklessness in the substitution of dead machinery and lay figures for vital action and real characters."

"Character-actor is a technical term denoting a clever stage performer, who cannot act, and therefore makes an elaborate study of the disguises and stage tricks by which acting can be grotesquely simulated."

"By 'a good acting play,' is always meant a play that requires from the performers no qualifications beyond a plausible appearance and a little experience and address in stage business. A 'literary play,' I should explain, is a play that the actors have to act, in opposition to the 'acting play,' which acts them."

Naturally this critic loses no chance to express his contempt for what he calls "Sardoodledom:" the cult of the "well-made" play. He gives M. Sardou no bail, and barely allows Mr. Pinero to go at large on good behavior. (Pinerotic is his happy epithet for the Ebbsmiths and Tanquerays of that culprit.) For Sir Henry Arthur Jones he has little but praise. But I may not begin to go into his criticisms of contemporaries in detail; it must suffice to say that they deserve to be read by playgoers who have any other than the most trivial interest in play-going.

The general impression made by Mr. Shaw's utterances on Shakespeare is of a rather conscious blasphemy. He is so impatient of the nonsense commonly associated with Shakespeare's name, that he has the air of despising the name itself. Just as his idealism causes him to declare that there is no such thing as romance, his love of Shakespeare leads him to run amuck amidst the most cherished observances of our Shakespeare-worshiping ritual. For Elizabethan drama as a whole he has nothing but contempt. "There is only one use left for the

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Elizabethan dramatists, and that is the purification of Shakespeare's reputation from its spurious elements. Just as you can cure people of talking patronizingly of 'Mozartian melody' by showing them that the tunes they imagine to be his distinctive characteristic were the commonplaces of his time, so it is possible perhaps to cure people of admiring, as distinctively characteristic of Shakespeare, the false forced rhetoric, the callous sensation-mongering in murder and lust, the ghosts and combats, and the venal expenditure of all the treasures of his genius on the bedizenment of plays which are, as wholes, stupid toys. When Sir Henry Irving presently revives *Cymbeline*, the numerous descendants of the learned Shakespearean enthusiast who went down on his knees and kissed the Ireland forgeries will see no difference between the great dramatist who changed Imogen from a mere name in a story to a living woman, and the manager-showman who exhibited her with the gory trunk of a newly-beheaded man in her arms. But why should we, the heirs of so many greater ages, with the dramatic poems of Goethe and Ibsen in our hands, and the music of a great dynasty of musicians, from Bach to Wagner, in our ears, — why should we waste our time on the rank and file of the Elizabethans, or encourage foolish modern persons to imitate them, or talk about Shakespeare as if his moral platitudes, his jingo claptraps, his tavern pleasantries, his bombast and drivel, and his incapacity for following up the scraps of philosophy which he stole so aptly, were as admirable as the mastery of poetic speech, the feeling for nature, and the knack of character-drawing, fun, and heart-wisdom which he was ready, like a true son of the theatre, to prostitute to any subject, any occasion, any theatrical employment? The fact is, we are growing out of Shakespeare. Byron declined to put up with his reputation at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and now, at the beginning of the twentieth, he is nothing but a household pet." Rude speech this, with quite enough hard sense in it to discomfit the Stratford pilgrim. It is rather comforting to find Mr. Shaw betrayed presently (by the emotions consequent upon an actual hearing of the Irving *Cymbeline*) into the following sweeping remark: "With the single exception of Homer, there is no eminent writer, not even Walter Scott, whom I can despise so entirely as I despise Shakespeare when I measure my mind against his." This at once clears the air, and relieves the worst of our apprehensions. Mr. Archer really has said all that needs to be said in the connection: "For my part, I have long ago given up as a bad job the attempt to convert Shakespeare to my views." Mr. Shaw is incapable of so ignominious a surrender.

His admiration for the pure music of Shakespeare is very great, and he is continually being roused to indignation by the brutal mouthing of the magic lines to be expected of the ordinary actor. The cutting and garbling of the plays in "stage versions" is another red rag to him, as well as the cheapening of their imaginative appeal by the over-elaboration of modern stage-management. He displays, in short, a greater reverence for the integrity of Shakespeare than many Shakespearean scholars — than the greatest Shakespearean actors. Mr. Archer's remark certainly brings to light the loose screw in Mr. Shaw's contempt for Shakespeare's intellect. Shakespeare was neither a pre-Raphaelite, a Fabianite, nor a socialist, and he had a wretched habit of saying the merely normal thing in beautiful verse. Deceiver! Nor is it satisfying that a man who might have roused his age by a sufficiently ruthless recourse to satire should have wasted himself upon romantic follies such as *As You Like It*. Fribble! *All's Well*, *Measure for Measure*, and *Troilus and Cressida* are the plays for which our critic has most respect. It is not surprising to find him pronouncing Fielding the most important dramatist between

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Shakespeare and Ibsen. Fielding's plays, deficient in the benign humor of the novels, are correspondingly more didactic in motive, and more scathing in wit. Like Mr. Shaw, he wrote, not comedies, but satirical farces; which had as brief a hearing as they deserved. In his *Quintessence of Ibsenism*, Mr. Shaw has had his say about Ibsen very fully. It cannot be rehearsed here. One may note the characteristic turn given (in a criticism of *Little Eyolf*) to a sneering allusion made by a brother-critic to Ibsen as "suburban." "Suburbanity at present means modern civilization. The active, germinating life in the households of to-day cannot be typified by an aristocratic hero, an ingenuous heroine, a gentleman-forger abetted by an Artful Dodger, and a parlor-maid who takes half-sovereigns and kisses from male visitors. . . . But if you ask me where you find the Helmer household, the Allmers household, the Solness household, the Rosmer household, and all the other Ibsen households, I reply, 'Jump out of the train anywhere between Wimbledon and Haslemere; walk into the first villa you come to: and there you are.' . . . The true explanation of Hedda Gabler's vogue is that given by Mr. Grant Allen: 'I take her in to dinner twice a week.'" When it comes to be considered a little, such a remark seems to have only the merit of a vague suggestiveness. No dinner which included Hedda Gabler could conceivably include Mr. Grant Allen. For the table would be set in an unapproachable villa in some ethereal suburb of Ibsen's consciousness; and the other guests would be Rosmer, and Nora, and the Lady from the Sea, and the rest; and at the head Peer Gynt.

Mr. Shaw's own Suburbia has not a trace of poetic aloofness. His stage figures are mere intellectual puppets, fashioned rudely in the image of their maker, and more or less absurdly contorting themselves as his voice crackles on in the wings. In the employment of his proper vehicle, on the other hand, he has proved himself a perfectly intelligible and capable critic of the uncompromising method of Nietzsche. In sober moments he does not claim very much for himself. He is, he confesses, a crow who has followed many ploughs; not particularly original: "What the world calls originality is only an unaccustomed method of tickling it." His plays he values chiefly as steps in the right direction: "The next Shakespeare that comes along will turn these petty tentatives of mine into masterpieces final for their epoch. . . . We must hurry on: We must get rid of reputations: they are weeds in the soil of ignorance." At such moments the clown not only achieves dignity, but actually approaches the feat of minor prophecy. However we may disrelish his appearance, however we may distrust his premises and discredit his conclusions, we must perforce yield him the attention due to sincerity of impulse and integrity of conduct. We cannot quite dismiss him with a shrug.

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THEOLOGY AND HUMAN NATURE

BY GEORGE HODGES

It is still true that "the heart makes the theologian." That is, his efficiency and even his accuracy depend on his personal qualities. It is highly desirable that he should know something about theology, but it is absolutely necessary that he should be fairly acquainted with human nature. Lacking such acquaintance, he will be both uninteresting and unconvincing; and he will probably be found to be in error.

The student of theology deals with a theme for which the mind alone is as inadequate as in the case of music or of art. The artist and the musician have need of intellectual ability of a high order; but they have need also of imagination, of feeling, of vision, of sympathy, of the qualities of the heart. The valedictorian may be able to paint a good picture, but not because he is a valedictorian. The idea that anybody who has an informed mind is thereby competent to arrive at valid conclusions in theology is as absurd as the classic instance of the man who was asked if he could play the violin, and who replied that he thought he could, though he had never tried. A man of science may compose a symphony; but his success in that undertaking will depend on his possession of qualities other than those which lead to successful investigation. A man of science may write a book of theology, and the book may be filled with learning and with sound logic; but it will be as hard and cold as the technique of the player who has no soul, unless the writer is also a man of religion; and with all its learning and its logic it may be wholly mistaken, because it begins without the first premise of a right point of view. In order to know the truth of God, it is necessary to do the will of God; and that implies not only the love of God but the love of our neighbor. It is an assertion of the essential place of human nature in the right study of theology.

This is equally true as regards the teaching of theology. For teaching is the process whereby one takes the ideas of his own mind and puts them into the mind of his neighbor. For the success of this process the neighbor is absolutely necessary. The truth must be spoken so that he may hear it, so that he may understand it, and so that he may be persuaded to receive it. If the teacher fails to gain attention, or if he speaks in a language which his hearer does not understand, he may be trying to teach; but he is not teaching. So it is also if he states his own conviction in such a way as to repel rather than to convince his neighbor.

For example, England was made Protestant by the arguments of Queen Mary. The people had no great desire to break with Rome; they had no strong enthusiasm for the Reformation; they had not been convinced either by Henry or by Cranmer. But Mary convinced them. She maintained the Catholic cause in such a way that the nation hated it. Also, New England was made Puritan by the arguments of Archbishop Laud. There was, indeed, a Puritan party in the Church of England, as there is a "low church" party to this day; but they had no wish to leave the Church. They had no wish to associate themselves with Brownists or Baptists or such "factious humorists." It was Laud who persuaded them that that was the proper thing to do. John Knox was preaching ecclesiastical revolution with the voice of thunder, but he was making little progress in England until Laud came to his assistance. It was Laud who founded the Presbyterian and Congregational churches of England

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and of New England. And he did that thing which he desired to prevent, because he did not take human nature into account.

Dr. Brown, in his *Social Message of the Modern Pulpit*,[1] has a passage on the right attitude of the minister toward Socialism, which illustrates both the method and the value of the other way. "With many of the abstract ideas proclaimed by the socialists, I," he says, "with all other humane people, am in most hearty sympathy. But I do not follow with them in their advocacy of the economic programme put forward as the best method of attaining these ideals. At the very moment when my heart responds eagerly to many of the ideals themselves, my sober economic judgment withholds its endorsement of the plan proposed for the realization of them. The poetry of socialism is, to a considerable extent, acceptable to all men whose sympathies are alive and active; but the prose of socialism remains open to serious questions at the hands of discriminating intelligence and age-long experience." Here are the qualities of friendliness and appreciation which make profitable and convincing discussion possible. In the main, we are in agreement; we desire the same things; but let us see now about some of the details. Thus shall the debate begin, into which both sides may enter without the entanglements of pride or prejudice. From such a debate both the parson and the socialist may come with changed minds, each having imparted some of his own convictions to his neighbor. This is the effect of a recognition of human nature.

Dr. Brastow, in *The Modern Pulpit*,[2] values various contemporary preachers according to this test. They are convincing or conventional in proportion as they lay hold on human nature. Thus he criticises a good deal of Anglican preaching on the ground that it is external and unessential. "There is often a suggestion of the artificial, the mechanical, about the preacher, as if he were accustomed to deal with things that are a little foreign to him, because they come from without and not from within. It suggests the clerical habit of mind. Things of small import, things that do not concern the larger interests of men, that do not touch the weightier matters of life, are exploited in the most extraordinary, painstaking manner." "The Anglican pulpit in general," he says, "lacks breadth of humanity." I am not concerned so much with the validity of the criticism as with the validity of the method of the critic. There is somewhat to be said for the gentle dullness of a good deal of Anglican preaching. It is better than a certain obtrusive individualism. But the test is a true test. A preaching which lacks breadth of humanity is lacking also in practical results. Dr. Brastow thinks more highly of American preaching. "Theology," he says, "is less abstract and speculative than it was formerly. With ever-increasing earnestness of desire and purpose the true preacher recognizes his vocation to adapt Christianity to the actual conditions of the people. Hence, the prevailing tendency of the American preacher in interpreting Christianity to appeal to human experience."

A signal instance of the need of appreciating human nature, and of the inevitable failure of all teaching which lacks such appreciation, is given by Dr. Hall in his Noble Lectures, *Christ and the Human Race*.[3] He quotes from the preface of a book on the Parsi religion, written for Parsi readers by an ardent and devoted Christian missionary, who was much better acquainted with theology than he was with human nature. After speaking in the first sentence of the "puerilities and absurdities" of the religion of the Parsis,

[1] *The Social Message of the Modern Pulpit.* By Charles Reynolds Brown. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1906.

[2] *The Modern Pulpit.* By Lewis O. Brastow. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1906.

[3] *Christ and the Human Race.* By Charles Cuthbert Hall. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1906.

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he says that it affords "an illustration of the almost unbounded scope which the human mind will, indolently or actively, give to the device and practice of vanity, and, I will add, folly and impiety, in connection with its proposed intercommunion with the powers of the unseen world." After thus insulting his readers, he labored, of course, in vain to persuade them to accept his convictions. Probably the things which he said in his various arguments were true; his theology was excellent; but he had defeated his purpose before he began, by his bad manners. Dr. Hall himself is an illustration of the very opposite of this. He approaches the East with a courtesy equal to that for which the East is eminent. He is a student as well as a teacher, and expects to receive as well as give. The purpose of these lectures is to urge upon us the duty of considering the ancient Oriental religions with deference and regard, as sincere endeavors after truth, and as ministering to the higher life. He would have the missionary deal with them in a modest and appreciative spirit. Thus shall Christian truth be added to Buddhist truth, and there shall result an Indian Christianity paying its own distinctive contribution to our understanding of the truth, such as was brought first by the Greeks and then by the Latins. But the missionary who is an ecclesiastical person rather than a friendly person, who is strong in theology, but weak in human nature, would better stay at home. For purposes of spiritual success, courtesy is better than orthodoxy.

These illustrations assert the fact which appears in one way or another in most of the theological writing of the past year.

The initial theme of theology is the doctrine of the existence of God. This doctrine was formerly approached by students from the side of the world without. They perceived that back of every fact is a cause, and behind all causes is a First Cause. They perceived also that the marvels of nature, especially in the adaptation of means to ends, declared that the First Cause is both intelligent and beneficent. But these arguments left them at a remote distance from the God of religion, and even then were open to the attacks of counter arguments. Other students, beginning with the same facts, arrived at very different conclusions. Mr. Romanes, for instance, found that this road led to atheism. The fallacy, as Mr. Romanes afterwards discovered and proclaimed, was the omission of man. The entrance of this factor brought with it a whole new series of arguments, whereby the doctrine of God was approached from the side of the world within. The student now deduced the being of God from the being of man. He found God personal and righteous and loving, because these are human qualities, and if God lacks them, man is greater than God. Thus the consideration of man corrected and assisted the knowledge of God.

This is what is implied in the title of Dr. Gordon's book of sermons, *Through Man to God.*[1] It is the most characteristic note of our contemporary theological thinking. And it is contributed, if one may so say, not by the study but by the street; not by the experiences of the man of God among his books, but by the illuminative and interpretative experiences of the man of God among his people.

A like change of theological reasoning is that which was worked out long ago in regard to the doctrine of the atonement. It is a significant example of the profitable alliance between human nature and theology. After some centuries of conventional acceptance of the theory that the death of Christ was paid to the devil for the ransom of our souls, and some further centuries of acceptance of the theory that the death of Christ was paid to God on account of the penalty due from us by reason of our sins, it was perceived that neither of these theories paid any attention to man. In either case, the atone-

[1] *Through Man to God.* By GEORGE A. GORDON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1906.

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ment was a transaction carried on in heaven, without the coöperation of our will. Sin was treated as a burden, such as Christian in the *Pilgrim's Progress* carried on his back. But as theologians began to consider human nature, they saw that sin is a malady of the soul, and that in order to be rid of it we must somehow set ourselves against it. Then it was suggested that whatever of truth the previous doctrines of the atonement had contained needed some addition, and the theory appeared that the death of Christ was not so much for the sake of the devil, or for the sake of God, as for the sake of us. And the text was remembered which says that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself. Accordingly, Dr. Beckwith in his *Realities of Christian Theology*,[1] traces the import of the death of Christ to the principle of love. "Since the glory of the Messiah was to be the bursting forth of the splendor of love, the way to it was simple, — the way of love. If Jesus is the shepherd into whose hands the Father has intrusted the safety and well-being of the flock, then there is no point short of death at which his self-surrender may be arrested." Dr. Beckwith says that "we must behold in the suffering of Christ the suffering of God. Otherwise God remains unknown to us. Suffering is the symbol by which is measured the identification of Christ with sinners; and if 'God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself,' then the suffering of Christ was also God's suffering, — the revelation of fatherhood." Here the doctrine of the atonement is stated in terms of human facts and qualities.

The atonement was the central doctrine of our fathers; with us the central doctrine is the incarnation, the doctrine of the philanthropy of God. It is at the heart of the divine immanence, of the indwelling God, of God evident in the world, without and within, which is at this moment affecting theology as profoundly as the kindred doctrine of evolution is affecting science. It is at the heart of the higher criticism, of the idea of God speaking in the book, but by the lips of men and under the limitations of human knowledge and experience. It is at the heart of the social settlement and of the institutional church, and of all our recognition of the dignity of men as sons of God, and of our resulting fraternal responsibilities.

The doctrine of the incarnation has been beset by many heresies, on this side and on that, but by no heresy more destructive than that which denies or impairs the true humanity of Christ. This error is the more dangerous because it is the misbelief of the orthodox, the mistake of the devout, the heresy of the saints. Regarding the human life of Christ as symbolical rather than actual, and considering him in terms of theology only, it is in peril of making him a doctrine rather than a person. Dr. Du Bose, in his book *The Gospel in the Gospels*,[2] and Mr. Slattery in *The Master of the World*,[3] have emphasized rather than minimized their faith in Christ as the revelation of God by dwelling with particularity upon his kinship with men.

It is the human element in Christian faith which keeps it sane and sober. The moment this is dismissed by the theologian, theology soars like a balloon released, into the clouds, driven by the winds. The vagaries, the absurdities, the impossibilities of belief have arisen in great part in the minds of men who have secluded themselves from their neighbors. They have been the theories of the cloister and the study. They have lacked the wholesome correctives of common experience and common sense. The theologian sits by himself among his books,

[1] *Realities of Christian Theology.* By Clarence Augustine Beckwith. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1906.

[2] *The Gospel in the Gospels.* By William Porcher Du Bose. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1906.

[3] *The Master of the World.* By Charles Lewis Slattery. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1906.

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having shut his door upon the world, and there in solitude, by process of logic, he elaborates his system of divinity. But such a system proceeds in ignorance of one of its essential factors. The solitary theologian is unacquainted with the people. Thus he is unprejudiced by any intimate acquaintance with the human facts, and ventures with unconscious audacity into the regions of dogmatic generalization. It is said, for example, of Jonathan Edwards, that "his nature was so rare and fine, with its interest in things remote, unseen, and holy, that the detachment from earth was so complete that his feet were as the feet of an angel when he touches the ground." These conditions made the doctrine of total depravity easy enough. For this is an academic doctrine, constructed without any reference to the facts of common life. The same writer says, Edwards "was not a model pastor, and except when the need was urgent he made no calls." One would infer that from his theology. The errors of Edwards were mainly due to the fact that he was not interested in the divine book of human life. His was the theology which is unaffected by pastoral calls. He is the classic example of what theology comes to under such conditions.

A reading of the theological books of the past year finds the human element pervasive and almost universal. There is very little writing of the old academic sort. The new books are for the most part interesting, and one source of their interest is in the freedom with which the writers handle their materials. And this comes from the consciousness that they are both dealing with human nature and appealing to human nature. The reaction from the old conventionalism may sometimes startle the conservative reader, but he reads on, and is in sympathy with the spirit of the book even while he dissents from some of its details. The interpretation of the Acts in Dr. Hall's *Paul the Apostle*[1] and Dr. Ropes's *Apostolic Age*,[2] and of the Gospels in Dr. Pfleiderer's *Christian Origins*[3] and Dr. Schmidt's *Prophet of Nazareth*,[4] is a living and breathing matter, a real thing, seeking honestly and earnestly for truth, and bringing us the truth thus found with all frank generosity. Some of these gifts we may accept and some we may decline, but the courtesy and sincerity of the givers is evident. The new books, even when they deal with controverted questions, do not make the reader angry. They are filled with a fine, persuasive human nature. Professor Gwatkin's *Knowledge of God*[5] is uncommonly readable and convincing, not only by reason of its abundant learning but by reason of its unfailing fairness, and its habitual restraint. The argument is never overstated, and the difficulties are never undervalued. This is the temper which the theologian gains by the wholesome discipline of free debate, by the gradual perception of the facts of human nature.

This note in the new books is both significant and encouraging, because it implies a clearer perception of the function of the religious teacher, and particularly of the way in which religious teaching may be made effective. The purpose of the church as a teacher of the truth is to implant certain convictions in the mind and heart and life of the community. When the church fails to do this, the result is sometimes called schism, sometimes heresy, according to the lesson which the church was endeavoring to teach. If it was a lesson in method, — that is, in ritual or in polity, — the unconvinced pupil is a schismatic. If it was a lesson in doctrine, the unconvinced pupil

[1] *Paul the Apostle.* By EDWARD H. HALL. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1906.

[2] *The Apostolic Age.* By JAMES HARDY ROPES. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1906.

[3] *Christian Origins.* By OTTO PFLEIDERER. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 1906.

[4] *The Prophet of Nazareth.* By NATHANIEL SCHMIDT. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1906.

[5] *The Knowledge of God.* By HENRY MELVILL GWATKIN. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. 1906.

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is a heretic. Heretics and schismatics are evidences of ecclesiastical incompetence. Occasionally, but rarely, they mean that something is the matter with the lesson. Commonly, they mean that something is the matter with the teacher.

Take, for example, the fact of schism. It begins with a difference of opinion as to a non-essential matter. The individual says, "I do not wish to do that." But the church believes that it ought to be done. There is the problem. If now the church rises up in mighty indignation, with vigor and rigor, with the book in one hand and the stick in the other, and says, "You must," the individual, if he has any decent self-respect, replies, "I won't." And the result is schism, for human nature works that way. If, on the other hand, the church says, "This is a non-essential matter, and although uniformity is good, peace and unity are better; try your own way and let the fittest survive," the chances are that the individual will do as the church wishes. His central objection was not to the thing itself but to the compulsion of his free will. The preacher in the college to whom they brought the customary black gown, said, "Must I wear this thing? Because if I must I won't." And when they said, "You may wear it or leave it, as you please," he put it on. After the Reformation, in England, there was a long and bitter contention as to the use of the sign of the cross in baptism; but when a rubric was inserted in the book, permitting the omission of the sign of the cross, if the parents or sponsors so desired, nobody from that day on asked that it be omitted. A like use of a wise alternative, a like perception of the procedure of human nature, would have kept all the Presbyterians and Congregationalists and Methodists and Baptists in the Episcopal Church to this day. On the other hand, our Puritan forefathers hated the Book of Common Prayer, simply because they had been compelled to use it; they had been banged about the ears with it by the bishops.

Or take the fact of heresy. Let us grant that the heretic is wholly mistaken. Here he is, teaching his erroneous doctrine, and here are we, considering what we ought to do about it. It seems to be a problem in theology, but the solution of it depends chiefly upon our understanding of human nature.

One element in this problem is the nervousness of the orthodox. I mean the uneasy feeling that something may happen to the truth; the idea that truth is of a very delicate constitution, and must be shielded and nursed like a sick child. This nervousness results in a panic fear, which on the one hand abandons reason, and on the other hand is capable of great cruelty. The nervous theologian is as incapable of competent discipline as a nervous teacher. The first thing which he needs to do is to take himself in hand. He needs to reassure himself as to the substantial foundations of the faith, and by prayer and patience to recover the serenity of his mind. Commonly, he preaches a fierce and imprecatory sermon, or writes an irreligious letter to a church paper. He is angry and afraid because he is nervous about the everlasting truth; and being afraid, he scares his sensitive neighbors; and being angry, he stirs up a like anger in the heretic whom he attacks. And there it is.

Another element in the problem is the privilege of error. We are all bound to make mistakes, and we all have a right to make mistakes. It is a part of the process whereby we arrive at truth. Whoever is living an active life, if he has any emotion, if he has any enthusiasm, if he has any gift of speech, is sure to say some things to-day which he will desire to modify to-morrow. It is a matter of temperament. Your safe man who is always right is an unprofitable citizen; he is forever criticising and never doing anything. Your safe parson who makes no mistakes preaches the dullest of sermons to the sleepiest of congregations. Bishop Hobart used to say, in the face of this passive and monotonous accuracy, "Give me a little zealous imprudence."

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But the privilege of error carries along with it the right to change one's mind with self-respect. That is made possible and easy by the courtesies of debate. Under these Christian conditions the heretic is shown his heresy, and is shown, at the same time, the way out of it. By fairness, by friendliness, by gentle force of reason, he is convinced of error. Sometimes the same result is reached by patiently leaving him alone, and letting him follow the wrong road till he finds out his mistake, or gets tired. Most of the heresies which have distressed the Christian world would have ceased in the parish in which they began if they had been dealt with according to the plain facts of human nature.

For when the arguments of the heretic are answered with the argument of the club, two consequences follow; one is the confirmation of the heretic, the other is the dissemination of the heresy. In the sight of the club, the heretic cannot decently change his mind; he is forced into defenses and replies which serve to strengthen him in his error. And also at the sight of the club, the crowd comes; the thing is common property; and the new doctrine or the new denial is taught to the community by the very process by which it is sought to stop it. Then with pain, amid scandal and division, wise men remember how the Master said of the tares, "Let both grow together till the harvest." The eager servants came and said to the householder, "Wilt thou that we go and gather them up?" But he said, "Nay, lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them."

In order either to learn or to teach the knowledge of God aright, theology must be tempered with human nature. The student of theology, the teacher or the writer of theology, must be a friendly and fraternal person, acquainted with human nature, and sympathetic with the souls of men. The other way is towards the heresy of Cain. This is the way of peace and truth.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

BOYS AND THE LANGUAGE

HOWEVER far my practice falls short of theory, I am by temperament inclined to purism. Not even a patriotic American haste to speak twice before you think, can justify, in my private view, the insertion of a half dozen merely *possible* antecedents between a relative pronoun and its *real* antecedent. I insist upon "wanting only five," not "only wanting five," even though the majority against me be comparable only to the Texas election returns in its size and its heterogeneous democracy. I still shiver at the sight of a split infinitive, even though the infinitive-splitters of late have beaten the rail-splitters in capturing the Presidency by a record of at least three to one.

But though I may look upon my own linguistic state of mind with a feeling of placid self-satisfaction, I am chagrined to find that I have failed utterly to transmit that state of mind as an inheritance to my two little boys. In their view language was made for boys, not boys for language. I gave to the older, at a tender age, a copy of Mrs. Dana's *How to Know the Wild Flowers*. He opened to an illustration of *arisæma triphyllum* and cried out, "Oh! Here's Jack-in-the-Pulpit! *I've sawn parts of 'im before but this is whole him!*" The younger came to the dinner-table one day with some story about Lillie Jones. "Who is Lillie Jones?" I asked. "Why, papa, don't you know Lillie Jones?" he answered. "She's *the man that mows the campus's*

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little girl." After all, the child's point of view here was logically correct. To him, *the - man - that - mows - the - campus* is a thought-unit, not six separate word-signs of as many separate ideas, and the sign of the possessive at the end is a matter of course. It is only when he grows older that he will worry himself into incipient insanity over the rival claims of "anybody else's" and "anybody's else."

Doubtless it is possible for the conscientious parent, by insistent perseverance, to get the linguistic bit into a child's mouth at an early age, and keep it there. To do just that was a settled principle in my own system of practical parental philosophy, up to the date when my first child was born. In the confusion attending that event the system got mislaid, and our parental conduct has been guided by any chance *modus vivendi* we could get our hands on, pending the recovery of the approved code. Whether the fact that I really have children, and have forgotten how I used to train them when I had none, has anything to do with it or not, it remains true that at present I find more interest in watching their vigorous attempts to take such words as they know and make them serve their purpose than in forcing their tentative and unsophisticated efforts at self-expression at once into the hard-and-fast grooves of linguistic conventionality. In thinking somewhat seriously over the future of these two little boys, I have made up my mind at least thus far, that the first point in any worthy ideal of speech for them is that they should express *their thought*, fully, clearly, and effectively. A child, with its meagre store of language, is somewhat in the position of the fabled woodchuck, which was just *obliged* to climb a tree, whether it could do so in harmony with the facts of natural history or not. He must express himself with what language is immediately at his command, or fail in more or less serious degree to express himself at all; and so his little store must be treated as thoroughly plastic, just as the language of his race, in its earlier stages, was plastic. The existence of *whiten*, "to make white," is all the justification he needs for *smallen*, "to make small," or *lowen*, "to make low." "Jimmie Jones has n't grown much since he was here before," says some one. "Why, I really believe he's *ungrowed* some," answers my younger, expressing his thought clearly and fully, and delightfully unconscious of the fact that linguistic authorities do not recognize the right of this handy prefix to attach itself to this particular verb. Ought I to have stopped him right there and loaded his undeveloped memory with parallel columns of words which *do* and do *not* admit the prefix *un-*? If I had done so his brother would probably not have ventured to ask, a little later, how people make *un*-hand-painted china, and his knowledge would have been less to-day by the small amount of information which I was able to give him.

In short, I have deliberately concluded not to stifle the enthusiastic and natural desire for expression which my boys exhibit, by filling them at their tender age with the fear that they are in constant danger of perpetrating some unpardonable blunder in the use of language. When one of them asked me at table for "just one little *chee*," I thought it better to repress my laughter than to repress the boy, and my remarks were confined to the probable effect of the cheese on his stomach, not to the elimination of his mistaken inference from the sound of the word. At present I want him to get the best possible sum total of results out of his necessarily limited supply of linguistic tools, just as his pioneer great-grandfather was accustomed to shoe his own horses, put hoops on his rain-barrel, renew the bottom in his wife's washtub, "upset" his worn axe-blades and do the family cobbling, all with a combined kit of tools less in number and variety than the follower of any single one of the trades indicated is supposed to possess to-day before he is in shape to ask for the patronage of the public. There is one

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point, however, at which I feel no conscientious compunction in interposing immediate restraint, and that is when I detect a tendency to substitute habitually some smart-sounding expression of current slang for good English. Better a dozen innocent blunders in an honest attempt at straightforward communication of an idea than one slang expression deliberately chosen because it sounds "smart." How I shall come out with my endeavors is uncertain, as are all things human. My hope is, *first*, that by less of distracting attention to mere form at the beginning my boys will get a better idea of language as an effective tool of individual expression; *secondly*, that increasing familiarity with good English, coupled with increasing precept, as the danger of its possible stifling effect passes away with maturer years, will stimulate a desire to use this tool in a manner which will commend itself to those best fitted to pass judgment.

ON A PREFERENCE FOR LIVING IN ENGLAND

When men pitch their life-tents far away, they have manifold causes and reasons: some sound, some questionable, some wholly weak and unworthy. It is one thing feloniously to cast off one's derivation, nurture, and responsibilities; and quite another thing to brave homesickness in order to outwit and escape too difficult outward conditions. It is the pride of absence to remember Argos forever, to rest upon its garnered glories, and brooding upon its future with thoughtful affection, to

> "lean and hearken after it
> And grow erect as that comes home."

The purpose of this paper is to hold a brief not so much for those who go, as for those who cannot stay. European passports, for instance, must be cheerfully furnished to our artist fraternity. With us, the historical sense, the scholastic mind, the instinct for color and form, must bring, in time, their own obsession. Whoever has a rage for origin, a lust for things at first-hand, is foredoomed to chafe at a civilization which dates from this morning, and spends its energies on tasks far other than the effort to see life steadily and see it whole. There is something rational, surely, in an attraction which has already drained the United States of so much genius, literary and artistic; which has resulted in forming so many wise, devoted, and detached critics to whip us up to our ideals, and remind us of our sins.

But the fellow-citizen, of all others, who must have the right of way over sea, is the wounded man, the tired man, the sufferer from *Hustlerium Tremens sive Americanitis*. Let that true lover of the Republic fear not, but sink his foot in alien turf for the most defensible reason in life; like Denham's hero, unblamed,

> "If here he frets, he finds at Rome,
> At Paris, or Madrid, his home."

He has "gone to be a fairy," not for ambition, not for excitement, nor for vogue; but for the velvety feel of the Past under foot, like moss of the forest floor to a barefooted child; or for the hardly less gentle feel of the Present, whence noise and worry seem miraculously to have vanished away. Well for him, when at last, from his own foolish impetus, as well as from the epic newness, and startling developments, and too eager gynæcocracy of the States, he has fled into transmarine twilight, and the ever noble State of Suspended Animation!

An American living on the Continent suggests, somehow, a career of genius or of crime. An American in England, on the other hand, is a perfect working hypothesis. Scotland, Wales, Ireland (and Ireland especially), are bristling with ideas, as with so many spiritual burs and mosquitoes. But England, with her queer and meek climate, presents no such intimidations to the weary who would rest there. She is a heaven for retired and non-rheumatic racers, who

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are set only upon a smoke and a sleep. The quality of the Past and of the Peace proffered is incomparably the best, for these debased reasons: that the past is the very one, next his own, about which the average educated American knows most; and peace is certainly promoted, in the adult breast at least, when no necessity exists for the full dress of a foreign language. That ghostly encounter with "chaunt" or "gulph," in columns yet wet from the printing-press, that strange sea-change of what was a "spool of cotton" into a "reel of thread," — these and their like are pleasing titillations, and to the truly lazy mind are beatific substitutes for the diplomacies of Latin idiom, and the strangling vocabulary of the Fatherland.

Oh, the grave charm of rural England! Every hedgerow seems to imply a racial age-long deliberate choice of simplicity and sincerity over all which would dim them or drive them away. None can know this people at home well enough to poke fun at them, without reverencing them all the while: their moral etiquette is so sure, their standards so disinterested. Outside tainted London, loud success is accorded little preëminence. All other things being equal, the rich stranger, not the poor one, is put on his social probation. There is extraordinary trustfulness in business relations; fabrics are genuine; street noises come under legislation; a fare in any conveyance (except where Americans are in control) means a seat; the children are wholesomely childish, and the old are fearlessly aged; the decorum and honor of life, excluding sensationalism, rule the national imagination. Here are some rather large towns (to say nothing of the country districts) which are no more agitating than a dove's note or a junket. You cannot walk through them for three minutes in any direction without seeing something famous and ancient and uniquely beautiful; nor beyond them, without meeting a landscape which is almost mystically dreamy. There is never, so far as one can make out, any fickle fashion in clothes, any fad in amusements. There is no highway army of poles and wires; no appreciable slush or drifts or icicles; no continuous agony of heat; no mosquitoes; no nerves! Work is lonely and unhurried, and recreation reasonable and calm. One can the better endure the scarcity of wild wood, moor, and river, when daily conventional pleasuring, even at its worst, is so near to Nature. The god of Tea is propitiated on a green-sward, in the company of gentle dames who all say "Quite so!" and mannerly little girls with their mannerly dogs; "a summer shower," as Hazlitt says, "is dropping manna on your head, and an old crazy hand-organ is playing 'Robin Adair'" on the other side of the blessed ivied garden wall. This is to loaf and to reign.

You know now that you will never long to get anywhere in particular, or strain after anything except salvation. You set up for a smug, rich, intellectual Pharisee, with immaterial horizons which never were, nor can be, in the West. Time and eternity are pretty nearly one in the moist amethyst-colored air. You realize fully that the ozone is gone out of it, and that the sad heart of the earth beneath has bled for long. But you also realize that you are acquiring from contact with these an almost sportive sense of the unseen and the supernatural, and a sense which unravels essence from accident, true from plausible, lasting from uncertain, innocent from profane. Very grateful some outlanders are for this strange, painless stretching of their spirits. They have done with the Puritans. They have been kidnapped and catholicized. Small wonder if they feel that they have come home, body and soul, in coming near to the Simple Life and the Quiet Mind: not, mind you, to mere talk of these healthful and beatific things. Not that our happier natures in the United States have not at all times attained to them. But their exemption from the hurly-burly is a bought one:

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you do not have to buy it in England. It commends itself to the indigent, for it is as a flowing fountain in the streets.

Our imaginary friend Fugacius, hungry for rest, may attain even that, and a better thing, — anonymity. He may possibly be tired of keeping awake, of toeing the mark, of showing interest, and wearing an intelligent expression. He may have been martyred, more or less, by the Public Eye; but in England, if anywhere, he may indulge to the full a lifelong passion for silence and seclusion. He will not be asked by an interviewer at 4 A. M., and at the point of the moral bayonet, for his impressions concerning problems fiscal or forensic. If he is understood to have exhibited in the Salon, or to have published a sonnet, not a living British creature will think any the better of him for it. Mention was made, a moment ago, of a garden wall: ubiquitous and beloved symbol! Conscious that it is stone, ten feet high, and ninety-one feet in circumference, the American memory runs across, in the wake of ships, to the exquisite suburban streets where the graceful houses, with their wooden gables and verandas, their lilacs and syringas, and wide graveled paths, lie open to one another and to the road. An American feels sure, of a sudden, that the English inclosure gives a freedom that he never knew, and that even a king, in such a fastness, could defy the demon of publicity. Too much praise cannot be given to the universal inviolable respect for privacy in the land of the garden wall. The human ear, even in a drawing-room, is as holy as any mediæval ambry. There have been two celebrated instances, in our own generation, where real names of English writers, objects of curiosity to the whole reading world, were kept from it through many years, and up to the deaths of the authors, although the secret of identification had been quite casually shared, for long, by scores of discreet friends. Such instances commend the conditions (how unlike ours!) which make them possible. Indeed, they arouse enthusiasm in any natural enemy of newspaper headlines.

A wit once remarked that the English love Americans but not America, and that the Americans love England, but not the English. The truth of this discerning remark is obvious, whatever the explanation of it may be. But every day one hears some anecdote or other which makes one feel that shell and snail, at least with them, are inseparable: that an Englishman is just what he is, because England is just what she is. Here is one slight illustration of the point. During the August of 1906 a party of three Americans went north from Euston Station in London. The railway porter put them aboard the train, after his wont, observing, as it would appear, the name marking their luggage. The gentleman of the party asked the porter whether he should have to change carriages before reaching his destination; the porter answered in the negative, the door was slammed to, and the day-long journey began. Hours later, at a station, as the train slowed up, an inspector came along the corridor, repeating in a loud voice a name which the travelers recognized as their own. He held a telegram in his hand. This had been sent to him direct, asking him to find aboard a certain train Mr. ——, bound for ——, and to tell him that he had been misinformed and that he must make a change at —— Junction. Now that London porter must have known that the Americans were mere sightseeing strangers, that he would never see them or hear of them again, and that the odds were that they would inquire anew about changing on the journey, and find their way to —— as scheduled, or, for that matter, not lose their wits or lives if they did not: in fact, there was every inducement to make him wash his hands of them. Yet it was he who sent the wire, taking all that thoughtful trouble to set his blunder right. Could such a thing have happened under ordinary circumstances in our country? We have heroisms on every

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side; but we are too busy for contritions. Exercise of scrupulous conscience in official matters is precisely England and the English; the little fortuitous error, the abundant reparation, are not exceptional and individual, but as typical as they can possibly be. Here is a people which fumbles, which drops many stitches, which has its multiform inefficiencies. But it may boast truly that a passion for duty is in its very marrow; it will not in the end consciously go forward with unrepented wrong in its bosom. Is it any wonder if some children of a more heedless and elliptical nation, harassed by rude corporations and their units, think it pleasant to dwell among the million blood-relatives of that unknown adored railway porter? For so soothing a privilege, they will even endure the immemorial cabbage, the sacred Brussels sprouts of Great Britain and Ireland, for three hundred and sixty-five days of the gastronomical year.

In England, notably in middle England, flourishes the most unbelievable and ubiquitous density of mind. It is there indeed; and it is disciplinary; it is funny; it is maddening. Does it dash your joy, in some village of heavenly picturesqueness, to find (as you are always finding!) that the parson is a stock, and the laundress a stone? Well, never ultimately; for the stocks and stones are excellent to live with and have staying qualities. The secret of happiness for us, under their roof, as elsewhere, is the spirit of conformity and compromise. The English ethnological key seems to be D minor, and the household metronome to be set at *Adagio Marcato;* until you have tried the tune of Yankee Doodle in that unexpected key, and to that revolutionizing measure, you can have no idea of its moving effectiveness, and its powers of accommodation. The expatriate, if any one, should get a right perspective, and an unconfused sense of values. He knows that for the joy of life; for zest thorough and permeating; for organization and invention; for autumn forest pageantry in its perfection; for idyllic things to eat, and the magical cooking of the same; for the prevalence of personal and domestic taste; for true touchstones of human worth and worthlessness; for exquisite chivalry in the relations between men and women, — he knows that for these he must cross the bounding main: he must go home. But dear as these things are, deeply as these things (especially the last) are respected and lamented by all who knew them, one can do without them for a while. The Past, and Peace, are dearer yet. The faction which stays on and on, in a land not quite foreign, is agreed quite passionately about that.

THE PESSIMISTIC POSE

"I WOULD like to open a shop," said my cousin Augustina.

I stared at her.

"A shop," she repeated firmly, "for the sale of cakes and ale."

"What!"

"Cakes and ale," said my cousin Augustina. "I would sell these articles, not for the sake of the filthy lucre which might be obtained by the transaction, but for the benefit of the community in general, and a certain story-teller in particular."

"Why not try pre-digested food?" suggested I.

Augustina consigned me to oblivion with a wave of her hand.

"There has lately been a revival of the cult of the Misunderstood," she said, "the ancient cult of the Pessimistic Pose."

"What especial story-teller have you in mind?" I asked shrilly.

"Several," said Augustina.

"Go on."

"These authors put into each of their stories one man or one woman, sometimes more, who staggers along under the rôle of the Disappointed, the Flower that wastes its sweetness on the desert air. Their particular grievance looms large on the horizon. They produce it

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if you but look at them. The consequence is," said Augustina gloomily, "I have spent the last few weeks of my existence in dodging the confidences of dark-eyed husbands with Ideals, or thin little spinsters with Hearts."

"I understand," said I.

"They begin it young," said Augustina. —"At the mature age of nine, Geoffrey discovers that his glass marbles possess fewer stripes than those of Oliver, his chum; and instead of kicking the latter and getting possession of them like a man and a brother, he stands aloof in a corner and broods."

"I once read a book called *Louie's Last Term at St. Mary's*," said I tentatively. "It was about a girl that nobody ever found out."

"She must have been a sneak," said Augustina.

"She belonged to your list of the Misunderstood," I said with dignity. "Nobody took the trouble to understand her, not even the bishop. I believe she died."

"I'm sure she did," said Augustina, "between a bishop and her particular variety of marble, I see there was nothing else to do."

"Jane Eyre —" began I —

"Was one of the first," said Augustina. "And don't you remember Ellen Montgomery in the *Wide Wide World?* I actually grew sloppy over that book. For a good long while life appeared to me nothing better than a bleak New England country-side. Sometimes I think this cult must have been originated or else re-vivified by Byron. When the whole of England, and the rest of Europe can tack itself to a wide shirt collar and a gloomy eye," said Augustina, "and begin to wear both, do you call that a fashion, a passion, or a disease?"

"I don't know," I said uneasily, for Augustina's eye was piercing me like a gimlet.

"Byron was a lineal descendant of the Smelling-Salts period in English fiction," said Augustina. "I mean the period of the early novels. I never poke my nose into one of them without getting a whiff of some medicinal liquid. All around I see women in swoons and hysterics — Clarissa going into a faint, and Pamela just coming out of one. And these were the maternal ancestresses of the Misunderstood. For what other kind of sons and daughters can you expect from an anæmic breed but these?"

I dared an interruption. "Becky Sharp does n't belong amongst them."

"Of course she does n't," returned Augustina. "Any woman muscular enough to shy a dictionary out of a four-wheeler is in no immediate need of cakes and ale. Becky's sharp gray eyes saw the world plain and saw it whole. Becky was no Brooder."

A silence.

"We have had the Smelling-Salts period," said Augustina, counting on her fingers, "and the Shirt Collar, and the Athletic periods." She stopped. "Do you recollect those awful athletic novels?"

"Yes."

"The men in them swore like troopers," said Augustina thoughtfully, and resumed her counting; "and now we have come again to the Period of the Misunderstood, a harking back to the Byronic days. The shirt collar has disappeared, but the gloomy eye still remains. Wherever I turn, I see it. For wherever I turn I see long processions of Martyrs clothed in gray and walking two by two."

I sighed.

"Uniforms and processions," said Augustina, "are dear to the human heart. The average man or woman likes to have his feelings worked upon. He deals in emotions, not in ideas. To tell you the truth, the average man would n't know what to do with an idea. Rather than have one he would take to Greenland's icy mountains, or to India's coral strand. So it happens that the Misunderstood flourish like the green bay tree. They walk about clothed in gray, and the average man takes them to his heart and sniffles over them. They are so different, he thinks, and so he keeps on

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sniffling, and the processions keep on growing."

"Well, Augustina —"

"I read a book the other day," said Augustina, getting high and mighty again, "and it contained no fewer than five of these dear, dilapidated creatures, male and female, all cut out of the same cloth, and fashioned after the same pattern. There was Isabel. She had a father who was fond of flowered waistcoats and rocking-chairs. He was so artistic indeed and so lazy, that Isabel was obliged to earn not only her own living, but that of her family. She marries, and after marriage becomes acquainted with a famous tenor-singer. And from that time forth she joins the procession of the gloomy-eyed. What is life without a tenor-singer?"

"Well, Augustina —"

"There is Elvira Jane," continued Augustina, "who goes into a remote part of the country, and lives an uneventful life. Once, she comes back to her native city, and happens to be invited to a concert. After that, although an honest, decent sort of woman, she plays the part of the Aloof, the Put Upon. What is life without a flute and a bass-fiddle?"

"Augustina!"

"There is Daniel, brought up in poverty and the shorter Catechism. His good folks sit out on the stoop on Sunday afternoons and discuss the morning's sermon. But Daniel has yearnings for something more vivid than sermons and John Calvin. He haunts the lobbies of the theatres. At last he commits suicide. What is life without footlights, bouquets, and the shouts of the multitude?"

"But, Augustina," I screeched, "there *are* people in the wrong places in life."

"I am through with the book," said Augustina. "It left a bad taste in my mouth. But the processions are still growing. Who is that little creature that I see at the very end, in short frocks, and tails down her back?"

"Rebecca Mary?" I returned faintly.

"Rebecca Mary!" said Augustina. "I could spank her every time I think of her. The only cheerful member of that family is the rooster."

"But her aunt *was* hard on her, Augustina."

"Then she should have banged the doors, or broken the teacups, or told one good, round, honest, rousing lie!"

"O-h!"

"I have searched the Plummer family with a microscopic eye," said my cousin Augustina," and in spite of all their vaunted *blood*, I have not been able to discover one ounce of Plummer *sense*."

"Well."

"Uniforms and processions, I repeat, enrapture the public. Only whine loud enough, or long enough, or, better still, look as if you want to, and you can bring the community to your feet. Single yourself out and put on an air, — and here you go past with the glorious army of Martyrs, with the great and growing order of Brethren Gray, and all the amalgamated Clubs of the Nincompoops."

"But there *are* people who are out of their places, Augustina."

"There are, and there are misunderstood people, too. Indeed, each of us is that. So was Job. Do you remember his friends Eliphaz, and Bildad, and Zophar, and Elihu the son of Barachel the Buzite? Poor Job! Our nearest and our dearest are miles away from us, and we from them. It is a part of our complex, common nature, and it is a law of that nature that we cannot be everywhere at the same time, or get everything all at once. Well, the best of us go straight ahead, a step at a time, with courageous hearts. Our breeding, or some prod from some half-forgotten catechism, or perhaps only some general principle that it would be mean to do otherwise, keeps us from crying out. And the public never gives us even one sniffle as we go by!"

I sighed dismally.

"The average reader and the average novelist of to-day are suffering from a sort of spiritual anæmia. Their view of

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life is the attitude of Geoffrey toward the marbles of Oliver. But life," said Augustina, with a sweep of her hand, which included the earth, the sea, and all that therein is, "is a homely and a comely thing, the bare living of which is a privilege. And it rouses my wrath," she cried, with another sweep, "to see it pictured as the dreary, half-lighted, monotonous desert of the Pessimists."

"Then why don't you —"

"I am going to open a shop for the sale of cakes and ale," said Augustina, "and then I shall divide my friends — the sensible ones" — with a glance at me — "into police committees to spy out and arrest and hale to the afore-mentioned shop all authors guilty of creating characters of the Isabel — Elvira Jane — Daniel type. I shall take away from them all their stock in trade, frilled collars, gray habits, gloomy eyes, aloof manners, and a general air of after us the deluge. I shall then direct their attention to a suggestive legend in a gilt frame upon the walls: 'All sniffling to cease; no Martyrs Allowed on These Premises.'"

I began to chuckle.

"And then," said Augustina, "I shall turn them loose on the cakes and ale."

THE PLEA OF THE CHILDREN

A BOSTON peace advocate protests against allowing our children to play with tin guns, lead soldiers, and other warlike toys, lest mimic battle engender a spirit of militarism.

Mr. William Archer objects to giving Shakespeare to children, lest premature and ignorant familarity dull the edge of appreciation.

Dear parents, you have taught us to respect you,
To think you wise and morally upright.
Did *your* good parents, zealous to protect you
From evil influence, rob you of delight
And take away your toys by day
And books by night?

When pewter regiments their foes o'erpowered
Upon your battlefield, the nursery floor,
Did you despise your Noah as a coward
Because his ark was not designed for war?
Did toyland fill your hearts with military lore?

If so, then take away our wooden daggers,
Break in our drums, and burn our paper hats;
Melt the lead soldier that so boldly swaggers
Among the woolly lambs and cotton cats.
(They fear no fray with him, for they
Are diplomats.)

Give us instead toy courts of arbitration,
Little tin Hagues that peaceful toyshops sell,
And doll commissioners for every nation
With works ingeniously contrived to tell,
When gently pressed upon the chest,
That "War is hell."

But don't deprive us of those consolations
To childish hearts imperishably dear,
The works of Shakespeare, which two mighty nations
In unity neglect but still revere.
Don't take away our right to say
We *have* read *Lear*.

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THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

BORN NOVEMBER 11, 1836
DIED MARCH 19, 1907

EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
1881–1890

TO THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

FOREVER young is that immortal throng
  Whose golden rhymes to-day our lips recite:
  Like stars they shine and sing across the night,
Unchanged and changeless through the ages long.
In Fancy's realm, upon foundations strong
  They built their monuments of beauty bright,
  Creating out of dreams for our delight
Arches and domes and pinnacles of Song.

They know not age; no, nor dost thou, in truth,
  For thou with laurels green on locks of gold
    Hast reached but now the poet's dewy prime.
A thousand years! O Song-enamored Youth,
  Thy lyric castles never shall grow old,
    Nor ruin mar their airy walls of rhyme!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN
In The Atlantic Monthly, June, 1906

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